R-B DA67.1.C3 A35
1741

TO THE READER.

HE Author of these Memoirs began early to distinguish himself in martial Affairs, otherwise he could not have seen such Variety of Actions both by Sea and Land. After the last Dutch *War he went into* Flanders, *where he not only served under the Command of his Highness the Prince of* Orange, *whilst he was Generalissimo of the* Dutch *Forces, but likewise all the Time he reigned King of* Great Britain. *Most of the considerable Passages and Events, which happened during that Time, are contained in the former Part of this Book.*

In the Year 1705, *the Regiment, in which he served as Captain, was ordered to embark for the* West Indies; *and he, having no Inclination to go thither, changed with an Half-pay Captain; and being recommended to the Earl of* Peterborough *by the late Lord* Cutts, *went with him upon that noble Expedition into* Spain.

When the Forces under his Lordship's Command were landed near Barcelona, *the Siege of*

that Place was thought by ſeveral impracticable, not only for Want of experienced Engineers, but that the Beſieged were as numerous as the Beſiegers; yet the Courage of that brave Earl ſurmounted thoſe Difficulties, and the Siege was reſolved upon.

Our Author having obtained, by his long Service, ſome Knowledge of the Practick Part of an Engineer, and ſeeing at that critical Time the great Want of ſuch, readily acted as one, which gave him the greater Opportunity of being an Eye-Witneſs of his Lordſhip's Actions; and conſequently made him capable of ſetting them forth in theſe his Memoirs.

It may not be, perhaps, improper to mention that the Author of theſe Memoirs was born at Ewelme *in* Oxfordſhire, *deſcended from an ancient and an honourable Family. The Lord* Dudley Carleton, *who died Secretary of State to King* Charles I, *was his Great Uncle; and in the ſame Reign his Father was Envoy at the Court of* Madrid, *whilſt his Uncle, Sir* Dudley Carleton, *was Embaſſador to the* States of Holland; *Men in thoſe Days reſpected both for their Abilities and Loyalty.*

MEMOIRS

OF AN

Engliſh Officer, &c.

IN the Year one Thouſand ſix Hundred ſeventy two, War being proclaimed with *Holland*, it was looked upon, among Nobility and Gentry, as a Blemiſh, not to attend the Duke of *York* aboard the Fleet, who was then declared Admiral. With many others, I, at that Time about twenty Years of Age, enter'd my ſelf a Voluntier on board the *London*, commanded by Sir *Edward Sprage*, Vice-Admiral of the *Red*.

THE Fleet ſet Sail from the *Buoy of the Nore* about the beginning of *May*, in order to join the *French* Fleet, then at Anchor in St. *Hellen*'s *Road*, under the Command of

the *Count de Eſtrée*. But in executing this Deſign we had a very narrow Eſcape: For *De Ruyter*, the Admiral of the *Dutch* Fleet, having Notice of our Intentions, waited to have intercepted us at the Mouth of the River, but by the Aſſiſtance of a great Fog we paſs'd *Dover* before he was aware of it; and thus he miſcarried, with the poor Advantage of taking only one ſmall Tender.

A DAY or two after the joining of the *Engliſh* and *French*, we ſailed directly towards the *Dutch* Coaſt, where we ſoon got ſight of their Fleet; a Sand called the *Galloper* lying between. The *Dutch* ſeem'd willing there to expect an Attack from us: But in regard the *Charles* Man of War had been loſt on thoſe Sands the War before; and that our Ships drawing more Water than thoſe of the Enemy, an Engagement might be render'd very diſadvantagious; it was reſolv'd in a Council of War to avoid coming to a Battle for the preſent, and to ſail directly for *Solebay*, which was accordingly put in Execution.

WE had not been in *Solebay* above four or five Days, when *De Ruyter*, hearing of it, made his Signal for ſailing in order to ſurprize us; and he had certainly had his Aim, had there been any Breeze of Wind to favour him. But though they made uſe of all their Sails, there was ſo little Air ſtir-

ring, that we could see their Fleet making towards us long before they came up; notwithstanding which, our Admirals found difficulty enough to form their Ships into a Line of Battle, so as to be ready to receive the Enemy.

English and Dutch Fleets engag'd in Solebay.

IT was about Four in the Morning of the 28th of *May*, being *Tuesday* in *Whitson Week*, when we first made the Discovery; and about Eight the same Morning the Blue Squadron, under the Command of the Earl of *Sandwich*, began to engage with Admiral *Van Ghent*, who commanded the *Amsterdam* Squadron; and about Nine the whole Fleets were under a general Engagement. The Fight lasted till Ten at Night, and with equal Fury on all Sides, the *French* excepted, who appeared stationed there rather as Spectators than Parties; and as unwilling to be too much upon the Offensive, for fear of offending themselves.

DURING the Fight the *English* Admiral had two Ships disabled under him; and was obliged about Four in the Afternoon to remove himself a third Time into the *London*, where he remain'd all the rest of the Fight, and till next Morning. Nevertheless, on his Entrance upon the *London*, which was the Ship I was in, and on our Hoisting the Standard, *De Ruyter* and his Squadron seem'd to double their Fire upon

her, as if they resolv'd to blow her out of the Water. Notwithstanding all which, the Duke of *York* remain'd all the time upon Quarter Deck, and as the Bullets plentifully whizz'd around him, would often rub his Hands, and cry, *Sprage, Sprage, they follow us still.* I am very sensible later Times have not been over favourable in their Sentiments of that unfortunate Prince's Valour, yet I cannot omit the doing a Piece of Justice to his Memory, in relating a Matter of Fact, of which my own Eyes were Witnesses, and saying, That if Intrepidity, and Undauntedness, may be reckon'd any Parts of Courage, no Man in the Fleet better deserv'd the Title of Couragious, or behav'd himself with more Gallantry than he did.

THE *English* lost the *Royal James*, commanded by the Earl of *Sandwich*, which about Twelve (after the strenuous Endeavours of her Sailors to disengage her from two *Dutch* Fire Ships plac'd on her, one athwart her Hawsers, the other on her Star-board Side) took Fire, blew up, and perish'd; and with her a great many brave Gentlemen, as well as Sailors; and amongst the rest the Earl himself, concerning whom I shall further add, that in my Passage from *Harwich* to the *Brill*, a Year or two after, the Master of the Pacquet Boat told me, That having observ'd a great Flock of Gulls hovering in one particular Part of the

the Sea, he order'd his Boat to make up to it; when diſcovering a Corpſe, the Sailors would have return'd it to the Sea, as the Corpſe of a *Dutch Man*; but keeping it in his Boat, it proved to be that of the Earl of *Sandwich*. There was found about him between twenty and thirty Guineas, ſome Silver, and his Gold Watch; reſtoring which to his Lady, ſhe kept the Watch, but rewarded their Honeſty with all the Gold and Silver.

THIS was the only Ship the *Engliſh* loſt in this long Engagement. For although the *Katherine* was taken, and her Commander, Sir *John Chicheley*, made Priſoner, her Sailors ſoon after finding the Opportunity they had watch'd for, ſeiz'd all the *Dutch* Sailors, who had been put in upon them, and brought the Ship back to our own Fleet, together with all the *Dutch Men* Priſoners; for which, as they deſerv'd, they were well rewarded. This is the ſame Ship which the Earl of *Mulgrave* (afterwards Duke of *Buckingham*) commanded the next Sea Fight, and has caus'd to be painted in his Houſe in St. *James*'s *Park*.

I MUST not omit one very remarkable Occurrence which happened in this Ship, There was a Gentleman aboard her, a Voluntier, of a very fine Eſtate, generally known by the Name of *Hodge Vaughan*.

This Perſon receiv'd, in the beginning of the Fight, a conſiderable Wound, which the great Confuſion, during the Battle, would not give them leave to inquire into; ſo he was carried out of the Way, and diſpoſed of in the Hold. They had ſome Hogs aboard, which the Sailor, under whoſe Care they were, had neglected to feed; theſe Hogs, hungry as they were, found out, and fell upon the wounded Perſon, and between dead and alive eat him up to his very Scull, which, after the Fight was over, and the Ship retaken, as before, was all that could be found of him.

ANOTHER Thing, leſs to be accounted for, happen'd to a Gentleman Voluntier who was aboard the ſame Ship with my ſelf. He was of known perſonal Courage, in the vulgar Notion of it, his Sword never having fail'd him in many private Duels. But notwithſtanding all his Land-mettle, it was obſerv'd of him at Sea, that when ever the Bullets whizz'd over his Head, or any way incommoded his Ears, he immediately quitted the Deck, and ran down into the Hold. At firſt he was gently reproach'd; but after many Repetitions he was laugh'd at, and began to be deſpis'd; ſenſible of which, as a Teſtimonial of his Valour, he made it his Requeſt to be ty'd to the Main Maſt. But had it

been

been granted him, I cannot ſee any Title he could have pleaded from hence, to true Magnanimity; ſince to be ty'd from running away can import nothing leſs, than that he would have ſtill continued theſe Signs of Cowardice, if he had not been prevented. There is a Bravery of Mind which I fanſy few of thoſe Gentlemen Duelliſts are poſſeſs'd of. True Courage cannot proceed from what Sir *Walter Raleigh* finely calls *the Art* or *Philoſophy of Quarrel.* No! It muſt be the Iſſue of Principle, and can have no other Baſis than a ſteady Tenet of Religion. This will appear more plain, if thoſe Artiſts in Murder will give themſelves leave cooly to conſider, and anſwer me this Queſtion, Why he that had ran ſo many Riſques at his Sword's Point, ſhould be ſo ſhamefully intimidated at the Whiz of a Cannon Ball?

The Names of thoſe Engliſh *Gentlemen who loſt their Lives, as I remember, in this Engagement.*

COMMISSIONER *Cox*, Captain of the *Royal Prince*, under the Command of the Admiral; and Mr. *Travanian*, Gentleman to the Duke of *York*; Mr. *Digby*, Captain of the *Henry*, ſecond Son to the Earl of *Briſtol*; Sir *Fletchvile Hollis*, Captain of

the *Cambridge*, who loſt one of his Arms in the War before, and his Life in this; Captain *Saddleton*, of the *Dartmouth*; the Lord *Maidſtone*, Son to the Earl of *Winchelſea*, a Voluntier on board the *Charles*, commanded by Sir *John Harman*, Vice-Admiral of the Red.

Sir *Philip Carteret*, Mr. *Herbert*, Mr. *Cotterel*, Mr. *Peyton*, Mr. *Goſe*, with ſeveral other Gentlemen unknown to me, loſt their Lives with the Earl of *Sandwich*, on board the *Royal James*; Mr. *Vaughan*, on board the *Katherine*, commanded by Sir *John Chicheley*.

In this Engagement, Sir *George Rook* was youngeſt Lieutenant to Sir *Edward Sprage*; Mr. *Ruſſel*, afterwards Earl of *Orford*, was Captain of a ſmall Fifth Rate, called the *Phœnix*; Mr. *Herbert*, afterwards Earl of *Torrington*, was Captain of a ſmall Fourth Rate, called the *Monck*; Sir *Harry Dutton Colt*, who was on board the *Victory*, commanded by the Earl of *Oſſory*, is the only Man now living that I can remember was in this Engagement.

But to proceed, the *Dutch* had one Man of War ſunk, though ſo near the Shore, that I ſaw ſome part of her Main Maſt remain above Water; with their Admiral *Van Ghent*, who was ſlain in the cloſe Engagement with the Earl of *Sand-*

Sandwich. This Engagement laſted fourteen Hours, and was look'd upon the greateſt that ever was fought between the *Engliſh* and the *Hollander.*

I CANNOT here omit one Thing, which to ſome may ſeem trifling; though I am apt to think our Naturaliſts may have a different Opinion of it, and find it afford their Fanſies no undiverting Employment in more curious, and leſs perilous Reflections. We had on board the *London*, where, as I have ſaid, I was a Voluntier, a great Number of Pidgeons, of which our Commander was very fond. Theſe, on the firſt firing of our Cannon, diſpers'd, and flew away, and were ſeen no where near us during the Fight. The next Day it blew a brisk Gale, and drove our Fleet ſome Leagues to the Southward of the Place where they forſook our Ship, yet the Day after they all returned ſafe aboard; not in one Flock, but in ſmall Parties of four or five at a Time. Some Perſons at that Time aboard the Ship admiring at the Manner of their Return, and ſpeaking of it with ſome Surprize, Sir *Edward Sprage* told them, That he brought thoſe Pidgeons with him from the *Streights*; and that when, purſuant to his Order, he left the *Revenge* Man of War, to go aboard the *London*, all thoſe Pidgeons, of their own accord, and without the Trouble or

Care

Care of carrying, left the *Revenge* likewise, and removed with the Sailors on board the *London*, where I saw them: All which many of the Sailors afterwards confirm'd to me. What Sort of Instinct this could proceed from, I leave to the Curious.

SOON after this Sea Engagement I left the Fleet. And the Parliament, the Winter following, manifesting their Resentments against two of the Plenipotentiaries, *viz. Buckingham* and *Arlington*, who had been sent over into *Holland*; and expressing, withal, their great Umbrage taken at the prodigious Progress of the *French* Arms in the *United Provinces*; and warmly remonstrating the inevitable Danger attending *England* in their Ruin. King *Charles* from all this, and for want of the expected Supplies, found himself under a Necessity of clapping up a speedy Peace with *Holland*.

Peace with Holland.

THIS Peace leaving those youthful Spirits, that had by the late Naval War been rais'd into a generous Ferment, under a perfect Inactivity at Home; they found themselves, to avoid a Sort of Life that was their Aversion, oblig'd to look out for one more active, and more suitable to their vigorous Tempers Abroad.

I MUST acknowledge my self one of that Number; and therefore in the Year 1674, I resolv'd to go into *Flanders*, in order

der to ſerve as Voluntier in the Army commanded by his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange*. I took my Paſſage accordingly at *Dover* for *Calais*, and ſo went by way of *Dunkirk* for *Bruſſels*.

ARRIVING at which Place, I was inform'd that the Army of the Confederates lay encamp'd not far from *Nivelle*; and under the daily Expectation of an Engagement with the Enemy. This News made me preſs forward to the Service; for which Purpoſe I carry'd along with me proper Letters of Recommendation to Sir *Walter Vane*, who was at that time a Major-General. Upon further Enquiry I underſtood, that a Party of Horſe, which was to guard ſome Waggons that were going to Count *Montery*'s Army, were to ſet out next Morning; ſo I got an *Iriſh* Prieſt to introduce me to the Commanding Officer, which he readily oblig'd me in; and they, as I wiſh'd them, arriv'd in the Camp next Day.

I HAD ſcarce been there an Hour, when happen'd one of the moſt extraordinary Accidents in Life. I obſerv'd in the Eaſt a ſtrange duſty colour'd Cloud, of a pretty large Extent, riding, not before the Wind (for it was a perfect Calm) with ſuch a precipitate Motion, that it was got over our Heads almoſt as ſoon as ſeen. When the Skirts of that Cloud began to cover our Camp, there ſuddenly aroſe ſuch a terrible Hur-

Hurricane, or Whirlwind, that all the Tents were carry'd aloft with great Violence into the Air; and Soldiers Hats flew so high and thick, that my Fansy can resemble it to nothing better than those Flights of Rooks, which at Dusk of Evening, leaving the Fields, seek their roosting Places. Trees were torn up by the very Roots; and the Roofs of all the Barns, *&c.* belonging to the Prince's Quarters, were blown quite away. This lasted for about half an Hour, until the Cloud was wholly past over us, when as suddenly ensued the same pacifick Calm as before the Cloud's Approach. Its Course was seemingly directly West; and yet we were soon after inform'd, that the fine Dome of the great Church at *Utrecht* had greatly suffer'd by it the same Day. And, if I am not much mistaken, Sir *William Temple*, in his Memoirs, mentions somewhat of it, which he felt at *Lillo*, on his Return from the Prince of *Orange*'s Camp, where he had been a Day or two before.

As soon after this, as I could get an Opportunity, I deliver'd, at his Quarters, my recommendatory Letters to Sir *Walter Vane*; who receiv'd me very kindly, telling me at the same time, that there were six or seven *English* Gentlemen, who had enter'd themselves Voluntiers in the Prince's own Company of Guards: And added, that he would

immediately recommend me to Count *Solmes*, their Colonel. He was not worſe than his Word, and I was enter'd accordingly. Thoſe ſix Gentlemen were as follows, —— *Clavers*, who ſince was better known by the Title of Lord *Dundee*; Mr. *Collier*, now Lord *Portmore*; Mr. *Rooke*, ſince Major-General; Mr. *Hales*, who lately died, and was for a long time Governor of *Chelſea-Hoſpital*; Mr. *Vemer*, Son of that *Vemner* remarkable for his being one of the Fifth-Monarchy Men; and Mr. *Boyce*. The four firſt roſe to be very eminent; but Fortune is not to all alike favourable.

The Army marcheth towards Binch.

In about a Week's Time after, it was reſolv'd in a Council of War, to march towards *Binch*, a ſmall wall'd Town, about four Leagues from *Nivelle*; the better to cut off the Proviſions from coming to the Prince of *Condé*'s Camp that Way.

Accordingly, on the firſt Day of *Auguſt*, being *Saturday*, we began our March; and the *Engliſh* Voluntiers had the Favour of a Baggage Waggon appointed them. Count *Souches*, the Imperial General, with the Troops of that Nation, led the Van; the main Body was compos'd of *Dutch*, under the Prince of *Orange*, as Generaliſſimo; and the *Spaniards*, under Prince *Vaudemont*, with ſome Detachments, made the Rear Guard.

As we were upon our March, I being among thoſe Detachments which made up the Rear Guard, obſerv'd a great Party of the Enemy's Horſe upon an Aſcent, which, I then imagin'd, as it after prov'd, to be the Prince of *Condé* taking a View of our Forces under March. There were many Defiles, which our Army muſt neceſſarily paſs; through which that Prince politickly enough permitted the *Imperial* and *Dutch* Forces to paſs unmoleſted. But when Prince *Vaudemont*, with the *Spaniards*, and our Detachments, thought to have done the like, the Prince of *Condé* fell on our Rear Guard; and, after a long and ſharp Diſpute, entirely routed 'em; the Marquiſs of *Aſſentar*, a *Spaniſh* Lieutenant-General, dying upon the Spot.

Prince of Condé intirely routs the Rear of the Confederate Army.

Had the Prince of *Condé* contented himſelf with this Share of good Fortune, his Victory had been unconteſted: But being puſh'd forward by a vehement Heat of Temper (which he was noted for) and fluſh'd with this extraordinary Succeſs, he reſolv'd to force the whole Confederate Army to a Battle. In order to which, he immediately led his Forces between our Second Line, and our Line of Baggage; by which means the latter were entirely cut off, and were ſubjected to the Will of the Enemy, who fell directly to plunder; in which they were not a little aſſiſted by the routed

routed *Spaniards* themſelves, who did not diſdain at that time to ſhare with the Enemy in the plundering of their Friends and Allies.

The *Engliſh* Voluntiers had their Share of this ill Fortune with the reſt; their Waggon appointed them being among thoſe intercepted by the Enemy; and I, for my Part, loſt every Thing but Life, which yet was ſaved almoſt as unaccountably as my Fellow-Soldiers had loſt theirs. The Baggage, as I have ſaid, being cut off, and at the Mercy of the Enemy, every one endeavour'd to eſcape through, or over the Hedges. And as in all Caſes of like Confuſion, one endeavours to ſave himſelf upon the Ruins of others: So here, he that found himſelf ſtopt by another in getting over the Gap of a Hedge, pull'd him back to make way for himſelf, and perhaps met with the ſame Fortune from a Third, to the Deſtruction of all. I was then in the Vigour of my Youth, and none of the leaſt active, and perceiving how it had far'd with ſome before me, I clapt my left Leg upon the Shoulders of one who was thus contending with another, and with a Spring threw my ſelf over both their Heads and the Hedge at the ſame time. By this Means I not only ſav'd my Life (for they were all cut to Pieces that could not get over) but from an Eminence, which I ſoon after attain'd, I had

had an Opportunity of seeing, and making my Observations upon the remaining Part of that glorious Conflict.

It was from that advantagious Situation, that I presently discover'd that the Imperialists, who led the Van, had now join'd the main Body. And, I confess, it was with an almost inexpressible Pleasure, that I beheld, about three a-Clock, with what intrepid Fury they fell upon the Enemy. In short, both Armies were universally engag'd, and with great Obstinacy disputed the Victory till Eleven at Night. At which Time the *French*, being pretty well surfeited, made their Retreat. Nevertheless, to secure it by a Stratagem, they left their lighted Matches hanging in the Hedges, and waving with the Air, to conceal it from the Confederate Army.

The Battle of Seneff.

French *quit the Field.*

About two Hours after, the Confederate Forces follow'd the Example of their Enemies, and drew off. And tho' neither Army had much Reason to boast; yet as the Prince of *Orange* remain'd last in the Field; and the *French* had lost what they before had gain'd, the Glory of the Day fell to the Prince of *Orange*; who, altho' but twenty-four Years of Age, had the Suffrage of Friend and Foe, of having play'd the Part of an old and experienc'd Officer.

Confederate Army drawn off.

THERE were left that Day on the Field of Battle, by a general Computation, not leſs than eighteen Thouſand Men on both Sides, over and above thoſe, who died of their Wounds: The Loſs being pretty equal, only the *French* carried off moſt Priſoners. Prince *Waldeck* was ſhot through the Arm, which I was near enough to be an Eye-witneſs of: And my much lamented Friend, Sir *Walter Vane*, was carried off dead. A Wound in the Arm was all the Mark of Honour, that I as yet could boaſt of, though our Cannon in the Defiles had ſlain many near me.

THE Prince of *Condé* (as we were next Day inform'd) lay all that Night under a Hedge, wrapp'd in his Cloke: And either from the Mortification of being diſappointed in his Hopes of Victory; or from a Reflection of the Diſſervice, which his own natural over Heat of Temper had drawn upon him, was almoſt inconſolable many Days after. And thus ended the famous Battle of *Seneff*.

BUT though common Vogue has given it the Name of a Battle, in my weak Opinion, it might rather deſerve that of a confus'd Skirmiſh; all Things having been forcibly carried on without Regularity, or even Deſign enough to allow it any higher Denomination: For, as I have ſaid before, notwithſtanding I was advantagiouſly ſta-

tioned for Obſervation, I found it very often impoſſible to diſtinguiſh one Party from another. And this was more remarkably evident on the Part of the Prince of *Orange*, whoſe Valour and Vigour having led him into the Middle of the Enemy, and being then ſenſible of his Error, by a peculiar Preſence of Mind, gave the Word of Command in *French*, which he ſpoke perfectly well. But the *French* Soldiers, who took him for one of their own Generals, making Anſwer, that their Powder was all ſpent, it afforded Matter of Inſtruction to him to perſiſt in his Attack; at the ſame Time, that it gave him a Leſſon of Caution, to withdraw himſelf, as ſoon as he could, to his own Troops.

Prince of Orange in the midſt of the French Army.

Marches to Quarignan.

HOWEVER, the Day after the Prince of *Orange* thought proper to march to *Quarignan*, a Village within a League of *Mons*; where he remain'd ſome Days, till he could be ſupply'd from *Bruſſels* with thoſe Neceſſaries which his Army ſtood in need of.

Marches to Valenciennes; and beſieges Oudenard.

FROM thence we march'd to *Valenciennes*, where we again encamp'd, till we could receive Things proper for a Siege. Upon the Arrival whereof, the Prince gave Orders to decamp, and march'd his Army with a Deſign to beſiege *Aeth*. But having Intelligence on our March, that the Mareſchal *De Humiers* had reinforc'd that Garriſon, we march'd directly to *Oudenard*,

nard, and immediately inveſted it.

THIS Siege was carried on with ſuch Application and Succeſs, that the Beſiegers were in a few Days ready for a Storm; but the Prince of *Condé* prevented them, by coming up to its Relief. Upon which the Prince of *Orange*, purſuant to the Reſolution of a Council of War the Night before, drew off his Forces in order to give him Battle; and to that purpoſe, after the laborious Work of filling up our Lines of Contravallation, that the Horſe might paſs more freely, we lay upon our Arms all Night. Next Morning we expected the Imperial General, Count *Souches*, to join us; but inſtead of that, he ſent back ſome very frivolous Excuſes, of the Inconveniency of the Ground for a Battle; and after that, inſtead of joining the Prince, marched off quite another way; the Prince of *Orange*, with the *Dutch* and *Spaniſh* Troops, marched directly for *Ghent*; exclaiming publickly againſt the Chicanery of *Souches*, and openly declaring, That he had been advertis'd of a Conference between a *French* Capuchin and that General, the Night before. Certain it is, that that General lay under the Diſpleaſure of his Maſter, the Emperor, for that Piece of Management; and the Count *de Sporck* was immediately appointed General in his Place.

Prince of Orange *going to leave the Army in Diſguſt.*

THE Prince of *Orange* was hereupon leaving the Army in great Diſguſt, till prevail'd upon by the Count *de Montery*, for the general Safety, to recede from that Reſolution. However, ſeeing no likelihood of any Thing further to be done, while *Souches* was in Command, he reſolv'd upon a Poſt of more Action, though more dangerous; wherefore ordering ten Thouſand Men to march before, he himſelf ſoon after follow'd to the Siege of *Grave*.

Carries on the Siege of Grave.

THE *Grave*, a ſtrong Place, and of the firſt Moment to the *Hollanders*, had been block'd up by the *Dutch* Forces all the Summer; the Prince of *Orange* therefore leaving the main Army under Prince *Waldeck* at *Ghent*, follow'd the Detachment he had made for the Siege of that important Place, reſolving to purchaſe it at any Rate. On his Arrival before it, Things began to find new Motion; and as they were carried on with the utmoſt Application and Fury, the Beſieged found themſelves, in a little Time, oblig'd to change their haughty Summer Note for one more ſuitable to the Seaſon.

And takes it.

THE Prince, from his firſt coming, having kept thoſe within hotly ply'd with Ball, both from Cannon and Mortars, Monſieur *Chamilly*, the Governor, after a few Days, being weary of ſuch warm Work, deſired to capitulate · · · which Hoſtages were

exchanged, and Articles agreed on next Morning. Purſuant to which, the Garriſon march'd out with Drums beating and Colours flying, two Days after, and were conducted to *Charleroy*.

By the taking this Place, which made the Prince of *Orange* the more earneſt upon it, the *French* were wholly expell'd their laſt Year's aſtoniſhing Conqueſts in *Holland*. And yet there was another Conſideration, that render'd the Surrender of it much more conſiderable. For the *French* being ſenſible of the great Strength of this Place, had there depoſited all their Cannon and Ammunition, taken from their other Conqueſts in *Holland*, which they never were able to remove or carry off, with tolerable Proſpect of Safety, after that Prince's Army firſt took the Field.

The Enemy being march'd out, the Prince enter'd the Town, and immediately order'd publick Thankſgivings for its happy Reduction. Then having appointed a Governor, and left a ſufficient Garriſon, he put an End to that Campaign, and return'd to the *Hague*, where he had not been long before he fell ill of the Small Pox. The Conſternation this threw the whole Country into, is not to be expreſs'd: Any one that had ſeen it would have thought, that the *French* had made another Inundation greater than the former. But when the

Danger was over, their Joy and Satisfaction, for his Recovery, was equally beyond Expreſſion.

Limburgh *beſieged and taken by the* French.

THE Year 1675. yielded very little remarkable in our Army. *Limburgh* was beſieged by the *French*, under the Command of the Duke of *Enguien*, which the Prince of *Orange* having Intelligence of, immediately decamp'd from his fine Camp at *Bethlem*, near *Louvain*, in order to raiſe the Siege. But as we were on a full March for that purpoſe, and had already reach'd *Ruremond*, Word was brought, that the Place had ſurrender'd the Day before. Upon which Advice, the Prince, after a ſhort Halt, made his little Army (for it conſiſted not of more than thirty Thouſand Men) march back to *Brabant*. Nothing of moment, after this, occurr'd all that Campaign.

Maeſtrich *beſieged by the Prince of* Orange.

IN the Year 1676. the Prince of *Orange* having, in concert with the *Spaniards*, reſolv'd upon the important Siege of *Maeſtrich* (the only Town in the *Dutch* Provinces, then remaining in the Hands of the *French*) it was accordingly inveſted about the middle of *June*, with an Army of twenty Thouſand Men, under the Command of his Highneſs Prince *Waldeck*, with the grand Army covering the Siege. It was ſome Time before the heavy Cannon, which we expected up the *Maes*, from *Holland*, arri-

arrived; which gave Occaſion to a Piece of Raillery of Monſieur *Calvo*, the Governor, which was as handſomely repartee'd. That Governor, by a Meſſenger, intimating his Sorrow to find, we had pawn'd our Cannon for Ammunition Bread. Anſwer was made, That in a few Days we hoped to give him a Taſte of the Loaves, which he ſhould find would be ſent him into the Town in extraordinary plenty. I remember another Piece of Raillery, which paſs'd ſome Days after between the *Rhingrave* and the ſame *Calvo*. The former ſending Word, that he hoped within three Weeks to ſalute that Governor's Miſtreſs within the Place. *Calvo* reply'd, He'd give him leave to kiſs her all over, if he kiſs'd her any where in three Months.

But our long expected Artillery being at laſt arriv'd, all this Jeſt and Merriment was ſoon converted into earneſt. Our Trenches were immediately open'd towards the *Dauphin* Baſtion, againſt which were planted many Cannon, in order to make a Breach; my ſelf as a Probationer being twice put upon the forlorn Hope to facilitate that difficult Piece of Service. Nor was it long before ſuch a Breach was effected, as was eſteem'd practicable, and therefore very ſoon after it was ordered to be attack'd.

THE Diſpoſition for the Attack was thus ordered; two Serjeants with twenty Grenadiers, a Captain with fifty Men, my ſelf one of the Number; then a Party carrying Wool Sacks, and after them two Captains with one Hundred Men more; the Soldiers in the Trenches to be ready to ſuſtain them, as Occaſion ſhould require.

THE Signal being given, we left our Trenches accordingly, having about one Hundred Yards to run, before we could reach the Breach, which we mounted with ſome Difficulty and Loſs; all our Batteries firing at the ſame inſtant to keep our Action in countenance, and favour our Deſign. When we were in Poſſeſſion of the Baſtion, the Enemy fir'd moſt furiouſly upon us with their ſmall Cannon through a thin brick Wall, by which, and their hand Grenadoes, we loſt more Men than we did in the Attack it ſelf.

BUT well had it been had our ill Fortune ſtopp'd there; for as if Diſaſter muſt needs be the Concomitant of Succeſs, we ſoon loſt what we had thus gotten, by a ſmall, but very odd Accident. Not being furniſhed with ſuch Scoopes as our Enemies made uſe of, in toſſing their hand Grenadoes ſome diſtance off, one of our own Soldiers aiming to throw one over the Wall into the Counterſcarp among the

Ene-

Enemy, it ſo happen'd that he unfortunately miſs'd his Aim, and the Grenade fell down again on our ſide the Wall, very near the Perſon who fir'd it. He ſtarting back to ſave himſelf, and ſome others who ſaw it fall, doing the like, thoſe who knew nothing of the Matter fell into a ſudden Confuſion, and imagining ſome greater danger than there really was, every body was ſtruck with a panick Fear, and endeavour'd to be the firſt who ſhould quit the Baſtion, and ſecure himſelf by a real Shame from an imaginary Evil. Thus was a Baſtion, that had been glorioufly gain'd, inadvertently deſerted; and that too, with the Loſs of almoſt as many Men in the Retreat, as had been ſlain in the Onſet, and the Enemy moſt triumphantly again took Poſſeſſion of it.

AMONG the Slain on our Side in this Action, was an Enſign of Sir *John Fenwick*'s Regiment; and as an Approbation of my Services his Commiſſion was beſtowed upon me.

A FEW Days after it was reſolv'd again to ſtorm that Baſtion, as before; out of three *Engliſh*, and one *Scotch* Regiment, then in the Camp, a Detachment was ſelected for a freſh Attack. Thoſe Regiments were under the Command of Sir *John Fenwick* (who was afterwards beheaded)

headed) Colonel *Ralph Widdrington*, and Colonel *Aſhley*, of the *Engliſh*; and Sir *Alexander Collier*, Father of the preſent Lord *Portmore*, of the *Scotch*. Out of every of theſe four Regiments, as before, were detach'd a Captain, a Lieutenant, and an Enſign, with fifty Men: Captain *Anthony Barnwell*, of Sir *John Fenwick's* Regiment, who was now my Captain, commanding that Attack.

At break of Day the Attack was begun with great Reſolution; and though vigorouſly maintain'd, was attended with the deſir'd Succeſs. The Baſtion was again taken, and in it the commanding Officer, who in Service to himſelf, more than to us, told us, that the Center of the Baſtion would ſoon be blown up, being to his Knowledge undermin'd for that purpoſe. But this Secret prov'd of no other uſe, than to make us, by way of Precaution, to keep as much as we could upon the Rampart. In this Attack Captain *Barnwell* loſt his Life; and it happened my new Commiſſion was wetted (not, as too frequently is the Cuſtom, with a Debauch) but with a Bullet through my Hand, and the Breach of my Collar Bone with the Stroke of a Halberd.

After about half an Hour's Poſſeſſion of the Baſtion, the Mine under it, of which

the *French* Officer gave us warning, was ſprung; the Enemy at the ſame Time making a furious Sally upon us. The Mine did a little, though the leſs, Execution, for being diſcover'd; but the Sally no way anſwer'd their End, for we beat them back, and immediately fix'd our Lodgment; which we maintain'd during the Time of the Siege. But to our double Surprize, a few Days after they fir'd another Mine under, or aſide, the former, in which they had plac'd a quantity of Grenadoes, which did much more Execution than the other: Notwithſtanding all which, a Battery of Guns was preſently erected upon that Baſtion, which very conſiderably annoy'd the Enemy.

THE Breach for a general Storm was now render'd almoſt practicable; yet before that could be adviſably attempted, there was a ſtrong Horn-work to be taken. Upon this Exploit the *Dutch* Troops only were to ſignalize themſelves; and they anſwer'd the Confidence repos'd in them; for though they were twice repuls'd, at the third Onſet they were more ſucceſsful, and took Poſſeſſion; which they likewiſe kept to the Raiſing of the Siege.

THERE was a Stratagem lay'd at this Time, which in its own Merit one would have thought ſhould not have fail'd of a good

good Effect; but to ſhew the Vanity of the higheſt human Wiſdom, it miſcarry'd. On the other ſide of the *Maes*, oppoſite to *Maeſtrich*, lies the ſtrong Fortreſs of *Wyck*, to which it is join'd by a ſtone Bridge of ſix fair Arches. The Deſign was, by a falſe Attack on that regular Fortification to draw the Strength of the Garriſon to its Defence, which was but very natural to imagine would be the Conſequence. Ready to attend that well concerted falſe Attack, a large flat bottom'd Boat, properly furniſh'd with Barrels of Gun-Powder, and other Neceſſaries, was to fall down under one of the middle Arches, and when fix'd there, by firing the Powder to have blown up the Bridge, and by that means to have prevented the Return of the Garriſon to oppoſe a real Attack at that inſtant of Time to be made upon the Town of *Maeſtrich* by the whole Army.

THE falſe Attack on *Wyck* was accordingly made, which, as propos'd, drew the Main of the Garriſon of *Maeſtrich* to its Defence, and the Boat ſo furniſh'd fell down the River as projected, but unfortunately, before it could reach the Arch, from the Darkneſs of the Night, running upon a Shoal, it could not be got off; for which Reaſon the Men in the Boat were glad to make a haſty Eſcape for fear of being diſcover'd;

cover'd; as the Boat was, next Morning, and the whole Design laid open.

THIS Stratagem thus miscarrying, all Things were immediately got ready for a general Storm, at the main Breach in the Town; and the rather, because the Prince of *Orange* had receiv'd inconteſtable Intelligence, That Duke *Schomberg*, at the Head of the *French* Army, was in full march to relieve the Place. But before every Thing could be rightly got ready for the intended Storm (though some there were who pretended to say, that a Dispute rais'd by the *Spaniards* with the *Dutch*, about the Propriety of the Town, when taken, was the Cause of that Delay) we heard at some distance several Guns fir'd as Signals of Relief; upon which we precipitately, and, as most imagin'd, shamefully drew off from before the Place, and join'd the grand Army under Prince *Waldeck*. But it was Matter of yet greater Surprize to most on the Spot, that when the Armies were so joyn'd, we did not stay to offer the Enemy Battle. The well known Courage of the Prince, then Generalissimo, was so far from solving this Riddle, that it rather puzzled all who thought of it; however, the prevailing Opinion was, that it was occasion'd by some great Misunderstanding between the *Spaniards* and the *Dutch*. And Experience will evince, that this was not the

Prince of Orange's Army retreats from before Maestrich.

onl

only Disappointment of that Nature, occasion'd by imperfect Understandings.

BESIDES the Number of common Soldiers slain in this Attack, which was not inconsiderable, we lost here the brave *Rhingrave*, a Person much lamented on account of his many other excellent Qualifications, as well as that of a General. Colonel *Ralph Widdrington*, and Colonel *Doleman* (who had not enjoy'd *Widdrington*'s Commission above a Fortnight) Captain *Douglas*, Captain *Barnwell*, and Captain *Lee*, were of the Slain among the *English*; who, indeed, had born the whole brunt of the Attack upon the *Dauphin*'s Bastion.

I REMEMBER the Prince of *Orange*, during the Siege, receiv'd a Shot through his Arm; which giving an immediate Alarm to the Troops under his Command, he took his Hat off his Head with the wounded Arm, and smiling, wav'd it, to shew them there was no danger. Thus, after the most gallant Defence against the most couragious Onsets, ended the Siege of *Maestrich*; and with it all that was material that Campaign.

Cambray *and St.* Omers *besieged by the* French.

EARLY in the Spring, in the Year 1677. the *French* Army, under the Duke of *Orleans*, besieged at once, both *Cambray* and *Saint Omers*. This last the Prince of *Orange* seem'd very intent and resolute to relieve. In order to which, well

well knowing by sad Experience, it would be to little purpose to wait the majestick Motions of the *Spaniards*, that Prince got together what Forces he could, all in *Dutch* Pay, and marching forward with all speed, resolv'd, even at the Hazard of a Battle, to attempt the Raising the Siege. Upon his appearing the Duke of *Orleans*, to whose particular Conduct the Care of that Siege was committed, drew off from before the Place, leaving scarce enough of his Men to defend the Trenches. The Prince was under the Necessity of marching his Forces over a Moras; and the Duke, well knowing it, took care to attack him near *Mont Cassel*, before half his little Army were got over. The Dispute was very sharp, but the Prince being much out number'd, and his Troops not able, by the Straitness of the Passage, to engage all at once, was oblig'd at last to retreat, which he did in pretty good Order. I remember the *Dutch* Troops did not all alike do their Duty; and the Prince seeing one of the Officers on his fullest speed, call'd to him over and over to halt; which the Officer in too much haste to obey, the Prince gave him a Slash over the Face, saying, *By this Mark I shall know you another Time.* Soon after this Retreat of the Prince, Saint *Omers* was surrender'd.

Prince of Orange attempts to raise the Siege of St. Omers, but is forc'd to retreat.

St. Omers surrenders.

UPON this Retreat the Prince marching back, lay for ſome Time among the Boors, who from the good Diſcipline, which he took care to make his Troops obſerve, did not give us their cuſtomary booriſh Reception. And yet as ſecure as we might think our ſelves, I met with a little Paſſage that confirm'd in me the Notions, which the generality, as well as I, had imbib'd of the private Barbarity of thoſe People, whenever an Opportunity falls in their Way. I was ſtroling at a Diſtance from my Quarters, all alone, when I found my ſelf near one of their Houſes; into which, the Doors being open, I ventur'd to enter. I ſaw no body when I came in, though the Houſe was, for that Sort of People, well enough furniſh'd, and in pretty decent Order. I call'd, but no body anſwering, I had the Curioſity to advance a little farther, when, at the Mouth of the Oven, which had not yet wholly loſt its Heat, I ſpy'd the Corpſe of a Man ſo bloated, ſwoln and parch'd, as left me little room to doubt, that the Oven had been the Scene of his Deſtiny. I confeſs the Sight ſtruck me with Horror; and as much Courage and Security as I enter'd with, I withdrew in haſte, and with quite different Sentiments, and could not fanſy my ſelf out of Danger till I had reach'd our Camp. A wiſe Man ſhould not frame an Accuſation on Conjectures; but, on Inquiry,

I was ſoon made ſenſible, that ſuch barbarous Uſage is too common among thoſe People; eſpecially if they meet with a Straggler, of what Nation ſoever.

This made me not very ſorry when we decamp'd, and we ſoon after receiv'd Orders to march and inveſt *Charleroy*; before which Place we ſtay'd ſomewhat above a Week, and then drew off. I remember very well, that I was not the only Perſon then in the Camp that was at a Loſs to dive into the Reaſon of this Inveſtiture and Decampment: But ſince I at that time, among the Politicians of the Army, never heard a good one, I ſhall not venture to offer my Sentiments at ſo great a Diſtance.

We, after this, march'd towards *Mons*; and, in our March, paſs'd over the very Grounds on which the Battle of *Seneff* had been fought three Years before. It was with no little Pleaſure, that I re-ſurvey'd a Place, that had once been of ſo much Danger to me; and where my Memory and Fanſy now repeated back all thoſe Obſervations I had then made under ſome unavoidable Confuſion. Young as I was, both in Years and Experience, from my own Reflections, and the Sentiments of others, after the Fight was over, methought I ſaw viſibly before me the well order'd Diſpoſition of the Prince of *Condé*; the inexpreſſible Difficulties which the Prince of *Orange* had to encounter

Army marches towards Mons.

counter with; while at the ſame Moment I could not omit to repay my Debt to the Memory of my firſt Patron, Sir *Walter Vane*, who there looſing his Life, left me a ſolitary Wanderer to the wide World of Fortune.

But theſe Thoughts ſoon gave place to new Objects, which every Hour preſented themſelves in our continu'd March to *Enghien*, a Place famous for the fineſt Gardens in all *Flanders*, near which we encamp'd, on the very ſame Ground which the *French* choſe ſome Years after at the Battle of *Steenkirk*: of which I ſhall ſpeak in its proper Place. Here the Prince of *Orange* left our Army, as we afterwards found, to paſs into *England*; where he marry'd the Princeſs *Mary*, Daughter of the Duke of *York*. And after his Departure, that Campaign ended without any thing further material.

Peace concluded. Now began the Year 1678, famous for the Peace, and no leſs remarkable for an Action previous to it, which has not fail'd to employ the Talents of Men, variouſly, as they ſtood affected. Our Army, under the Prince of *Orange*, lay encamp'd at *Soignies*, where it was whiſper'd that the Peace was concluded. Notwithſtanding which, two Days after, being *Sunday* the 17th Day of *Auguſt*, the Army was drawn out, as moſt others as well as my ſelf apprehended,

hended, in order to a *feux de Joye*; but in lieu of that, we found our March order'd towards St. *Dennis*, where the Duke of *Luxemburg* lay, as he imagin'd, safe in inaccessible Entrenchments.

Prince of Orange arrives at St. Dennis, and begins the Attack.

About three of the Clock our Army arriv'd there, when we receiv'd Orders to make the Attack. It began with a most vigorous Spirit, that promis'd no less than the Success which ensu'd. The three *English* and three *Scotch* Regiments, under the Command of the ever renown'd Earl of *Ossory*, together with the Prince of *Orange*'s Guards, made their Attack at a Place call'd the *Château*; where the *French* took their Refuge among a Parcel of Hop-Poles; but their Resource was as weak as their Defence; and they were soon beaten out with a very great Slaughter.

It was here that a *French* Officer having his Pistol directed at the Breast of the Prince, Monsieur *D'Auverquerque* interpos'd, and shot the Officer dead upon the Spot.

Duke of Luxemburg defeated, and Peace proclaim'd.

The Fight lasted from three in the Afternoon till Nine at Night; when growing dark, the Duke of *Luxemburg* forsook his Entrenchments, into which we march'd next Morning. And to see the sudden Change of Things! that very Spot of Ground, where nothing but Fire and Fury appear'd the Day before, the next saw solac'd with the Proclamation of a Peace.

About an Hour before the Attack began, the Duke of *Monmouth* arriv'd in the Army, being kindly receiv'd by the Prince of *Orange*, bravely fighting by his Side all that Day. The Woods, and the Unevenneſs of the Ground, render'd the Cavalry almoſt uſeleſs; yet I ſaw a Standard, among ſome others, which was taken from the Enemy, being richly embroidered with Gold and Silver, bearing the Sun in the Zodiack, with theſe haughty Words, *Nihil obſtabit eunte*. On the News of this unexpected Victory, the States of *Holland* ſent to congratulate the Prince; and to teſtify how much they valued his Preſervation, they preſented Monſieur *D'Auverquerque*, who had ſo bravely reſcued him, with a Sword, whoſe Handle was of maſſy Gold ſet with Diamonds. I forgot to mention that this Gentleman receiv'd a Shot on his Head at the Battle of *Seneff*; and truly in all Actions, which were many, he nobly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Bravery. He was Father of this preſent Earl of *Grantham*.

The Names of the *Engliſh* Officers which I knew to be killed in this Action.

Lieut. Col. *Archer*,	Capt. *Pemfield*,
Capt. *Charleton*,	Lieut. *Charleton*,
Capt. *Richardſon*,	Lieut. *Barton*,
Capt. *Fiſher*,	Enſign *Colvile*.

With

With ſeveral others, whoſe Names I have forgot.

Lieut. Col. *Babington*, who began the Attack, by beating the *French* out of the Hop Garden, was taken Priſoner. Col. *Hales*, who was a long time Governor of *Chelſea College*, being then a Captain, received a Shot on his Leg, of which he went lame to his dying Day.

The War thus ended by the Peace of *Nimeugen*, the Regiment in which I ſerv'd, was appointed to lie in Garriſon at the *Grave*. We lay there near four Years, our Soldiers being moſtly employ'd about the Fortifications. It was here, and by that Means, that I imbib'd the Rudiments of Fortification, and the practick Part of an Enginier, which in my more advanc'd Years was of no ſmall Service to me.

Nevertheless, in the Year 1684, our Regiment receiv'd Orders to march to *Haren*, near *Bruſſels*; where, with other Forces, we encamp'd, till we heard that *Luxemburg*, invaded by the *French*, in a Time of the profoundeſt Peace, had ſurrender'd to them. Then we decamp'd, and march'd to *Mechlin*; where we lay in the Field till near *November*. Not that there was any War proclaim'd; but as not knowing, whether thoſe who had committed ſuch Acts of Hoſtility in time of Peace,

might not take it in their Heads to proceed yet further. In *November* we march'd into that Town, where Count *Nivelle* was Governor: The Marquiſs *de Grana*, at the ſame time, governing the *Netherlands* in the Juriſdiction of *Spain*.

NOTHING of any Moment happen'd after this, till the Death of King *Charles* II. The Summer after which, the three *Engliſh* and three *Scotch* Regiments receiv'd Orders to paſs over into *England*, upon the Occaſion of *Monmouth*'s Rebellion; where, upon our Arrival, we receiv'd Orders to encamp on *Hounſlow-Heath*. But that Rebellion being ſoon ſtifled, and King *James* having no farther Need of us, thoſe Regiments were order'd to return again to *Holland*, into the proper Service of thoſe who paid them.

Engliſh and Scotch Regiments paſs over into England.

THO' I am no ſtiff Adherer to the Doctrine of Predeſtination, yet to the full Aſſurance of a Providence I never could fail to adhere. Thence came it, that my natural Deſire to ſerve my own native Country prevail'd upon me to quit the Service of another, though its Neighbour and Allie. Events are not always to direct the Judgment; and therefore whether I did beſt in following thoſe fondling Dictates of Nature, I ſhall neither queſtion nor determine.

HOWEVER, it was not long after my Arrival in *England* before I had a Commiſſion given

given me by King *James*, to be a Lieutenant in a new rais'd Regiment under the Command of Colonel *Tufton*, Brother to the Earl of *Thanet*. Under this Commission I sojourn'd out two peaceable Campaigns on *Hounslow-Heath*; where I was an Eye-Witness of one mock Siege of *Buda*: After which our Regiment was order'd to *Berwick*, where I remained till the Revolution.

KING *James* having abdicated the Throne, and the Prince of *Orange* accepting the Administration, all Commissions were order'd to be renew'd in his Name. The Officers of our Regiment, as well as others, severally took out theirs accordingly; a very few excepted, of which Number was our Colonel; who refusing a Compliance, his Commission was given to Sir *James Lesley*. *K. James abdicates the Throne.*

THE Prince of *Orange* presently after was declar'd and proclaim'd King, and his Princess Queen, with a conjunctive Power. Upon which our Regiment was order'd into *Scotland*, where Affairs appear'd under a Face of Disquietude. We had our Quarters at *Leith*, till the Time the Castle of *Edinburg*, then under the Command of the Duke of *Gordon*, had surrender'd. After which, pursuant to fresh Orders, we march'd to *Inverness*, a Place of no great Strength, and as little Beauty; though yet *Prince of* Orange *proclaim'd King.*

I think I may ſay, without the leaſt Danger of an *Hyperbole*, that it is as pleaſant as moſt Places in that Country. Here we lay two long Winters, perpetually harraſs'd upon Parties, and hunting of ſomewhat wilder than their wildeſt Game, namely, the *Highlanders*, who were, if not as nimble footed, yet fully as hard to be found.

But General *Mackay* having receiv'd Orders to build a Fort at *Inverlochy*, our Regiment, among others, was commanded to that Service. The two Regiments appointed on the ſame Duty, with ſome few Dragoons, were already on their March, which having join'd, we march'd together through *Louquebar*. This ſure is the wildeſt Country in the *Highlands*, if not in the World. I did not ſee one Houſe in all our March; and their Oeconomy, if I may call it ſuch, is much the ſame with that of the *Arabs* or *Tartars*. Hutts, or Cabins of Trees and Traſh, are their Places of Habitation; in which they dwell, till their half-horn'd Cattle have devour'd the Graſs, and then remove, ſtaying no where longer than that Convenience invites them.

In this March, or rather, if you pleaſe, moſt diſmal Peregrination, we could but very rarely go two on a Breaſt; and oftner, like Geeze in a String, one after another. So that our very little Army had ſometimes,

or

or rather moſt commonly, an Extent of many Miles; our Enemy, the *Highlanders*, firing down upon us from their Summits all the Way. Nor was it poſſible for our Men, or very rarely at leaſt, to return their Favours with any Proſpect of Succeſs; for as they pop'd upon us always on a ſudden, they never ſtay'd long enough to allow any of our Soldiers a Mark; or even time enough to fire: And for our Men to march, or climb up thoſe Mountains, which to them were natural Champion, would have been as dangerous as it ſeem'd to us impracticable. Nevertheleſs, under all theſe diſheartning Diſadvantages, we arriv'd at *Inverlochy*, and there perform'd the Task appointed, building a Fort on the ſame Spot where *Cromwell* had rais'd one before. And which was not a little remarkable, we had with us one *Hill*, a Colonel, who had been Governor in *Oliver*'s Time, and who was now again appointed Governor by General *Mackay*. Thus the Work on which we were ſent being effected, we march'd back again by the Way of *Gillycrancky*, where that memorable Battle under *Dundee* had been fought the Year before.

Some time after, Sir *Thomas Levingſton*, afterwards Earl of *Tiviot*, having receiv'd Intelligence that the *Highlanders* intended to fall down into the lower Countries, in a conſiderable Body, got together a Party of

of about five Hundred (the Dragoons, call'd the *Scotch Greys*, inclusive) with which he resolv'd, if possible, to give them a Meeting. We left *Inverness* the last Day of *April*, and encamp'd near a little Town call'd *Forrest*, the Place where, as Tradition still confidently avers, the Witches met *Mackbeth*, and greeted him with their diabolical Auspices. But this Story is so naturally display'd in a Play of the immortal *Shakespear*, that I need not descend here to any farther Particulars.

HERE Sir *Thomas* receiv'd Intelligence, that the *Highlanders* design'd to encamp upon the *Spey*, near the Laird of *Grant*'s Castle. Whereupon we began our March about Noon; and the next Day, about the Break thereof, we came to that River, where we soon discover'd the *Highlanders* by their Fires. Sir *Thomas* immediately, on Sight of it, issued his Orders for our fording the River, and falling upon them as soon after as possible. Both were accordingly perform'd, and with so good Order, Secrecy and Success, that *Cannon* and *Balfour*, their Commanders, were obliged to make their Escape naked.

Highlanders totally routed.

THEY were about one Thousand in Number, of which were kill'd about three Hundred; we pursued them, till they got up *Crowdale-Hill*, where we lost them in a Fog. And, indeed, so high is that Hill, that

that they, who perfectly knew it, assured me, that it never is without a little dark Fog hanging over it. And to me, at that Instant of Time, they seem'd rather to be People receiv'd up into Clouds, than flying from an Enemy.

Near this there was an old Castle, call'd *Lethendy*, into which about Fifty of them made their Retreat, most of them Gentlemen, resolving there to defend themselves to the last. Sir *Thomas* sent a Messenger to them, with an Offer of Mercy, if they would surrender: But they refus'd the profer'd Quarter, and fir'd upon our Men, killing two of our Grenadiers, and wounding another. During my Quarters at the *Grave*, having learnt to throw a Grenado, I took three or four in a Bag, and crept down by the Side of a Ditch, or Dyke, to an old thatch'd House near the Castle, imagining, on my mounting the same, I might be near enough to throw them, so as to do execution. I found all Things answer my Expectation; and the Castle wanting a Cover, I threw in a Grenado, which put the Enemy immediately into Confusion. The Second had not so good Success, falling short; and the Third burst as soon as it was well out of my Hand, though without Damage to my self. But throwing the Fourth in at a Window, it so increas'd the Confusion, which the first had put them into, that

they immediately call'd out to me, upon their Parole of Safety, to come to them.

ACCORDINGLY I went up to the Door, which they had barricaded, and made up with great Stones; when they told me they were ready to ſurrender upon Condition of obtaining Mercy. I return'd to Sir *Thomas*; and telling him what I had done, and the Conſequence of it, and the Meſſage they had deſir'd me to deliver (a great many of the *Highland* Gentlemen, not of this Party, being with him) Sir *Thomas*, in a high Voice, and broad *Scotch*, beſt to be heard and underſtood, order'd me back to tell 'em, *He would cut them all to Pieces, for their Murder of two of his Grenadiers, after his Profer of Quarter.*

I WAS returning full of theſe melancholy Tidings, when Sir *Thomas*, advancing after me a little Diſtance from the reſt of the Company; *Hark ye, Sir*, ſays he, *I believe there may be among 'em ſome of our old Acquaintance* (for we had ſerv'd together in the Service of the *States* in *Flanders*) *therefore tell them they ſhall have good Quarter.* I very willingly carry'd back a Meſſage ſo much chang'd to my Mind; and upon delivering of it, without the leaſt Heſitation, they threw down the Barricado, open'd the Door, and out came one *Brody*, who, as he then told me, had had a Piece of his Noſe taken off by one of my Grenadoes.

nadoes. I carry'd him to Sir *Thomas*, who confirming my Meſſage, they all came out, and ſurrendered themſelves Priſoners. This happen'd on *May* Day in the Morning; for which Reaſon we return'd to *Inverneſs* with our Priſoners, and Boughs in our Hats; and the *Highlanders* never held up their Heads ſo high after this Defeat.

Upon this Succeſs Sir *Thomas* wrote to Court, giving a full Account of the whole Action. In which being pleas'd to make mention of my Behaviour, with ſome Particularities, I had ſoon after a Commiſſion order'd me for a Company in the Regiment under the Command of Brigadier *Tiffin*.

My Commiſſion being made out, ſign'd, and ſent to me, I repair'd immediately to *Portſmouth*, where the Regiment lay in Garriſon. A few Days after I had been there, Admiral *Ruſſel* arriv'd with the Fleet, and anchor'd at St. *Hellen*'s, where he remain'd about a Week. On the 18th of *May* the whole Fleet ſet Sail; and it being my Turn the ſame Day to mount the Main Guard, I was going the Rounds very early, when I heard great ſhooting at Sea. I went directly to acquaint the Governor, and told him my Sentiments, that the two contending Fleets were actually engag'd, which indeed prov'd true; for that very Night a Pinnace, which came from our Fleet, brought News that Admiral *Ruſſel* had engag'd the *French* Admiral

Admiral *Turvile*; and, after a long and ſharp Diſpute, was making after them to their own Coaſts.

THE next Day, towards Evening, ſeveral other Expreſſes arriv'd, one after another, all agreeing in the Defeat of the *French* Fleet, and in the Particulars of the burning their *Riſing Sun*, together with many other of their Men of War, at *la Hogue*. All which Expreſſes were immediately forwarded to Court by Mr. *Gibſon*, our Governor.

ABOUT two Months after this, our Regiment, among many others, was, according to Order, ſhipp'd off on a Secret Expedition, under the Command of the Duke of *Leinſter*, no Man knowing to what Place we were going, or on what Deſign; no, not the Commander himſelf. However, when we were out at Sea, the General, according to Inſtructions, opening his Commiſſion, we were ſoon put out of our Suſpence, and inform'd, that our Orders were to attack *Dunkirk*. But what was ſo grand a Secret to thoſe concern'd in the Expedition, having been intruſted to a Female Politician on Land, it was ſoon diſcover'd to the Enemy; for which Reaſon our Orders were countermanded, before we reach'd the Place of Action, and our Forces receiv'd Directions to land at *Oſtend*.

Soon after this happen'd that memorable Battle at *Steenkirk*, which as very few at that Time could dive into the Reaſon of, and miſtaken Accounts of it have paſs'd for authentick, I will mention ſomewhat more particularly: The Undertaking was bold; and, as many thought, bolder than was conſiſtent with the Character of the wiſe Undertaker. Nevertheleſs, the *French* having taken *Namure*; and, as the Male-contents alledg'd, in the very Sight of a ſuperior Army; and nothing having been done by Land of any moment, Things were blown into ſuch a dangerous Fermentation, by a malicious and lying Spirit, that King *William* found himſelf under a Neceſſity of attempting ſomething that might appeaſe the Murmurs of the People. He knew very well, though ſpoke in the Senate, that it was not true, that his Forces at the Siege of *Namure* exceeded thoſe of the Enemy; no Man could be more afflicted than he at the overflowing of the *Mehaigne*, from the continual Rains, which obſtructed the Relief he had deſign'd for that important Place; yet ſince his Maligners made an ill Uſe of theſe falſe Topicks, to inſinuate that he had no Mind to put an End to the War, he was reſolv'd to evince the contrary, by ſhewing them that he was not afraid to venture his Life for the better obtaining what was ſo much deſired.

Battle at Steenkirk.

To

To that Purpoſe, receiving Intelligence that the Duke of *Luxemburg* lay ſtrongly encamp'd at *Steenkirk*, near *Enghien* (tho' he was ſenſible he muſt paſs through many Defiles to engage him; and that the many Thickets between the two Armies would frequently afford him new Difficulties) he reſolv'd there to attack him. Our Troops at firſt were forc'd to hew out their Paſſage for the Horſe; and there was no one Difficulty that his Imagination had drawn that was leſſen'd by Experience; and yet ſo proſperous were his Arms at the Beginning, that our Troops had made themſelves Maſters of ſeveral Pieces of the Enemy's Cannon. But the farther he advanc'd, the Ground growing ſtraiter, ſo ſtrait as not to admit his Army's being drawn up in Battalia, the Troops behind could not give timely Succour to thoſe engag'd, and the Cannon we had taken was forcibly left behind in order to make a good Retreat. The *French* had loſt all their Courage in the Onſet; for though they had too fair an Opportunity, they did not think fit to purſue it; or, at leaſt, did it very languidly. However, the Malecontents at Home, I remember, grew very well pleas'd after this; for ſo long as they had but a Battle for their Money, like true *Engliſhmen*, loſt or won, they were contented.

SEVERAL Cauſes, I remember, were aſſign'd for this Miſcarriage, as they call'd it: Some there were who were willing to lay it upon the *Dutch*; and alledge a Saying of one of their Generals, who receiving Orders to relieve ſome *Engliſh* and *Scotch* that were over-power'd, was heard to ſay, *Dam 'em, ſince they love Fighting let 'em have their Bellies full.* But I ſhould rather impute the Diſappointment to the great Loſs of ſo many of our braveſt Officers at the very firſt Onſet. General *Mackay*, Colonel *Lanier*, the Earl of *Angus*, with both his Field-Officers, Sir *Robert Douglas*, Colonel *Hodges*, and many others falling, it was enough to put a very conſiderable Army into Confuſion. I remember one particular Action of Sir *Robert Douglas*, that I ſhould think my ſelf to blame ſhould I omit: Seeing his Colours on the other Side the Hedge, in the Hands of the Enemy, he leap'd over, ſlew the Officer that had them, and then threw them over the Hedge to his Company; redeeming his Colours at the Expenſe of his Life. Thus the *Scotch* Commander improv'd upon the *Roman* General; for the brave *Poſthumius* caſt his Standard in the Middle of the Enemy for his Soldiers to retrieve, but *Douglas* retriev'd his from the Middle of the Enemy, without any Aſſiſtance, and caſt it back to his Soldiers

to retain, after he had ſo bravely reſcued it out of the Hands of the Enemy.

FROM hence our Regiment receiv'd Orders to march to *Dixmuyd*, where we lay ſome time employ'd in fortifying that Place. While we were there, I had one Morning ſtedfaſtly fix'd my Eyes upon ſome Ducks, that were ſwimming in a large Water before me; when all on a ſudden, in the Midſt of a perfect Calm, I obſerv'd ſuch a ſtrange and ſtrong Agitation in the Waters, that prodigiouſly ſurpriz'd me. I was at the ſame Moment ſeiz'd with ſuch a Giddineſs in my Head, that, for a Minute or two, I was ſcarce ſenſible, and had much a-do to keep on my Legs. I had never felt any thing of an Earthquake before, which, as I ſoon after underſtood from others, this was; and it left, indeed, very apparent Marks of its Force in a great Rent in the Body of the great Church, which remains to this Day.

HAVING brought the intended Fortifications into ſome tolerable Order, we receiv'd a Command out of hand to reimbarque for *England*. And, upon our Landing, Directions met us to march for *Ipſwich*, where we had our Quarters all that Winter. From thence we were order'd up to *London*, to do Duty in the *Tower*. I had not been there long, before an Accident happen'd, as little

little to be accounted for, without a divine Providence, as ſome would make that Providence to be, that only can account for it.

A dangerous Accident at the Tower of London.

THERE was at that Time, as I was aſſur'd by my Lord *Lucas*, Conſtable of it, upwards of twenty Thouſand Barrels of Gunpowder, in that they call the *White-Tower*, when all at once the middle Flooring did not only give way, or ſhrink, but fell flat down upon other Barrels of Powder, together with many of the ſame combuſtible Matter which had been placed upon it. It was a Providence ſtrangely neglected at that Time, and hardly thought of ſince: But let any conſiderate Man conſult the Conſequences, if it had taken fire; perhaps to the Deſtruction of the whole City, or, at leaſt, as far as the *Bridge* and Parts adjacent. Let his Thoughts proceed to examine, why or how, in that precipitate Fall, not one Nail, nor one Piece of Iron, in that large Fabrick, ſhould afford one little Spark to enflame that Maſs of ſulphurous Matter it was loaded with; and if he is at a loſs to find a Providence, I fear his Friends will be more at a loſs to find his Underſtanding. But the Battle of *Landen* happening while our Regiment was here on Duty, we were ſoon remov'd to our Satisfaction from that pacifick Station, to one more active in *Flanders*.

NOTWITHSTANDING that fatal Battle the Year preceding, namely, *A. D.* 1694. the

Confederate Army under King *William* lay encamp'd at *Mont St. André*, an open Place, and much expos'd; while the *French* were entrench'd up to their very Teeth, at *Vignamont*, a little Distance from us. This afforded Matter of great Reflection to the Politicians of those Times, who could hardly allow, that if the Confederate Army suffer'd so much, as it really did in the Battle of *Landen*, it could consist with right Conduct to tempt, or rather dare a new Engagement. But those sage Objectors had forgot the well-known Courage of that brave Prince, and were as little capable of fathoming his Designs. The Enemy, who to their Sorrow had by Experience been made better Judges, was resolv'd to traverse both; for which Purpose they kept close within their Entrenchments; so that after all his Efforts, King *William* finding he could no way draw them to a Battle, suddenly decamp'd, and march'd directly to *Pont Espiers*, by long Marches, with a Design to pass the *French* Lines at that Place.

But notwithstanding our Army march'd in a direct Line, to our great Surprize, we found the Enemy had first taken possession of it. They gave this the Name of the *Long March*, and very deservedly; for though our Army march'd upon the String, and the Enemy upon the Bow, sensible of

the

the Importance of the Poſt, and the Neceſſity of ſecuring it, by double horſeing with their Foot, and by leaving their Weary and Weak in their Garriſons, and ſupplying their Places with freſh Men out of them, they gain'd their Point in diſappointing us. Though certain it is, that March coſt 'em as many Men and Horſes as a Battle. However their Maſter, the *French* King, was ſo pleas'd with their indefatigable and auſpicious Diligence, that he wrote, with his own Hand, a Letter of Thanks to the Officers, for the great Zeal and Care they had taken to prevent the Confederate Army from entring into *French Flanders*.

KING *William*, thus diſappointed in that noble Deſign, gave immediate Orders for his whole Army to march through *Oudenard*, and then encamp'd at *Roſendale*; after ſome little Stay at that Camp we were remov'd to the *Camerlins*, between *Newport* and *Oſtend*, once more to take our Winter Quarters there among the Boors.

WE were now in the Year 1695. when the ſtrong Fortreſs of *Namur*, taken by the *French* in 1692. and ſince made by them much ſtronger, was inveſted by the Earl of *Athlone*. After very many vigorous Attacks, with the Loſs of many Men, the Town was taken, the Garriſon retiring into the Caſtle. Into which ſoon after, notwithſtanding all

Namur inveſted by the Earl of Athlone.

the Circumſpection of the Beſiegers, Mareſchal *Bouflers* found means, with ſome Dragoons, to throw himſelf.

Prince Vaudemont's glorious Retreat.

WHILE King *William* was thus engag'd in that glorious and important Siege, Prince *Vaudemont* being poſted at *Watergaem*, with about fifty Battallions, and as many Squadrons, the Mareſchal *Villeroy* laid a Deſign to attack him with the whole *French* Army. The Prince imagin'd no leſs, therefore he prepar'd accordingly, giving us Orders to fortify our Camp, as well as the little time we had for it would permit. Thoſe Orders were purſu'd; nevertheleſs, I muſt confeſs, it was beyond the Reach of my little Reaſon to account for our ſo long Stay in the Sight of an Army ſo much ſuperior to ours. The Prince in the Whole could hardly muſter thirty Thouſand; and *Villeroy* was known to value himſelf upon having one Hundred Thouſand effective Men. However, the Prince proviſionally ſent away all our Baggage that very Morning to *Ghent*, and ſtill made ſhew as if he reſolv'd to defend himſelf to the laſt Extremity in our little Entrenchments. The Enemy on their Side began to ſurround us; and in their Motions for that Purpoſe, blew up little Bags of Gun-powder, to give the readier Notice how far they had accompliſh'd it. Another Captain, with my ſelf, being plac'd on the Right, with one Hundred

dred Men (where I found Monſieur *Montal* endeavouring, if poſſible, to get behind us) I could eaſily obſerve, they had ſo far attain'd their Aim of encompaſſing us, as to the very Faſhion of a Horſe's Shoe. This made me fix my Eyes ſo intently upon the advancing Enemy, that I never minded what my Friends were doing behind me; though I afterwards found that they had been fileing off ſo very artfully and privately, by that narrow Opening of the Horſe-Shoe, that when the Enemy imagin'd us paſt a Poſſibility of Eſcape, our little Army at once, and of a ſudden, was ready to diſappear. There was a large Wood on the Right of our Army, through which lay the Road to *Ghent*, not broader than to admit of more than Four to march a-breaſt. Down this the Prince had ſlid his Forces, except to that very ſmall Party which the Captain and my ſelf commanded, and which was deſignedly left to bring up the Rear. Nor did we ſtir till Captain *Collier*, then *Aid de Camp* to his Brother, now Earl of *Portmore*, came with the Word of Command for us to draw off.

When *Villeroy* was told of our Retreat, he was much ſurpriz'd, as thinking it a Thing utterly impoſſible. However, at laſt, being ſenſible of the Truth of it, he gave Orders for our Rear to be attack'd; but we kept fireing from Ditch to Ditch, and

Hedge to Hedge, till Night came upon us; and so our little Army got clear of its gigantick Enemy with very inconsiderable Loss. However, the *French* fail'd not, in their customary Way, to express the Sense of their Vexation, at this Disappointment, with Fire and Sword in the Neighbourhood round. Thus Prince *Vaudemont* acquir'd more Glory by that Retreat than an intire Victory could have given him; and it was not, I confess, the least Part of Satisfaction in Life, that my self had a Share of Honour under him to bring off the Rear at that his glorious Retreat at *Arseel.*

Villeroy bombards Bruffels.

However, in further Revenge of this political Chicane of the Prince of *Vaudemont*, and to oblige, if possible, King *William* to raise the Siege from before *Namur*, *Villeroy* enter'd into the Resolution of Bombarding *Bruffells.* In order to which he encamp'd at *Anderleck*, and then made his Approaches as near as was convenient to the Town. There he caus'd to be planted thirty Mortars, and rais'd a Battery of ten Guns to shoot hot Bullets into the Place.

But before they fir'd from either, *Villeroy*, in complement to the Duke of *Bavaria*, sent a Messenger to know in what Part of the Town his Dutchess chose to reside, that they might, as much as possible, avoid incommoding her, by directing their Fire to other Parts. Answer was return'd,

that ſhe was at her uſual Place of Reſidence, the Palace; and accordingly their fireing from Battery or Mortars little incommoded them that Way.

Five Days the Bombardment continu'd; and with ſuch Fury, that the Centre of that noble City was quite lay'd in Rubbiſh. Moſt of the Time of Bombarding I was upon the Counterſcarp, where I could beſt ſee and diſtinguiſh; and I have often counted in the Air, at one time, more than twenty Bombs; for they ſhot whole Vollies out of their Mortars all together. This, as it muſt needs be terrible, threw the Inhabitants into the utmoſt Confuſion. Cart-loads of Nuns, that for many Years before had never been out of the Cloiſter, were now hurry'd about from Place to Place, to find Retreats of ſome Security. In ſhort, the Groves, and Parts remote, were all crowded; and the moſt ſpacious Streets had hardly a Spectator left to view their Ruins. Nothing was to be ſeen like that Dexterity of our People in extinguiſhing the Fires; for where the red-hot Bullets fell, and rais'd new Conflagrations, not Burghers only, but the vulgar Sort, ſtood ſtareing, and with their Hands impocketted, beheld their Houſes gradually conſume; and without offering prudent or charitable Hand to ſtop the growing Flames.

Villeroy decamps.

BUT after they had almoſt thus deſtroy'd that late fair City, *Villeroy*, finding he could not raiſe the Siege of *Namur*, by that vigorous Attack upon *Bruſſels*, decamp'd at laſt from before it, and put his Army on the March, to try if he could have better Succeſs by expoſing to Show his Pageant of one Hundred Thouſand Men. Prince *Vaudemont* had timely Intelligence of the Duke's Reſolution and Motion; and reſolv'd, if poſſible, to get there before him. Nor was the Attempt fruitleſs: He fortunately ſucceeded, though with much Fatigue, and no little Difficulty, after he had put a Trick upon the Spies of the Enemy, by pretending to encamp, and ſo ſoon as they were gone ordering a full March.

THE Caſtle of *Namur* had been all this Time under the Fire of the Beſieger's Cannon; and ſoon after our little Army under the Prince was arriv'd, a Breach, that was imagin'd practicable, being made in the *Terra Nova* (which, as the Name imports, was a new Work, rais'd by the *French*, and added to the Fortifications, ſince it fell into their Hands in 1692. and which very much increas'd the Strength of the Whole) a Breach, as I have ſaid, being made in this *Terra Nova*, a Storm, in a Council of War, was reſolv'd upon. Four entire Regiments, in conjunction with ſome Draughts made out of ſeveral others, were order'd

for that Work, my self commanding that Part of 'em which had been drawn out of Colonel *Tiffin*'s. We were all to rendevouze at the Abbey of *Salsines*, under the Command of the Lord *Cutts*; the Signal, when the Attack was to be made, being agreed to be the blowing up of a Bag of Gun-powder upon the Bridge of Boats that lay over the *Sambre*.

So soon as the Signal was made, we march'd up to the Breach with a decent Intrepidity, receiving all the Way we advanc'd the full Fire of the *Cohorn* Fort. But as soon as we came near enough to mount, we found it vastly steep and rugged. Notwithstanding all which, several did get up, and enter'd the Breach; but not being supported as they ought to have been, they were all made Prisoners. Which, together with a Wound my Lord *Cutts* receiv'd, after we had done all that was possible for us, necessitated us to retire with the Loss of many of our Men.

Lord Cutts *storms the Castle of* Namur; *but oblig'd to retire.*

VILLEROY all this while lay in sight, with his Army of One Hundred Thousand Men, without making the least Offer to incommode the Besiegers; or even without doing any thing more than make his Appearance in favour of the Besieged, and reconnoitring our Encampment: And, at last, seeing, or imagining that he saw, the Attempt would be to little purpose, with all the

the good Manners in the World, in the Night, he withdrew that terrible Meteor, and reliev'd our poor Horſes from feeding on Leaves, the only Inconvenience he had put us to.

The Caſtle capitulates THIS Retreat leaving the Garriſon without all Hope of Relief, they in the Caſtle immediately capitulated. But after one of the Gates had been, according to Articles, delivered up, and Count *Guiſcard* was marching out at the Head of the Garriſon, and *Bouflers* at the Head of the Dragoons; the latter was, by order of King *William*, arreſted, in reprize of the Garriſon of *Dixmuyd* (who, contrary to the *Cartel*, had been detain'd Priſoners) and remain'd under Arreſt till they were ſet free.

Aſſaſſination Plot. AT the very Beginning of the Year 1696. was diſcover'd a Plot, fit only to have had its Origin from Hell or *Rome*. A Plot, which would have put *Hottentots* and Barbarians out of Countenance. This was call'd the *Aſſaſſination Plot*, from the Deſign of it, which was to have aſſaſſinated King *William* a little before the Time of his uſual leaving *England* to head the Army of the Confederates in *Flanders*. And as nothing could give a nobler Idea of the great Character of that Prince than ſuch a nefarious Combination againſt him; ſo, with all conſiderate Men, nothing could more depreciate the

the Cauſe of his inconſiderate Enemies. If I remember what I have read, the Sons of ancient *Rome*, though Heathens, behav'd themſelves againſt an Enemy in a quite different Manner. Their Hiſtorians afford us more Inſtances than a few of their generous Intimations to Kings and Generals, under actual Hoſtilities, of barbarous Deſigns upon their Lives. I proceed to this of our own Countrymen.

Soon after the Diſcovery had been made, by Perſons actually engag'd in that inhuman Deſign, the Regiment, in which I ſerv'd, with ſome others then in *Flanders*, receiv'd Orders, with all Expedition, to embarque for *England*; though, on our Arrival at *Graveſend*, freſh Orders met us to remain on board the Tranſports, till we had further Directions.

On my going to *London*, a few Days after, I was told, that two Regiments only were now deſign'd to come a-ſhore; and that the reſt would be remanded to *Flanders*, the Danger apprehended being pretty well over. I was at *White Hall* when I receiv'd this Notice; where meeting my Lord *Cutts* (who had ever ſince the ſtorming of the *Terra Nova* at *Namur* allow'd me a Share in his Favour) he expreſs'd himſelf in the moſt obliging Manner; and at parting deſir'd he might not fail of ſeeing me next Morning at his Houſe; for he had

ſome-

ſomewhat of an extraordinary Nature to communicate to me.

At the time appointed, I waited on his Lordſhip, where I met Mr. *Steel* (now Sir *Richard*, and at that time his Secretary) who immediately introduc'd me. I found in company with him three Gentlemen; and after common Salutations, his Lordſhip deliver'd into my Hands, an Order from the King in Council to go along with Captain *Porter*, Mr. *de la Rue*, and Mr. *George Harris* (who prov'd to be thoſe three with him) to ſearch all the Tranſports at *Graveſend*, in order to prevent any of the Conſpirators getting out of *England* that Way. After anſwering, that I was ready to pay Obedience, and receiving, in private, the further neceſſary Inſtructions, we took our Leave, and Oars ſoon after for *Graveſend*. 'Twas in our Paſſage down, that I underſtood that they had all been of the Conſpiracy, but now reluctant, were become Witneſſes.

When we came to *Graveſend*, I produc'd my Authority to the Commanding Officer, who very readily paid Obedience, and gave Aſſiſtance: But after our moſt diligent Search, finding nothing of what we look'd for, we return'd that very Night to *London*.

Next Day a Proclamation was to come out for the apprehending three of four Troopers, who were ſent over by King *James*,

James, with a thouſand Pounds Reward for each: Mr. *George Harris*, who was the fourth, being the only Evidence againſt the other three. No ſooner were we return'd from *Graveſend*, but *Harris* had Intelligence brought him, that *Caſſells*, one of the three, was at Mr. *Allens* in the *Savoy*, under the Name of *Green*. Upon which we went directly to the Place; and enquiring for Mr. *Green*, we were told he lodg'd there, and was in his Room.

I was oblig'd by my Order to go along with them, and aſſiſt 'em; and very well was it that I was ſo: For in conſideration of the Reward in the Proclamation, which, as I have ſaid, was to come out the next Day, *Harris* and the reſt were for deferring his Seizure, till the coming out of that Proclamation; but making anſwer, that in caſe of his Eſcape that Night, I muſt be reſponſible to my Superiors; who, under the moſt favourable Aſpect, would conſtrue it a Neglect of Duty, they were forc'd to comply; and ſo he was taken up, and his Name that Night ſtruck out of the Proclamation. It is very true, by this faithful Diſcharge of my Truſt, I did ſave the Government one Thouſand Pounds; but it is equally ſo, that I never had of my Governors one Farthing Conſideration for what others term'd an over-officious Piece of Service; though in Juſtice

Juſtice it muſt be own'd a Piece of exact and diſintereſted Duty.

Some few Days after, attending by Direction at the Secretary's Office, with Mr. *Harris*, there came in a *Dutchman*, ſpluttering and making a great Noiſe, that he was ſure he could diſcover one of the Conſpirators; but the Mein and the Behaviour of the Man, would not give any Body Leave to give him any Credit or Regard. However, the Man perſiſting in his Aſſertions, I ſpoke to Mr. *Harris* to take him aſide, and ask him what Sort of a Perſon he was: *Harris* did ſo; and the *Dutchman* deſcribing him, ſays *Harris*, returning to me, I'll be hang'd if it be not *Blackburn*. Upon which we had him queſtion'd ſomewhat more narrowly; when having no room to doubt, and underſtanding where he was, Colonel *Rivet* of the Guards was ſent for, and order'd to go along with us to ſeize him. We went accordingly; and it proving to be *Blackburn*, the *Dutchman* had five Hundred Pounds, and the Colonel and others the Remainder. *Caſſels* and *Blackburn*, if ſtill alive, are in *Newgate*, confin'd by Act of Parliament, one only Witneſs, which was *Harris*, being producible againſt them.

When *Blackburn* was ſeiz'd, I found in the Chamber with him, one *Daviſon*, a Watch-

Watch-maker, living in *Holbourn*. I carry'd him along with me to the Secretary of State; but nothing on his Examination appearing againſt him, he was immediately diſcharg'd. He offer'd afterwards to preſent me with a fine Watch of his own making, which I refus'd; and he long after own'd the Obligation.

So ſoon as the Depth of this Plot was fathom'd, and the intended Evil provided againſt, as well as prevented, King *William* went over into *Flanders*, and our Regiment thereupon receiv'd Orders for their immediate Return. Nothing of any Moment occurr'd till our Arrival at our old Quarters, the *Camerlins*, where we lay diſpers'd amongſt the Country Boors or Farmers, as heretofore. However, for our better Security in thoſe Quarters, and to preſerve us from the Excurſions of the neighbouring Garriſon of *Furnes*, we were oblig'd to keep an Out-guard at a little Place call'd *Shoerbeck*. This Guard was every forty-eight Hours chang'd, and remounted with a Captain, a Lieutenant, an Enſign, and threeſcore Men.

When it came to my Turn to relieve that Guard, and for that Purpoſe I was arriv'd at my Poſt, it appear'd to me with the Face of a Place of Debauch, rather than Buſineſs; there being too viſible Tokens, that the hard Duty of both Officers

and Soldiers had been that of hard Drinking, the fouleſt Error that a Soldier can commit, eſpecially when on his Guard.

To confirm my Apprehenſions, a little after I had taken Poſſeſſion of my Guard, the Man of the Houſe related to me ſuch Paſſages, and ſo many of 'em, that ſatisfy'd me, that if ten ſober Men had made the Attack, they might have fairly knock'd all my Predeceſſors of the laſt Guard on the Head, without much Difficulty. However, his Account adminiſter'd Matter of Caution to me, and put me upon taking a narrower View of our Situation. In conſequence whereof, at Night I plac'd a Centinel a Quarter of a Mile in the Rear, and ſuch other Centinels as I thought neceſſary and convenient in other Places; with Orders, that upon Sight of an Enemy the Centinel near ſhould fire; and that upon hearing that, all the other Centinels, as well as he, ſhould haſten in to ſtrengthen our Main Guard.

What my Jealouſy, on my Landlord's Relation, had ſuggeſted, happen'd accordingly: For about one in the Morning I was alarm'd with the Cry of one of my Centinels, *Turn out for God's ſake*; which he repeated, with Vehemence, three or four times over. I took the Alarm, got up ſuddenly; and with no little Difficulty got my Men into their Ranks, when the Perſon who

who made the Outcry came running in, almoſt ſpent, and out of Breath. It was the Centinel, that I had luckily plac'd about a Quarter of a Mile off, who gave the Alarm, and his Musket flaſhing in the Pan, without going off, he endeavour'd to ſupply with his Voice the Defect of his Piece. I had juſt got my Men into their Ranks, in order to receive the Enemy, when by the Moon-light, I diſcover'd a Party advancing upon us. My out Centinel challeng'd 'em, and as I had precaution'd, they anſwer'd, *Hiſpanioli*; though I knew 'em to be *French*.

However, on my Survey of our Situation by Day-light, having mark'd in my Mind a proper Place for drawing up my Men in Caſe of an Attack, which was too narrow to admit of more than two on a Breaſt; and which would ſecure between us and the Enemy a Ditch of Water: I reſolv'd to put in practice what had entertain'd me ſo well in the Theory. To that Purpoſe I order'd my firſt Rank to keep their Poſt, ſtand ſtill and face the Enemy, while the other two Ranks ſtooping ſhould follow me to gain the intended Station; which done, the firſt Rank had Orders to file off and fall behind. All was perform'd in excellent Order; and I confeſs it was with no little Pleaſure, that I beheld the Enemy, for the beſt Part of an Hour, in Conſultation whether they ſhould attack us or

no. The Result, nevertheless, of that Consultation ended in this; that, seeing us so well upon our Guard, it was most adviseable to draw off. They soon put their Resolution into practice, which I was very glad to see; on Examination a little before having found that my Predecessor, as in other Things, had fail'd of Conduct in leaving me a Garrison without Ammunition.

Next Morning I was very pleasingly surpriz'd with a handsome Present of Wine, and some other necessary Refreshments. At first I made a little Scruple and Hesitation whether or no to receive 'em; till the Bearer assur'd me, that they were sent me from the Officers of the next Garrison, who had made me a Visit the Night before, as a candid Acknowledgment of my Conduct and good Behaviour. I return'd their Compliment, that I hop'd I should never receive Men of Honour otherwise than like a Man of Honour; which mightily pleas'd them. Every of which Particulars the *Ghent Gazettier* the Week after publish'd.

We had little to do except Marching and Counter-marching all the Campaign after; till it was resolv'd in a Council of War, for the better preserving of *Brussels* from such Insults, as it had before sustain'd from the *French*, during the Siege of *Namur*, to fortify *Anderlech*; upon which our Regiment, as well as others, were commanded from

from our more pacifick Posts to attend that Work. Our whole Army was under Movement to cover that Resolution; and the Train fell to my Care and Command in the March. There accompany'd the Train a Fellow, seemingly ordinary, yet very officious and courteous, being ready to do any thing for any Person, from the Officer to the common Soldier. He travell'd along and mov'd with the Train, sometimes on Foot, and sometimes getting a Ride in some one or other of the Waggons; but ever full of his Chit-chat and Stories of Humour. By these insinuating Ways he had screw'd himself into the general good Opinion; but the Waggoners especially grew particularly fond of him. At the End of our March all our Powder-Waggons were plac'd breast a-breast, and so close, that one miscarrying would leave little doubt of the Fate of all the rest. This in the Camp we commonly call *the Park*; and here it was that our new Guest, like another *Phaeton*, though under Pretence of Weariness, not Ambition, got Leave of the very last Carter to the Train to take a Nap in his Waggon. One who had entertain'd a Jealousy of him, and had watch'd him, gave Information against him; upon which he was seiz'd and brought to me as Captain of the Guard. I caus'd him to be search'd; and upon search, finding Match, Touchwood, and other dangerous

An Incendiary taken and burnt in the Face of the Army.

dangerous Materials upon him ; I ſent him and them away to the Provoe. Upon the Whole, a Council of War was call'd, at which, upon a ſtrict Examination, he confeſs'd himſelf a hir'd Incendiary ; and as ſuch receiv'd his Sentence to be burnt in the Face of the Army. The Execution was a Day or two after : When on the very Spot, he further acknowledg'd, that on Sight or Noiſe of the Blow, it had been concerted, that the *French* Army ſhould fall upon the Confederates under thoſe lamentable Circumſtances.

Peace of Riſwick.

THE Peace of *Riſwick* ſoon after taking place, put an End to all Incendiariſms of either Sort. So that nothing of a Military Kind, which was now become my Province, happen'd of ſome Years after. Our Regiment was firſt order'd into *England* ; and preſently after into *Ireland* : But as theſe Memoirs are not deſign'd for the Low Amuzement of a Tea-Table, but rather of the Cabinet, a Series of inglorious Inactivity can furniſh but very little towards 'em.

YET as little as I admir'd a Life of Inactivity, there are ſome Sorts of Activity, to which a wiſe Man might almoſt give Supineneſs the Preference : Such is that of barely encountring Elements, and wageing War with Nature ; and ſuch, in my Opinion, would have been the ſpending my Commiſſion, and very probably my Life with it, in

in the *Weſt Indies*. For though the Climate (as ſome would urge) may afford a Chance for a very ſpeedy Advance in Honour, yet, upon revolving in my Mind, that thoſe Rotations of the Wheel of Fortune are often ſo very quick, as well as uncertain, that I my ſelf might as well be the Firſt as the Laſt; the Whole of the Debate ended in ſomewhat like that Couplet of the excellent *Hudibras:*

Then he, that ran away and fled,
Muſt lie in Honour's Truckle-bed.

HOWEVER, my better Planets ſoon diſannull'd thoſe melancholy Ideas, which a Rumour of our being ſent into the *Weſt Indies* had crowded my Head and Heart with: For being call'd over into *England*, upon the very Affairs of the Regiment, I arriv'd there juſt after the Orders for their Tranſportation went over; by which Means the Choice of going was put out of my Power, and the Danger of Refuſing, which was the Caſe of many, was very luckily avoided.

IT being judg'd, therefore, impoſſible for me to return ſoon enough to gain my Paſſage, one in Power propos'd to me, that I ſhould reſign to an Officer then going over; and with ſome other contingent Advantages, to my great Satisfaction, I was

put upon the Half-pay Liſt. This was more agreeable, for I knew, or at leaſt imagin'd my ſelf wiſe enough to foretel, from the over hot Debate of the Houſe of Commons upon the Partition Treaty, that it could not be long before the preſent Peace would, at leaſt, require patching.

UNDER this Sort of uncertain Settlement I remain'd with the Patience of a *Jew*, though not with Judaical Abſurdity, a faithful Adherer to my Expectation. Nor did the Conſequence fail of anſwering, a War was apparent, and ſoon after proclaim'd. Thus waiting for an Opportunity, which I flatter'd my ſelf would ſoon preſent, the little Diverſions of *Dublin*, and the moderate Converſation of that People, were not of Temptation enough to make my Stay in *England* look like a Burden.

War Proclaim'd.

BUT though the War was proclaim'd, and Preparations accordingly made for it, the Expectations from all receiv'd a ſudden Damp, by the as ſudden Death of King *William*. That Prince, who had ſtared Death in the Face in many Sieges and Battles, met with his Fate in the Midſt of his Diverſions, who ſeiz'd his Prize in an Hour, to human Thought, the leaſt adapted to it. He was a Hunting (his cuſtomary Diverſion) when, by an unhappy Trip of his Horſe, he fell to the Ground; and in the Fall diſplac'd his Collar-bone. The

K. William dies.

News

News of it immediately alarm'd the Court, and all around; and the ſad Effects of it ſoon after gave all *Europe* the like Alarm. *France* only, who had not diſdain'd to ſeek it ſooner by ungenerous Means, receiv'd new Hope, from what gave others Motives for Deſpair. He flatter'd himſelf, that that long liv'd Obſtacle to his Ambition thus remov'd, his Succeſſor would never fall into thoſe Meaſures, which he had wiſely concerted for the Liberties of *Europe*; but he, as well as others of his Adherents, was glorioufly deceiv'd; that God-like Queen, with a Heart entirely *Engliſh*, proſecuted her royal Predeceſſor's Counſels; and to remove all the very Faces of Jealouſy, immediately on her Acceſſion diſpatch'd to every Court of the great Confederacy, Perſons adequate to the Importance of the Meſſage, to give Aſſurances thereof.

This gave new Spirit to a Cauſe, that at firſt ſeem'd to languiſh in its Founder, as it ſtruck its great Oppoſers with a no leſs mortifying Terror: And well did the great Succeſſes of her Arms anſwer the Prayers and Efforts of that royal Soul of the Confederacies; together with the Wiſhes of all, that, like her, had the Good, as well as the Honour of their Country at Heart, in which the Liberties of *Europe* were included. The firſt Campaign gave a noble Earneſt of the Future. *Bon*, *Keyſerwaert*, *Venlo*, and *Rure-*

Ruremond, were found Forerunners only of *Donawert*, *Hochſtet*, and *Blenheim*. Such a March of *Engliſh* Forces to the Support of the tottering Empire, as it glorioufly manifeſted the ancient Genius of a warlike People; ſo was it happily celebrated with a Succeſs anſwerable to the Glory of the Undertaking, which concluded in Statues and princely Donatives to an *Engliſh* Subject, from the then only Emperor in *Europe*. A ſmall Tribute, it's true, for ranſom'd Nations and captiv'd Armies, which juſtly enough inverted the Exclamations of a *Roman* Emperor to the *French* Monarch, who deprecated his Legions loſt pretty near the ſame Spot; but to a much ſuperior Number, and on a much leſs glorious Occaſion.

But my good Fortune not allowing me to participate in thoſe glorious Appendages of the *Engliſh* Arms in *Flanders*, nor on the *Rhine*, I was reſolv'd to make a Puſh for it the firſt Opportunity, and waſte my Minutes no longer on Court Attendances. And my Lord *Cutts* returning with his full Share of Laurels, for his never to be forgotten Services at *Venlo*, *Ruremond*, and *Hochſtet*, found his active Genius now to be repos'd, under the leſs agreeable Burden of unhazardous Honour, where Quiet muſt provide a Tomb for one already paſt any Danger of Oblivion; deep Wounds and glorious Actions having anticipated all that could

could be ſaid in Epitaphs or litteral Inſcriptions. Soon after his Arrival from *Germany*, he was appointed General of all her Majeſty's Forces in *Ireland*; upon which going to congratulate him, he was pleas'd to enquire of me ſeveral Things relating to that Country; and particularly in what Part of *Dublin* I would recommend his Reſidence; offering at the ſame time, if I would go over with him, all the Services that ſhould fall in his Way.

But Inactivity was a Thing I had too long lamented; therefore, after I had, as decently as I could, declin'd the latter Part, I told his Lordſhip, that as to a Place of Reſidence, I was Maſter of a Houſe in *Dublin*, large enough, and ſuitable to his great Quality, which ſhould be at his Service, on any Terms he thought fit. Adding withal, that I had a Mind to ſee *Spain*, where my Lord *Peterborow* was now going; and that if his Lordſhip would favour me with a Recommendation, it would ſuit my preſent Inclinations much better than any further tedious Receſs. His Lordſhip was ſo good to cloſe with both my Overtures; and ſpoke ſo effectually in my Favour, that the Earl of *Peterborow*, then General of all the Forces order'd on that Expedition, bad me ſpeedily prepare my ſelf; and ſo when all Things were ready I embarqu'd with that noble Lord for

Spain, to purſue his well concerted Undertaking; which, in the Event, will demonſtrate to the World, that little Armies, under the Conduct of auſpicious Generals, may ſometimes produce prodigious Effects.

THE *Jews*, in whatever Part of the World, are a People induſtrious in the increaſing of *Mammon*; and being accuſtom'd to the univerſal Methods of Gain, are always eſteem'd beſt qualify'd for any Undertaking, where that bears a Probability of being a Perquiſite. Providing Bread, and other Requiſites for an Army, was ever allow'd to carry along with it a Profit anſwerable; and *Spain* was not the firſt Country where that People had engag'd in ſuch an Undertaking. Beſides, on any likely Appearance of great Advantage, it is in the Nature as well as Practice of that Race, ſtrenuouſly to aſſiſt one another; and that with the utmoſt Confidence and prodigious Alacrity. One of that Number, both competent and willing enough to carry on an Undertaking of that kind, fortunately came at that Juncture to ſolicit the Earl of *Peterborow* to be employ'd as Proveditor to the Army and Troops, which were, or ſhould be ſent into *Spain*.

IT will eaſily be admitted, that the Earl, under his preſent Exigencies, did not decline to liſten. And a very conſiderable Sum being offer'd, by way of Advance, the Method

Method common in like Caſes was purſu'd, and the Sum propos'd accepted; by which Means the Earl of *Peterborow* found himſelf put into the happy Capacity of proceeding upon his firſt concerted Project. The Name of the *Jew*, who ſign'd the Contract, was *Curtiſos*; and he and his Friends, with great Punctuality, advanc'd the expected Sum of One Hundred Thouſand Pounds Sterling, or very near it; which was immediately order'd into the Hands of the Pay-maſter of the Forces. For though the Earl took Money of the *Jews*, it was not for his own, but publick Uſe. According to Agreement, Bills were drawn for the Value from *Lisbon*, upon the Lord *Godolphin* (then Lord Treaſurer) all which were, on that Occaſion, punctually comply'd with.

The Earl of *Peterborow* having thus fortunately found Means to ſupply himſelf with Money, and by that with ſome Horſe, after he had obtain'd Leave of the Lord *Galoway* to make an Exchange of two Regiments of Foot, receiv'd the Arch-Duke, and all thoſe who would follow him, aboard the Fleet; and, at his own Expenſe, tranſported him and his whole Retinue to *Barcelona*: For all which prodigious Charge, as I have been very lately inform'd, from very good Hands, that noble Earl never to this Day receiv'd any Conſidera-

tion

tion from the Government, or any Perſon whatſoever.

We ſail'd from *Lisbon*, in order to join the Squadron under Sir *Cloudſley Shovel*: Meeting with which at the appointed Station off *Tangier*, the Men of War and Tranſports thus united, made the beſt of their Way for *Gibraltar*. There we ſtay'd no longer than to take aboard two Regiments out of that Garriſon, in lieu of two out of our Fleet. Here we found the Prince of *Heſſe*, who immediately took a Reſolution to follow the Arch-Duke in this Expedition. He was a Perſon of great Gallantry; and having been Vice-Roy of *Catalonia*, was receiv'd on board the Fleet with the utmoſt Satisfaction, as being a Perſon capable of doing great Service in a Country where he was well known, and as well belov'd.

Speaking *Latin* then pretty fluently, it gave me frequent Opportunities of converſing with the two Father Confeſſors of the Duke of *Auſtria*; and upon that Account I found my ſelf honour'd with ſome Share in the Favour of the Arch-Duke himſelf. I mention this, not to gratify any vain Humour, but as a corroborating Circumſtance, that my Opportunities of Information, in Matters of Conſequence, could not thereby be ſuppos'd to be leſſen'd; but that I might more reaſonably be imagin'd to arrive at Intel-

Intelligence, that not very often, or at leaſt not ſo ſoon, came to the Knowledge of others.

From *Gibraltar* we ſail'd to the Bay of *Altea*, not far diſtant from the City of *Valencia*, in the Road of which we continu'd for ſome Days. While we were there, as I was very credibly inform'd, the Earl of *Peterborow* met with ſome freſh Diſappointment; but what it was, neither I nor any Body elſe, as far as I could perceive, could ever dive into: Neither did it appear by any outward Tokens, in that noble General, that it lay ſo much at his Heart, as thoſe about him ſeem'd to aſſure me it did.

However, while we lay in *Altea* Bay, two Bomb-Veſſels, and a ſmall Squadron, were order'd againſt *Denia*, which had a ſmall Caſtle; but rather fine than ſtrong. And accordingly, upon our Offer to bring to bear with our Cannon, and preparing to fix our Bomb-Veſſels, in order to bombard the Place, it ſurrender'd; and acknowledg'd the Arch-Duke as lawful King of *Spain*, and ſo proclaim'd him. From this time, therefore, ſpeaking of that Prince, it ſhall be under that Title. General *Ramos* was left Commander here; a Perſon who afterwards acted a very extraordinary Part in the War carry'd on in the Kingdom of *Valencia*.

Denia *ſurrenders, and proclaims the Arch-Duke* K. *of* Spain

But

But notwithstanding no positive Resolutions had been taken for the Operations of the Campaign, before the Arch Duke's Departure from *Lisbon*, the Earl of *Peterborow*, ever solicitous of the Honour of his Country, had premeditated another Enterprize, which, had it been embrac'd, would, in all Probability, have brought that War to a much more speedy Conclusion; and at the same time have obviated all those Difficulties, which were but too apparent in the Siege of *Barcelona*. He had justly and judiciously weigh'd, that there were no Forces in the Middle Parts of *Spain*, all their Trrops being in the extream Parts of the Kingdom, either on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, or in the City of *Barcelona*; that with King *Philip*, and the royal Family at *Madrid*, there were only some few Horse, and those in a bad Condition, and which only serv'd for Guards; if therefore, as he rightly projected within himself, by the taking of *Valencia*, or any Sea-Port Town, that might have secur'd his Landing, he had march'd directly for *Madrid*; what could have oppos'd him? But I shall have occasion to dilate more upon this Head a few Pages hence; and therefore shall here only say, that though that Project of his might have brought about a speedy and wonderful Revolution, what he was by his Orders afterwards oblig'd to, against his In-

clinations, to purſue, contributed much more to his great Reputation, as it put him under a frequent Neceſſity of overcoming Difficulties, which, to any other General, would have appear'd unſurmountable.

VALENCIA is a City towards the Centre of *Spain*, to the Seaward, ſeated in a rich and moſt populous Country, juſt fifty Leagues from *Madrid*. It abounds in Horſes and Mules; by reaſon of the great Fertility of its Lands, which they can, to great Advantage, water when, and as they pleaſe. This City and Kingdom was as much inclin'd to the Intereſt of King *Charles* as *Catalonia* it ſelf; for even on our firſt Appearance, great Numbers of People came down to the Bay of *Altea*, with not only a bare Offer of their Services, but loaded with all Manner of Proviſions, and loud Acclamations of *Viva Carlos tercero*, *Viva*. There were no regular Troops in any of the Places round about it, or in the City it ſelf. The neareſt were thoſe few Horſe in *Madrid*, one hundred and fifty Miles diſtant; nor any Foot nearer than *Barcelona*, or the Frontiers of *Portugal*. *Valencia deſcrib'd.*

ON the contrary, *Barcelona* is one of the largeſt and moſt populous Cities in all *Spain*, fortify'd with Baſtions; one Side thereof is ſecur'd by the Sea; and the other by a ſtrong Fortification, call'd *Monjouick*. *Deſcription of Barcelona.*

The Place is of ſo large a Circumference, that thirty thouſand Men would ſcarce ſuffice to form the Lines of Circumvallation. It once reſiſted for many Months an Army of that Force; and is almoſt at the greateſt Diſtance from *England* of any Place belonging to that *Monarchy*.

THIS ſhort Deſcription of theſe two Places will appear highly neceſſary, if it be conſider'd, that no Perſon without it would be able to judge of the Deſign which the Earl of *Peterborow* intended to purſue, when he firſt took the Arch-Duke aboard the Fleet. Nevertheleſs the Earl now found himſelf under a Neceſſity of quitting that noble Deſign, upon his Receipt of Orders from *England*, while he lay in the Bay of *Altea*, to proceed directly to *Catalonia*; to which the Arch-Duke, as well as many Sea and Land Officers, were moſt inclin'd; and the Prince of *Heſſe* more than all the reſt.

ON receiving thoſe Orders, the Earl of *Peterborow* ſeem'd to be of Opinion, that from an Attempt, which he thought under a Probability of Succeſs, he was condemn'd to undertake what was next to an Impoſſibility of effecting; ſince nothing appear'd to him ſo injudicious as an Attempt upon *Barcelona*. A Place at ſuch a Diſtance from receiving any Reinforcement or Relief; the only Place in which the *Spaniards* had a Gar-

Garriſon of regular Forces; and thoſe in Number rather exceeding the Army he was to undertake the Siege with, was enough to cool the Ardour of a Perſon of leſs Penetration and Zeal than what the Earl had on all Occaſions demonſtrated. Whereas if the General, as he intended, had made an immediate March to *Madrid*, after he had ſecur'd *Valencia*, and the Towns adjacent, which were all ready to ſubmit and declare for King *Charles*; or if otherwiſe inclin'd, had it not in their Power to make any conſiderable Reſiſtance; to which, if it be added, that he could have had Mules and Horſes immediately provided for him, in what Number he pleas'd, together with Carriages neceſſary for Artillery, Baggage, and Ammunition; in few Days he could have forc'd King *Philip* out of *Madrid*, where he had ſo little Force to oppoſe him. And as there was nothing in his Way to prevent or obſtruct his marching thither, it is hard to conceive any other Part King *Philip* could have acted in ſuch an Extremity, than to retire either towards *Portugal* or *Catalonia*. In either of which Caſes he muſt have left all the middle Part of *Spain* open to the Pleaſure of the Enemy; who in the mean time would have had it in their Power to prevent any Communication of thoſe Bodies at ſuch oppoſite Extreams of the Country, as were the Frontiers of *Portugal*

tugal and *Barcelona*, where only, as I ſaid before, were any regular Troops.

And on the other Side, as the Forces of the Earl of *Peterborow* were more than ſufficient for an Attempt where there was ſo little Danger of Oppoſition; ſo if their Army on the Frontiers of *Portugal* ſhould have march'd back upon him into the Country; either the *Portugueze* Army could have enter'd into *Spain* without Oppoſition; or, at worſt, ſuppoſing the General had been forc'd to retire, his Retreat would have been eaſy and ſafe into thoſe Parts of *Valencia* and *Andaluzia*, which he previouſly had ſecur'd. Beſides, *Gibraltar*, the ſtrongeſt Place in *Spain*, if not in the whole World, was already in our Poſſeſſion, and a great Fleet at Hand ready to give Aſſiſtance in all Places near the Sea. From all which it is pretty apparent, that in a little time the War on our Side might have been ſupported without entering the *Mediterranean*; by which Means all Reinforcements would have been much nearer at Hand, and the Expences of tranſporting Troops and Ammunition very conſiderably diminiſh'd.

But none of theſe Arguments, though every one of them is founded on ſolid Reaſon, were of Force enough againſt the prevailing Opinion for an Attempt upon *Catalonia*. Mr. *Crow*, Agent for the Queen in

thoſe Parts, had ſent into *England* moſt poſitive Aſſurances, that nothing would be wanting, if once our Fleet made an Invaſion amongſt the *Catalans*: The Prince of *Heſſe* likewiſe abounded in mighty Offers and prodigious Aſſurances; all which enforc'd our Army to that Part of *Spain*, and that gallant Prince to thoſe Attempts in which he loſt his Life. Very much againſt the Inclination of our General, who foreſaw all thoſe Difficulties, which were no leſs evident afterwards to every one; and the Senſe of which occaſion'd thoſe Delays, and that Oppoſition to any Effort upon *Barcelona*, which ran thro' ſo many ſucceſſive Councils of War.

HOWEVER, purſuant to his Inſtructions from *England*, the repeated Deſires of the Arch-Duke, and the Importunities of the Prince of *Heſſe*, our General gave Orders to ſail from *Altea* towards the Bay of *Barcelona*, the chief City of *Catalonia*. Nevertheleſs, when we arriv'd there, he was very unwilling to land any of the Forces, till he ſaw ſome Probability of that Aſſiſtance and Succour ſo much boaſted of, and ſo often promis'd. But as nothing appear'd but ſome ſmall Numbers of Men, very indifferently arm'd, and without either Gentlemen or Officers at the Head of them; the Earl of *Peterborow* was of Opinion, this could not be deem'd ſufficient Encouragement for him to engage in an Enterprize, which carry'd

Earl of Peterborow arrives in Barcelona Bay, and after ſome time lands the Forces.

ſo poor a Face of Probability of Succeſs along with it. In anſwer to this it was urg'd, that till a Deſcent was made, and the Affairs thoroughly engag'd in, it was not to be expected that any great Numbers would appear, or that Perſons of Condition would diſcover themſelves. Upon all which it was reſolv'd the Troops ſhould be landed.

ACCORDINGLY, our Forces were diſembark'd, and immediately encamp'd; notwithſtanding which the Number of Succours increas'd very ſlowly, and that after the firſt ſtraggling Manner. Nor were thoſe that did appear any way to be depended on; coming when they thought fit, and going away when they pleas'd, and not to be brought under any regular Diſcipline. It was then pretended, that until they ſaw the Artillery landed as well as Forces, they would not believe any Siege actually intended. This brought the General under a ſort of Neceſſity of complying in that alſo. Though certainly ſo to do muſt be allow'd a little unreaſonable, while the Majority in all Councils of War declar'd the Deſign to be impracticable; and the Earl of *Peterborow* had poſitive Orders to proceed according to ſuch Majorities.

AT laſt the Prince of *Heſſe* was pleas'd to demand Pay for thoſe Stragglers, as Officers and Soldiers, endeavouring to maintain, that it could not be expected that Men ſhould

ſhould venture their Lives for nothing. Thus we came to *Catalonia* upon Aſſurances of univerſal Aſſiſtance; but found, when we came there, that we were to have none unleſs we paid for it. And as we were ſent thither without Money to pay for any thing, it had certainly been for us more tolerable to have been in a Country where we might have taken by Force what we could not obtain any other Way.

However, to do the *Miquelets* all poſſible Juſtice, I muſt ſay, that notwithſtanding the Number of 'em, which hover'd about the Place, never much exceeded fifteen Hundred Men; if ſometimes more, oftner leſs; and though they never came under any Command, but planted themſelves where and as they pleas'd; yet did they conſiderable Service in taking Poſſeſſion of all the Country Houſes and Convents, that lay between the Hills and the Plain of *Barcelona*; by means whereof they render'd it impoſſible for the Enemy to make any *Sorties* or Sallies at any Diſtance from the Town.

And now began all thoſe Difficulties to bear, which long before by the General had been apprehended. The Troops had continu'd under a State of Inactivity for the Space of three Weeks, all which was ſpent in perpetual Contrivances and Diſputes amongſt our ſelves, not with the Enemy. In ſix ſeveral Councils of War the Siege of

Barcelona, under the Circumſtances we then lay, was rejected as a Madneſs and Impoſſibility. And though the General and Brigadier *Stanhope* (afterward Earl *Stanhope)* conſented to ſome Effort, yet it was rather that ſome Effort ſhould be made to ſatisfy the Expectation of the World, than with any Hopes of Succeſs. However, no Conſent at all could be obtain'd from any Council of War; and the *Dutch* General in particular declar'd, that he would not obey even the Commands of the Earl of *Peterborow*, if he ſhould order the Sacrifice of the Troops under him in ſo unjuſtifiable a Manner, without the Conſent of a Council of War.

And yet all thoſe Officers, who refus'd their Conſent to the Siege of *Barcelona*, offer'd to march into the Country, and attempt any other Place, that was not provided with ſo ſtrong and numerous a Garriſon; taking it for granted, that no Town in *Catalonia*, *Barcelona* excepted, could make long Reſiſtance; and in caſe the Troops in that Garriſon ſhould purſue them, they then might have an Opportunity of fighting them at leſs Diſadvantage in the open Field, than behind the Walls of a Place of ſuch Strength. And, indeed, ſhould they have iſſu'd out on any ſuch Deſign, a Defeat of thoſe Troops would have put the Province of *Catalonia*, together with the Kingdoms of *Aragon* and *Valencia*,

lencia, into the Hands of King *Charles* more effectually than the taking of *Barcelona* it self.

LET it be obſerv'd, *en paſſant*, that by thoſe Offers of the Land Officers in a Council of War, it is eaſy to imagine what would have been the Succeſs of our Troops, had they march'd directly from *Valencia* to *Madrid*. For if after two Months Alarm, it was thought reaſonable, as well as practicable, to march into the open Country rather than attempt the Siege of *Barcelona*, where Forces equal, if not ſuperior in Number, were ready to follow us at the Heels; what might not have been expected from an Invaſion by our Troops when and where they could meet with little Oppoſition? But leaving the Conſideration of what might have been, I ſhall now endeavour at leaſt with great Exactneſs to ſet down ſome of the moſt remarkable Events from our taking to the Relief of *Barcelona*.

THE repeated Refuſals of the Councils of War for undertaking the Siege of ſo ſtrong a Place, with a Garriſon ſo numerous, and thoſe Refuſals grounded upon ſuch ſolid Reaſons, againſt a Deſign ſo raſh, reduc'd the General to the utmoſt Perplexity. The Court of King *Charles* was immerg'd in complaint; all belonging to him lamenting the hard Fate of that Prince, to be brought into *Catalonia* only to return

again,

again, without the Offer of any one Effort in his Favour. On the other Hand, our own Officers and Soldiers were highly diſſatisfy'd, that they were reproach'd, becauſe not diſpos'd to enter upon and engage themſelves in Impoſſibilities. And, indeed, in the Manner that the Siege was propos'd and inſiſted upon by the Prince of *Heſſe*, in every of the ſeveral Councils of War, after the Loſs of many Men, thrown away to no other purpoſe, but to avoid the Shame (as the Expreſſion ran) of coming like Fools and going away like Cowards, it could have ended in nothing but a Retreat at laſt.

It afforded but ſmall Comfort to the Earl to have foreſeen all theſe Difficulties, and to have it in his Power to ſay, that he would never have taken the Arch-Duke on Board, nor have propos'd to him the Hopes of a Recovery of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy from King *Philip*, if he could have imagin'd it probable, that he ſhould not have been at liberty to purſue his own Deſign, according to his own Judgment. It muſt be allow'd very hard for him, who had undertaken ſo great a Work, and that without any Orders from the Government; and by ſo doing could have had no Juſtification but by Succeſs; I ſay, it muſt be allow'd to be very hard (after the Undertaking had been approv'd in *England*) that he ſhould find him-

himself to be directed in this Manner by those at a Distance, upon ill grounded and confident Reports from Mr. *Crow*; and compell'd, as it were, though General, to follow the Sentiments of Strangers, who either had private Views of Ambition, or had no immediate Care or Concern for the Troops employ'd in this Expedition.

Such were the present unhappy Circumstances of the Earl of *Peterborow* in the Camp before *Barcelona:* Impossibilities propos'd; no Expedients to be accepted; a Court reproaching; Councils of War rejecting; and the *Dutch* General refusing the Assistance of the Troops under his Command; and what surmounted all, a Despair of bringing such Animosities and differing Opinions to any tolerable Agreement. Yet all these Difficulties, instead of discouraging the Earl, set every Faculty of his more afloat; and, at last, produc'd a lucky Thought, which was happily attended with Events extraordinary, and Scenes of Success much beyond his Expectation; such as the General himself was heard to confess, it had been next to Folly to have look'd for; as certainly, *in prima facie*, it would hardly have born proposing, to take by Surprize a Place much stronger than *Barcelona* it self. True it is, that his only Hope of succeeding consisted in this: That no Person could suppose such an Enterprize could enter into the Imagination

tion of Man; and without doubt the General's chief Dependence lay upon what he found true in the Sequel; that the Governor and Garriſon of *Monjouick*, by reaſon of their own Security, would be very negligent, and very little upon their Guard.

However, to make the Experiment, he took an Opportunity, unknown to any Perſon but an *Aid de Camp* that attended him, and went out to view the Fortifications: And there being no Horſe in that ſtrong Fortreſs; and the *Miquelets* being poſſeſs'd of all the Houſes and Gardens in the Plain, it was not difficult to give himſelf that Satisfaction, taking his Way by the Foot of the Hill. The Obſervation he made of the Place it ſelf, the Negligence and Supineneſs of the Garriſon, together with his own uneaſy Circumſtances, ſoon brought the Earl to a Reſolution of putting his firſt Conceptions in Execution, ſatisfy'd as he was, from the Situation of the Ground between *Monjouick* and the Town, that if the firſt was in our Poſſeſſion, the Siege of the latter might be undertaken with ſome Proſpect of Succeſs.

From what has been ſaid, ſome may be apt to conclude that the Siege afterward ſucceeding, when the Attack was made from the Side of *Monjouick*, it had not been impoſſible to have prevail'd, if the Effort had been made on the Eaſt Side of the

Town, where our Forces were at firſt encamp'd, and where only we could have made our Approaches, if *Monjouick* had not been in our Power. But a few Words will convince any of common Experience of the utter Impoſſibility of Succeſs upon the Eaſt Part of the Town, although many almoſt miraculous Accidents made us ſucceed when we brought our Batteries to bear upon that Part of *Barcelona* towards the Weſt. The Ground to the Eaſt was a perfect Level for many Miles, which would have neceſſitated our making our Approaches in a regular Way; and conſequently our Men muſt have been expos'd to the full Fire of their whole Artillery. Beſides, the Town is on that Side much ſtronger than any other; there is an Out-work juſt under the Walls of the Town, flank'd by the Courtin and the Faces of two Baſtions, which might have coſt us half our Troops to poſſeſs, before we could have rais'd a Battery againſt the Walls. Or ſuppoſing, after all, a competent Breach had been made, what a wiſe Piece of Work muſt it have been to have attempted a Storm againſt double the Number of regular Troops within?

On the contrary, we were ſo favour'd by the Situation, when we made the Attack from the Side of *Monjouick*, that the Breach was made and the Town taken without opening

opening of Trenches, or without our being at all incommoded by any Sallies of the Enemy; as in truth they made not one during the whole Siege. Our great Battery, which conſiſted of upwards of fifty heavy Cannon, ſupply'd from the Ships, and manag'd by the Seamen, were plac'd upon a Spot of riſing Ground, juſt large enough to contain our Guns, with two deep hollow Ways on each Side the Field, at each End whereof we had rais'd a little Redoubt, which ſerv'd to preſerve our Men from the Shot of the Town. Thoſe little Redoubts, in which we had ſome Field Pieces, flank'd the Battery, and render'd it intirely ſecure from any Surprize of the Enemy. There were ſeveral other ſmaller Batteries rais'd upon the Hills adjacent, in Places not to be approach'd, which, in a manner, render'd all the Artillery of the Enemy uſeleſs, by reaſon their Men could not ply 'em, but with the utmoſt Danger; whereas ours were ſecure, very few being kill'd, and thoſe moſtly by random Shot.

But to return to the General; forc'd, as he was, to take this extraordinary Reſolution, he concluded, the readieſt Way to ſurprize his Enemies was to elude his Friends. He therefore call'd a Council of War aſhore, of the Land Officers; and aboard, of the Admirals and Sea Officers: In both which it was reſolv'd, that in caſe the Siege of

Bar-

Barcelona was judg'd impracticable, and that the Troops ſhould be re-imbark'd by a Day appointed, an Effort ſhould be made upon the Kingdom of *Naples*. Accordingly, the Day affix'd being come, the heavy Artillery landed for the Siege was return'd aboard the Ships, and every thing in appearance prepar'd for a Re-imbarkment. During which, the General was oblig'd to undergo all the Reproaches of a diſſatisfy'd Court; and what was more uneaſy to him, the Murmurings of the Sea Officers, who, not ſo competent Judges in what related to Sieges, were one and all inclin'd to a Deſign upon *Barcelona*; and the rather, becauſe as the Seaſon was ſo far ſpent, it was thought altogether improper to engage the Fleet in any new Undertaking. However, all Things were ſo well diſguis'd by our ſeeming Preparations for a Retreat, that the very Night our Troops were in March towards the Attack of *Monjouick*, there were publick Entertainments and Rejoicings in the Town for the raiſing of the Siege.

The Prince of *Heſſe* had taken large Liberties in complaining againſt all the Proceedings in the Camp before *Barcelona*; even to Inſinuations, that though the Earl gave his Opinion for ſome Effort in publick, yet us'd he not ſufficient Authority over the other General Officers to incline them to comply; throwing out withal ſome Hints, that the

General from the Beginning had declar'd himſelf in favour of other Operations, and againſt coming to *Catalonia*; the latter Part whereof was nothing but Fact. On the other Side, the Earl of *Peterborow* complain'd, that the boaſted Aſſiſtance was no way made good; and that in failure thereof, his Troops were to be ſacrificed to the Humours of a Stranger; one who had no Command; and whoſe Conduct might bear a Queſtion whether equal to his Courage. Theſe Reproaches of one another had bred ſo much ill Blood between thoſe two great Men, that for above a Fortnight they had no Correſpondence, nor ever exchang'd one Word.

The Earl marches to Monjouick

The Earl, however, having made his proper Diſpoſitions, and deliver'd out his Orders, began his March in the Evening with twelve Hundred Foot and two Hundred Horſe, which of neceſſity were to paſs by the Quarters of the Prince of *Heſſe*. That Prince, on their Appearance, was told that the General was come to ſpeak with him; and being brought into his Apartment, the Earl acquainted him, that he had at laſt reſolv'd upon an Attempt againſt the Enemy; adding, that now, if he pleas'd, he might be a Judge of their Behaviour, and ſee whether his Officers and Soldiers had deſerv'd that Character which he had ſo liberally given 'em. The Prince made anſwer,

anſwer, that he had always been ready to take his Share; but could hardly believe, that Troops marching that way could make any Attempt againſt the Enemy to ſatisfaction. However, without further Diſcourſe he call'd for his Horſe.

By this we may ſee what Share Fortune has in the greateſt Events. In all probability the Earl of *Peterborow* had never engag'd in ſuch a dangerous Affair in cold Blood and unprovok'd; and if ſuch an Enterprize had been reſolv'd on in a regular Way, it is very likely he might have given the Command to ſome of the General Officers; ſince it is not uſual, nor hardly allowable, for one, that commands in chief, to go in Perſon on ſuch kind of Services. But here we ſee the General and Prince, notwithſtanding their late indifferent Harmony, engag'd together in this moſt deſperate Undertaking.

Brigadier *Stanhope* and Mr. *Methuen* (now Sir *Paul*) were the General's particular Friends, and thoſe he moſt conſulted, and moſt confided in; yet he never imparted this Reſolution of his to either of them; for he was not willing to engage them in a Deſign ſo dangerous, and where there was ſo little Hope of Succeſs; rather chooſing to reſerve them as Perſons moſt capable of giving Advice and Aſſiſtance in the Confuſion, great enough already, which yet muſt

have been greater, if any Accident had happen'd to himself. And I have very good Reason to believe, that the Motive, which mainly engag'd the Earl of *Peterborow* in this Enterprize, was to satisfy the Prince of *Hesse* and the World, that his Diffidence proceeded from his Concern for the Troops committed to his Charge, and not for his own Person. On the other Hand, the great Characters of the two Gentlemen just mention'd are so well known, that it will easily gain Credit, that the only Way the General could take to prevent their being of the Party, was to conceal it from them, as he did from all Mankind, even from the Arch-Duke himself. And certainly there never was a more universal Surprize than when the firing was heard next Morning from *Monjouick*.

But I now proceed to give an exact Account of this great Action; of which no Person, that I have heard of, ever yet took upon him to deliver to Posterity the glorious Particulars; and yet the Consequences and Events, by what follows, will appear so great, and so very extraordinary, that few, if any, had they had it in their Power, would have deny'd themselves the Pleasure or the World the Satisfaction of knowing it.

The Troops, which march'd all Night along the Foot of the Mountains, arriv'd

two

two Hours before Day under the Hill of *Monjouick*, not a Quarter of a Mile from the outward Works: For this Reaſon it was taken for granted, whatever the Deſign was which the General had propos'd to himſelf, that it would be put in Execution before Day-light; but the Earl of *Peterborow* was now pleas'd to inform the Officers of the Reaſons why he choſe to ſtay till the Light appear'd. He was of opinion that any Succeſs would be impoſſible, unleſs the Enemy came into the outward Ditch under the Baſtions of the ſecond Encloſure; but that if they had time allow'd them to come thither, there being no Paliſadoes, our Men, by leaping in upon them, after receipt of their firſt Fire, might drive 'em into the upper Works; and following them cloſe, with ſome Probability, might force them, under that Confuſion, into the inward Fortifications.

Such were the General's Reaſons then and there given; after which, having promis'd ample Rewards to ſuch as diſcharg'd their Duty well, a Lieutenant, with thirty Men, was order'd to advance towards the Baſtion neareſt the Town; and a Captain, with fifty Men, to ſupport him. After the Enemy's Fire they were to leap into the Ditch, and their Orders were to follow 'em cloſe, if they retir'd into the upper Works: Nevertheleſs, not to purſue 'em farther, if they

made into the inner Fort; but to endeavour to cover themſelves within the Gorge of the Baſtion.

A LIEUTENANT and a Captain, with the like Number of Men and the ſame Orders, were commanded to a Demi-Baſtion at the Extremity of the Fort towards the Weſt, which was above Musket-Shot from the inward Fortification. Towards this Place the Wall, which was cut into the Rock, was not fac'd for about twenty Yards; and here our own Men got up; where they found three Pieces of Cannon upon a Platform, without any Men to defend them.

THOSE appointed to the Baſtion towards the Town were ſuſtain'd by two hundred Men; with which the General and Prince went in Perſon. The like Number, under the Directions of Colonel *Southwell*, were to ſuſtain the Attack towards the Weſt; and about five hundred Men were left under the Command of a *Dutch* Colonel, whoſe Orders were to aſſiſt, where, in his own Judgment, he ſhould think moſt proper; and theſe were drawn up between the two Parties appointed to begin the Aſſault. My Lot was on the Side where the Prince and Earl were in Perſon; and where we ſuſtain'd the only Loſs from the firſt Fire of the Enemy.

OUR Men, though quite expos'd, and though the Glacis was all eſcarp'd upon the

live

live Rock, went on with an undaunted Courage; and immediately after the firſt Fire of the Enemy, all, that were not kill'd or wounded, leap'd in, *pel-mel*, amongſt the Enemy; who, being thus boldly attack'd, and ſeeing others pouring in upon 'em, retir'd in great Confuſion; and ſome one Way, ſome another, ran into the inward Works. *Confederate Army attack Monjouick*

THERE was a large Port in the Flank of the principal Baſtion, towards the North-Eaſt, and a cover'd Way, through which the General and the Prince of *Heſſe* follow'd the flying Forces; and by that Means became poſſeſs'd of it. Luckily enough here lay a Number of great Stones in the Gorge of the Baſtion, for the Uſe of the Fortification; with which we made a Sort of Breaſt-Work, before the Enemy recover'd of their Amaze, or made any conſiderable Fire upon us from their inward Fort, which commanded the upper Part of that Baſtion.

WE were afterwards inform'd, that the Commander of the Citadel, expecting but one Attack, had call'd off the Men from the moſt diſtant and weſtern Part of the Fort, to that Side which was next the Town; upon which our Men got into a Demi-Baſtion in the moſt extream Part of the Fortification. Here they got Poſſeſſion of three Pieces of Cannon, with hardly any Oppoſition; and had Leiſure to caſt up a little Retrenchment,

and to make uſe of the Guns they had taken to defend it. Under this Situation, the Enemy, when drove into the inward Fort, were expos'd to our Fire from thoſe Places we were poſſeſs'd of, in caſe they offer'd to make any Sally, or other Attempt againſt us. Thus we every Moment became better and better prepar'd againſt any Effort of the Garriſon. And as they could not pretend to aſſail us without evident Hazard; ſo nothing remain'd for us to do, till we could bring up our Artillery and Mortars. Now it was that the General ſent for the thouſand Men under Brigadier *Stanhope*'s Command, which he had poſted at a Convent, half way between the Town and *Monjouick*.

THERE was almoſt a total Ceſſation of Fire, the Men on both Sides being under Cover. The General was in the upper Part of the Baſtion; the Prince of *Heſſe* below, behind a little Work at the Point of the Baſtion, whence he could only ſee the Heads of the Enemy over the Parapet of the inward Fort. Soon after an Accident happen'd which coſt that gallant Prince his Life.

THE Enemy had Lines of Communication between *Barcelona* and *Monjouick*. The Governor of the former, upon hearing the firing from the latter, immediately ſent four hundred Dragoons on Horſeback, under Orders, that two Hundred diſmounting ſhould

ſhould reinforce the Garriſon, and the other two Hundred ſhould return with their Horſes back to the Town.

When thoſe two Hundred Dragoons were accordingly got into the inward Fort, unſeen by any of our Men, the *Spaniards*, waving their Hats over their Heads, repeated over and over, *Viva el Rey*, *Viva*. This the Prince of *Heſſe* unfortunately took for a Signal of their Deſire to ſurrender. Upon which, with too much Warmth and Precipitancy, calling to the Soldiers following, *They ſurrender*, *they ſurrender*, he advanc'd with near three Hundred Men (who follow'd him without any Orders from their General) along the Curtain which led to the Ditch of the inward Fort. The Enemy ſuffer'd them to come into the Ditch, and there ſurrounding 'em, took two Hundred of them Priſoners, at the ſame time making a Diſcharge upon the reſt, who were running back the Way they came. This firing brought the Earl of *Peterborow* down from the upper Part of the Baſtion, to ſee what was doing below. When he had juſt turn'd the Point of the Baſtion, he ſaw the Prince of *Heſſe* retiring, with the Men that had ſo raſhly advanc'd. The Earl had exchang'd a very few Words with him, when, from a ſecond Fire, that Prince receiv'd a Shot in the great Artery of the Thigh, of which he died immediately, falling down

Two Hundred Men taken by the Spaniards.

The Prince of Heſſe kill'd.

at the General's Feet, who inſtantly gave Orders to carry off the Body to the next Convent.

Almost the ſame Moment an Officer came to acquaint the Earl of *Peterborow*, that a great Body of Horſe and Foot, at leaſt three Thouſand, were on their March from *Barcelona* towards the Fort. The Diſtance is near a Mile, all uneven Ground; ſo that the Enemy was either diſcoverable, or not to be ſeen, juſt as they were marching on the Hills or in the Vallies. However, the General directly got on Horſe-back, to take a View of thoſe Forces from the riſing Ground without the Fort, having left all the Poſts, which were already taken, well ſecur'd with the allotted Numbers of Officers and Soldiers.

But the Event will demonſtrate of what Conſequence the Abſence or Preſence of one Man may prove on great Occaſions: No ſooner was the Earl out of the Fort, the Care of which he had left under the Command of the Lord *Charlemont* (a Perſon of known Merit and undoubted Courage, but ſomewhat too flexible in his Temper) when a panick Fear (tho' the Earl, as I have ſaid, was only gone to take a View of the Enemy) ſeiz'd upon the Soldiery, which was a little too eaſily comply'd with by the Lord *Charlemont*, then commanding Officer. True it is; for I heard an Officer, ready enough

enough to take ſuch Advantages, urge to him, that none of all thoſe Poſts we were become Maſters of, were tenable; that to offer at it would be no better than wilfully ſacrificing human Lives to Caprice and Humour; and juſt like a Man's knocking his Head againſt Stone Walls, to try which was hardeſt. Having over-heard this Piece of Lip-Oratory, and finding by the Anſwer that it was too likely to prevail, and that all I was like to ſay would avail nothing, I ſlipt away as faſt as I could, to acquaint the General with the Danger impending.

As I paſs'd along, I took notice that the Panick was upon the Increaſe, the general Rumor affirming, that we ſhould be all cut off by the Troops that were come out of *Barcelona*, if we did not immediately gain the Hills, or the Houſes poſſeſs'd by the *Miquelets*. Officers and Soldiers, under this prevailing Terror, quitted their Poſts; and in one united Body (the Lord *Charlemont* at the Head of them) march'd, or rather hurry'd out of the Fort; and were come half way down the Hill before the Earl of *Peterborow* came up to them. Though on my acquainting him with the ſhameful and ſurprizing Accident he made no Stay; but anſwering, with a good deal of Vehemence, *Good God, is it poſſible?* haſten'd back as faſt as he could.

I NEVER thought my ſelf happier than in this Piece of Service to my Country. I confeſs I could not but value it, as having been therein more than a little inſtrumental in the glorious Succeſſes which ſucceeded; ſince immediately upon this Notice from me, the Earl gallop'd up the Hill, and lighting when he came to Lord *Charlemont*, he took his Half-Pike out of his Hand; and turning to the Officers and Soldiers, told them, if they would not face about and follow him, they ſhould have the Scandal and eternal Infamy upon them of having deſerted their Poſts, and abandon'd their General.

IT was ſurprizing to ſee with what Alacrity and new Courage they fac'd about and follow'd the Earl of *Peterborow*. In a Moment they had forgot their Apprehenſions; and, without doubt, had they met with any Oppoſition, they would have behav'd themſelves with the greateſt Bravery. But as theſe Motions were unperceiv'd by the Enemy, all the Poſts were regain'd, and anew poſſeſs'd in leſs than half an Hour, without any Loſs: Though, had our Forces march'd half Musket-ſhot farther, their Retreat would have been perceiv'd, and all the Succeſs attendant on this glorious Attempt muſt have been intirely blaſted.

ANOTHER Incident which attended this happy Enterprize was this: The two hun-

dred Men which fell into the Hands of the Enemy, by the unhappy Miſtake of the Prince of *Heſſe*, were carry'd directly into the Town. The Marquiſs of *Risburg*, a Lieutenant-General, who commanded the three thouſand Men which were marching from the Town to the Relief of the Fort, examin'd the Priſoners, as they paſs'd by; and they all agreeing that the General and the Prince of *Heſſe* were in Perſon with the Troops that made the Attack on *Monjouick*, the Marquiſs gave immediate Orders to retire to the Town; taking it for granted, that the main Body of the Troops attended the Prince and General; and that ſome Deſign therefore was on foot to intercept his Return, in caſe he ſhould venture too far. Thus the unfortunate Loſs of our two hundred Men turn'd to our Advantage, in preventing the Advance of the Enemy, which muſt have put the Earl of *Peterborow* to inconceivable Difficulties.

The Body of one Thouſand, under Brigadier *Stanhope*, being come up to *Monjouick*, and no Interruption given us by the Enemy, our Affairs were put into very good Order on this Side; while the Camp on the other Side was ſo fortify'd, that the Enemy, during the Siege, never made one Effort againſt it. In the mean time, the Communication between the two Camps was ſecure enough; although our Troops were

were oblig'd to a tedious March along the Foot of the Hills, whenever the General thought fit to relieve thoſe on Duty on the Side of the Attack, from thoſe Regiments encamp'd on the Weſt Side of *Barcelona*.

THE next Day, after the Earl of *Peterborow* had taken Care to ſecure the firſt Camp to the Eaſtward of the Town, he gave Orders to the Officers of the Fleet to land the Artillery and Ammunition behind the Fortreſs to the Weſtward. Immediately upon the Landing whereof, two Mortars were fix'd; from both which we ply'd the Fort of *Monjouick* furiouſly with our Bombs. But the third or fourth Day, one of our Shells fortunately lighting on their Magazine of Powder, blew it up; and with it the Governor, and many principal Officers who were at Dinner with him. The Blaſt, at the ſame Inſtant, threw down a Face of one of the ſmaller Baſtions; which the vigilant *Miquelets*, ready enough to take all Advantages, no ſooner ſaw (for they were under the Hill, very near the Place) but they readily enter'd, while the Enemy were under the utmoſt Confuſion. If the Earl, no leſs watchful than they, had not at the ſame Moment thrown himſelf in with ſome regular Troops, and appeas'd the general Diſorder, in all probability the Garriſon had been put to the Sword. However, the General's Preſence not only allay'd the Fury of the

Magazine of Monjouick blown up, and the Fortreſs taken.

the *Miquelets*; but kept his own Troops under ſtricteſt Diſcipline: So that in a happy Hour for the frighted Garriſon, the General gave Officers and Soldiers Quarters, making them Priſoners of War.

How critical was that Minute wherein the General met his retreating Commander? a very few Steps farther had excluded us our own Conqueſts, to the utter Loſs of all thoſe greater Glories which enſu'd. Nor would that have been the worſt; for beſides the Shame attending ſuch an ill concerted Retreat from our Acqueſts on *Monjouick*, we muſt have felt the accumulative Diſgrace of infamouſly retiring aboard the Ships that brought us; but Heaven reſerv'd for our General amazing Scenes both of Glory and Mortification.

I CANNOT here omit one Singularity of Life, which will demonſtrate Men's different Way of Thinking, if not ſomewhat worſe; when many Years after, to one in Office, who ſeem'd a little too deaf to my Complaints, and by that Means irritating my human Paſſions, in Juſtice to my ſelf, as well as Cauſe, I urg'd this Piece of Service, by which I not only preſerv'd the Place, but the Honour of my Country; that *Miniſter petite*, to mortify my Expectations and baffle my Plea, with a Grimace as odd as his Logick, return'd, that, in his Opinion, the Service pretended was a Diſſervice to the

the Nation; ſince Perſeverance had coſt the Government more Money than all our Conqueſts were worth, could we have kept 'em. So irregular are the Conceptions of Man, when even great Actions thwart the Bent of an intereſted Will!

The Fort of *Monjouick* being thus ſurprizingly reduc'd, furniſh'd a ſtrange Vivacity to Mens Expectations, and as extravagantly flatter'd their Hopes; for as Succeſs never fails to excite weaker Minds to purſue their good Fortune, though many times to their own Loſs; ſo is it often too apt to puſh on more elevated Spirits to renew the Encounter for atchieving new Conqueſts, by hazarding too raſhly all their former Glory. Accordingly, every Body now began to make his utmoſt Efforts; and look'd upon himſelf as a Drone, if he was not employ'd in doing ſomething or other towards puſhing forward the Siege of *Barcelona* it ſelf, and raiſing proper Batteries for that Purpoſe. But, after all, it muſt in Juſtice be acknowledg'd, that notwithſtanding this prodigious Succeſs that attended this bold Enterprize, the Land Forces of themſelves, without the Aſſiſtance of the Sailors, could never have reduc'd the Town. The Commanders and Officers of the Fleet had always evinc'd themſelves Favourers of this Project upon *Barcelona*. A new Undertaking ſo late in the Year, as I have ſaid before,

before, was their utter Averſion, and what they hated to hear of. Elated therefore with a Beginning ſo auſpicious, they gave a more willing Aſſiſtance than could have been ask'd, or judiciouſly expected. The Admirals forgot their Element, and acted as General Officers at Land: They came every Day from their Ships, with a Body of Men form'd into Companies, and regularly marſhall'd and commanded by Captains and Lieutenants of their own. Captain *Littleton* in particular, one of the moſt advanc'd Captains in the whole Fleet, offer'd of himſelf to take care of the Landing and Conveyance of the Artillery to the Camp. And anſwerable to that his firſt Zeal was his Vigour all along; for finding it next to an Impoſſibility to draw the Cannon and Mortars up ſuch vaſt Precipices by Horſes, if the Country had afforded them, he caus'd Harneſſes to be made for two hundred Men; and by that Means, after a prodigious Fatigue and Labour, brought the Cannon and Mortars neceſſary for the Siege up to the very Batteries.

Barcelona *beſieg'd.*

In this Manner was the Siege begun; nor was it carry'd on with any leſs Application; the Approaches being made by an Army of Beſiegers, that very little, if at all, exceeded the Number of the Beſieg'd; not altogether in a regular Manner, our few Forces would not admit it; but yet with Regularity

rity enough to ſecure our two little Camps, and preſerve a Communication between both, not to be interrupted or incommoded by the Enemy. We had ſoon erected three ſeveral Batteries againſt the Place, all on the Weſt Side of the Town, *viz.* one of nine Guns, another of Twelve, and the laſt of upwards of Thirty. From all which we ply'd the Town inceſſantly, and with all imaginable Fury; and very often in whole Vollies.

Nevertheless it was thought not only adviſeable, but neceſſary, to erect another Battery, upon a lower Piece of Ground under a ſmall Hill; which lying more within Reach, and oppoſite to thoſe Places where the Walls were imagin'd weakeſt, would annoy the Town the more; and being deſign'd for ſix Guns only, might ſoon be perfected. A *French* Engeneer had the Direction; and indeed very quickly perfected it. But when it came to be conſider'd which way to get the Cannon to it, moſt were of opinion that it would be abſolutely impracticable, by reaſon of the vaſt Deſcent; tho' I believe they might have added a ſtronger Reaſon, and perhaps more intrinſick, that it was extremely expos'd to the Fire of the Enemy.

Having gain'd ſome little Reputation in the Attack of *Monjouick*, this Difficulty was at laſt to be put upon me; and as ſome, not

not my Enemies, ſuppos'd, more out of Envy than good Will. However, when I came to the Place, and had carefully taken a View of it, though I was ſenſible enough of the Difficulty, I made my main Objection as to the Time for accompliſhing it; for it was then between Nine and Ten, and the Guns were to be mounted by Day-light. Neither could I at preſent ſee any other Way to anſwer their Expectations, than by caſting the Cannon down the Precipice, at all Hazards, to the Place below, where that fourth Battery was erected.

THIS wanted not Objections to; and therefore to anſwer my Purpoſe, as to point of Time, ſixty Men more were order'd me, as much as poſſible to facilitate the Work by Numbers; and accordingly I ſet about it. Juſt as I was ſetting all Hands to work, and had given Orders to my Men to begin ſome Paces back, to make the Deſcent more gradual, and thereby render the Task a little more feaſible, Major *Collier*, who commanded the Train, came to me; and perceiving the Difficulties of the Undertaking, in a Fret told me, I was impos'd upon; and vow'd he would go and find out Brigadier *Petit*, and let him know the Impoſſibility, as well as the Unreaſonableneſs of the Task I was put upon. He had ſcarce utter'd thoſe Words, and turn'd himſelf round to perform his Promiſe, when an un-

lucky Shot with a Musket-Ball wounded him through the Shoulder; upon which he was carry'd off, and I saw him not till some considerable time after.

By the painful Diligence, and the additional Compliment of Men, however, I so well succeeded (such was my great good Fortune) that the Way was made, and the Guns, by the Help of Fascines, and other lesser Preparations below, safely let down and mounted; so that that fourth Battery began to play upon the Town before Break of Day; and with all the Success that was propos'd.

In short, the Breach in a very few Days after was found wholly practicable; and all Things were got ready for a general Storm.

Governor of Barcelona beats a Parley, and agrees to surrender in three Days.

Which Don *Valasco* the Governor being sensible of, immediately beat a Parley; upon which it was, among other Articles, concluded, that the Town should be surrender'd in three Days; and the better to ensure it, the Bastion, which commanded the Port St. *Angelo*, was directly put into our Possession.

But before the Expiration of the limited three Days, a very unexpected Accident fell out, which hasten'd the Surrender. Don *Valasco*, during his Government, had behav'd himself very arbitrarily, and thereby procur'd, as the Consequence of it, a large Proportion of ill will, not only among the Townsf-

Townſmen, but among the *Miquelets*, who had, in their Zeal to King *Charles*, flock'd from all Parts of *Catalonia* to the Siege of their Capital; and who, on the Signing of the Articles of Surrender, had found various Ways, being well acquainted with the moſt private Avenues, to get by Night into the Town: So that early in the Morning they began to plunder all that they knew Enemies to King *Charles*, or thought Friends to the Prince his Competitor.

THEIR main Deſign was upon *Valaſco* the Governor, whom, if they could have got into their Hands, it was not to be queſtion'd, but as far as his Life and Limbs would have ſerv'd, they would have ſufficiently ſatiated their Vengeance upon. He expected no leſs; and therefore concealed himſelf, till the Earl of *Peterborow* could give Orders for his more ſafe and private Conveyance by Sea to *Alicant*.

NEVERTHELESS, in the Town all was in the utmoſt Confuſion; which the Earl of *Peterborow*, at the very firſt hearing, haſten'd to appeaſe; with his uſual Alacrity he rid all alone to Port St. *Angelo*, where at that time my ſelf happen'd to be; and demanding to be admitted, the Officer of the Guard, under Fear and Surpriſe, open'd the Wicket, through which the Earl enter'd, and I after him.

SCARCE had we gone a hundred Paces, when we ſaw a Lady of apparent Quality, and indiſputable Beauty, in a ſtrange, but moſt affecting Agony, flying from the apprehended Fury of the *Miquelets*; her lovely Hair was all flowing about her Shoulders, which, and the Conſternation ſhe was in, rather added to, than any thing diminiſh'd from the Charms of an Exceſs of Beauty. She, as is very natural to People in Diſtreſs, made up directly to the Earl, her Eyes ſatisfying her he was a Perſon likely to give her all the Protection ſhe wanted. And as ſoon as ever ſhe came near enough, in a Manner that declar'd her Quality before ſhe ſpoke, ſhe crav'd that Protection, telling him, the better to ſecure it, who it was that ask'd it. But the generous Earl preſently convinc'd her, he wanted no Intreaties, having, before he knew her to be the Dutcheſs of *Popoli*, taken her by the Hand, in order to convey her through the Wicket which he enter'd at, to a Place of Safety without the Town.

I STAY'D behind, while the Earl convey'd the diſtreſs'd Dutcheſs to her requeſted *Aſylum*; and I believe it was much the longeſt Part of an Hour before he return'd. But as ſoon as ever he came back, he, and my ſelf, at his Command, repair'd to the Place of moſt Confuſion, which the extraordinary Noiſe full readily directed us to; and

and which happen'd to be on the Parade before the Palace. There it was that the *Miquelets* were making their utmoſt Efforts to get into their Hands the almoſt ſole Occaſion of the Tumult, and the Object of their raging Fury, the Perſon of Don *Valaſco*, the late Governor.

It was here that the Earl preſerv'd that Governor from the violent, but perhaps too juſt Reſentments of the *Miquelets*; and, as I ſaid before, convey'd him by Sea to *Alicant*. And, indeed, I could little doubt the Effect, or be any thing ſurpriz'd at the Eaſineſs of the Task, when I ſaw, that wherever he appear'd the popular Fury was in a Moment allay'd, and that every Dictate of that General was aſſented to with the utmoſt Chearfulneſs and Deference. *Valaſco*, before his Embarkment, had given Orders, in Gratitude to his Preſerver, for all the Gates to be deliver'd up, tho' ſhort of the ſtipulated Term; and they were accordingly ſo deliver'd, and our Troops took Poſſeſſion ſo ſoon as ever that Governor was aboard the Ship that was to convey him to *Alicant*.

During the Siege of *Barcelona*, Brigadier *Stanhope* order'd a Tent to be pitch'd as near the Trenches as poſſibly could be with Safety; where he not only entertain'd the chief Officers who were upon Duty, but likewiſe the *Catalonian* Gentlemen who

brought *Miquelets* to our Aſſiſtance. I remember I ſaw an old Cavalier, having his only Son with him, who appear'd a fine young Gentleman, about twenty Years of Age, go into the Tent, in order to dine with the Brigadier. But whilſt they were at Dinner, an unfortunate Shot came from the Baſtion of St. *Antonio*, and intirely ſtruck off the Head of the Son. The Father immediately roſe up, firſt looking down upon his headleſs Child, and then lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, whilſt the Tears ran down his Cheeks, he croſs'd himſelf, and only ſaid, *Fiat voluntas tua*, and bore it with a wonderful Patience. 'Twas a ſad Spectacle, and truly it affects me now whilſt I am writing.

THE Earl of *Peterborow*, tho' for ſome time after the Revolution he had been employ'd in civil Affairs, return'd to the military Life with great Satisfaction, which was ever his Inclination. Brigadier *Stanhope*, who was juſtly afterwards created an Earl, did well deſerve this Motto, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*; for truly he behav'd, all the time he continu'd in *Spain*, as if he had been inſpir'd with Conduct; for the Victory at *Almanar* was intirely owing to him; and likewiſe at the Battle of *Saragoſa* he diſtinguiſh'd himſelf with great Bravery. That he had not Succeſs at *Brubega* was not his Fault; for no Man can reſiſt Fate; for 'twas decreed

decreed by Heaven that *Philip* ſhould remain King of *Spain*, and *Charles* to be Emperor of *Germany*. Yet each of theſe Monarchs have been ungrateful to the Inſtruments which the Almighty made uſe of to preſerve them upon their Thrones; for one had not been King of *Spain* but for *France*; and the other had not been Emperor but for *England*.

Barcelona, the chief Place in *Catalonia*, being thus in our Hands, as ſoon as the Garriſon, little inferior to our Army, had march'd out with Drums beating, Colours flying, *&c.* according to the Articles, *Charles* the Third made his publick Entry, and was proclaim'd King, and receiv'd with the general Acclamations, and all other Demonſtrations of Joy ſuitable to that great Occaſion.

SOME Days after which, the Citizens, far from being ſatiated with their former Demonſtrations of their Duty, ſent a Petition to the King, by proper Deputies for that Purpoſe appointed, deſiring Leave to give more ample Inſtances of their Affections in a publick *Cavalcade*. The King granted their Requeſt, and the Citizens, purſuant thereto, made their Preparations. *publick Rejoycings.*

ON the Day appointed, the King, plac'd in a Balcony belonging to the Houſe of the Earl of *Peterborow*, appear'd ready to honour the Show. The Ceremonial, to ſpeak

nothing figuratively, was very fine and grand: Thoſe of the firſt Rank made their Appearance in decent Order, and upon fine Horſes; and others under Arms, and in Companies, march'd with native Gravity and Grandeur, all ſaluting his Majeſty as they paſs'd by, after the *Spaniſh* Manner, which that Prince return'd with the Movement of his Hand to his Mouth; for the Kings of *Spain* are not allow'd to ſalute, or return a Salute, by any Motion to, or of, the Hat.

After theſe follow'd ſeveral Pageants; the firſt of which was drawn by Mules, ſet off to the Height with ſtatelieſt Feathers, and adorn'd with little Bells. Upon the Top of this Pageant appear'd a Man dreſs'd all in Green; but in the Likeneſs of a Dragon. The Pageant making a Stop juſt over-againſt the Balcony where the King ſate, the Dragonical Repreſentative diverted him with great Variety of Dancings, the Earl of *Peterborow* all the time throwing out Dollars by Handfuls among the Populace, which they as conſtantly receiv'd with the loud Acclamation and repeated Cries of *Viva*, *Viva*, *Carlos Terceros*, *Viva la Caſa d'Auſtria*.

When that had play'd its Part, another Pageant, drawn as before, made a like full Stop before the ſame Balcony. On this was plac'd a very large Cage, or Aviary, the

Cover

Cover of which, by Springs contriv'd for that Purpoſe, immediately flew open, and out of it a ſurprizing Flight of Birds of various Colours. Theſe, all amaz'd at their ſudden Liberty, which I took to be the Emblem intended, hover'd a conſiderable ſpace of time over and about their Place of Freedom, chirping, ſinging, and otherwiſe teſtifying their mighty Joy for their ſo unexpected Enlargement.

THERE were many other Pageants; but having little in them very remarkable, I have forgot the Particulars. Nevertheleſs, every one of them was diſmiſs'd with the like Acclamations of *Viva*, *Viva*; the Whole concluding with Bonfires and Illuminations common on all ſuch Occaſions.

I CANNOT here omit one very remarkable Inſtance of the Catholick Zeal of that Prince, which I was ſoon after an Eye-witneſs of. I was at that time in the Fruit-Market, when the King paſſing by in his Coach, the Hoſt (whether by Accident or Contrivance I cannot ſay) was brought, at that very Juncture, out of the great Church, in order, as I after underſtood, to a poor ſick Woman's receiving the Sacrament. On Sight of the Hoſt the King came out of his Coach, kneel'd down in the Street, which at that time prov'd to be very dirty, till the Hoſt paſs'd by; then roſe up, and taking the lighted Flambeau from him who bore

bore it, he follow'd the Prieſt up a ſtreight naſty Alley, and there up a dark ordinary Pair of Stairs, where the poor ſick Woman lay. There he ſtay'd till the whole Ceremony was over, when, returning to the Door of the Church, he very faithfully reſtor'd the lighted Flambeau to the Fellow he had taken it from, the People all the while crying out *Viva*, *Viva*; an Acclamation, we may imagine, intended to his Zeal, as well as his Perſon.

ANOTHER remarkable Accident, of a much more moral Nature, I muſt, in juſtice to the Temperance of that, in this truly inimitable People, recite. I was one Day walking in one of the moſt populous Streets of that City, where I found an uncommon Concourſe of People, of all Sorts, got together; and imagining ſo great a Croud could not be aſſembled on a ſmall Occaſion, I preſt in among the reſt; and after a good deal of Struggling and Difficulty, reach'd into the Ring and Centre of that mix'd Multitude. But how did I bluſh? with what Confuſion did I appear? when I found one of my own Countrymen, a drunken Granadier, the attractive Loadſtone of all that high and low Mob, and the Butt of all their Merriment? It will be eaſily imagin'd to be a Thing not a little ſurprizing to one of our Country, to find that a drunken Man ſhould be ſuch a wonderful Sight: How-

ever, the witty Sarcasms that were then by high and low thrown upon that senseless Creature, and as I interpreted Matters, me in him, were so pungent, that if I did not curse my Curiosity, I thought it best to withdraw my self as fast as Legs could carry me away.

BARCELONA being now under King *Charles*, the Towns of *Gironne*, *Tarragona*, *Tortosa*, and *Lerida*, immediately declar'd for him. To every one of which Engeneers being order'd, it was my Lot to be sent to *Tortosa*. This Town is situated on the Side of the River *Ebro*, over which there is a fair and famous Bridge of Boats. The Waters of this River are always of a dirty red Colour, somewhat fouler than our Moorish Waters; yet is it the only Water the Inhabitants drink, or covet to drink; and every House providing for its own Convenience Cisterns to preserve it in, by a few Hours standing it becomes as clear as the cleareſt Rock-water, but as soft as Milk. In short, for Softness, Brightness, and Pleasantness of Taste, the Natives prefer it to all the Waters in the World. And I must declare in favour of their Opinion, that none ever pleas'd me like it.

This Town was of the greater Moment to our Army, as opening a Passage into the Kingdom of *Valencia* on one Side, and the Kingdom of *Arragon* on the other: And being

ing of it ſelf tolerably defenſible, in human Appearance might probably repay a little Care and Charge in its Repair and Improvement. Upon this Employ was I appointed, and thus was I buſy'd, till the Arrival of the Earl of *Peterborow* with his little Army, in order to march to *Valencia*, the Capital of that Province. Here he left in Garriſon Colonel *Hans Hamilton*'s Regiment; the Place, nevertheleſs, was under the Command of a *Spaniſh* Governor, appointed by King *Charles*.

While the Earl ſtay'd a few Days at this Place, under Expectation of the promis'd Succours from *Barcelona*, he receiv'd *a Proprio* (or Expreſs) from the King of *Spain*, full of Excuſes, inſtead of Forces. And yet the very ſame Letter, in a paradoxical Manner, commanded him, at all Events, to attempt the Relief of *Santo Mattheo*, where Colonel *Jones* commanded, and which was then under Siege by the *Conde de los Torres* (as was the Report) with upwards of three thouſand Men. The Earl of *Peterborow* could not muſter above one thouſand Foot, and about two hundred Horſe; a ſmall Force to make an Attempt of that Nature upon ſuch a ſuperior Power: Yet the Earl's Vivacity (as will be occaſionally further obſerv'd in the Courſe of theſe Memoirs) never much regarded Numbers, ſo there was but room, by any Stratagem,

tagem, to hope for Succeſs. True it is, for his greater Encouragement and Conſolation, the ſame Letter intimated, that a great Concourſe of the Country People being up in Arms, to the Number of many Thouſands, in Favour of King *Charles*, and wanting only Officers, the Enterprize would be eaſy, and unattended with much Danger. But upon mature Enquiry, the Earl found that great Body of Men all *in nubibus*; and that the *Conde*, in the plain Truth of the Matter, was much ſtronger than the Letter at firſt repreſented.

SANTO Mattheo was a Place of known Importance; and that from its Situation, which cut off all Communication between *Catalonia* and *Valencia*; and, conſequently, ſhould it fall into the Hands of the Enemy, the Earl's Deſign upon the latter muſt inevitably have been poſtpon'd. It muſt be granted, the Commands for attempting the Relief of it were preſſing and peremptory; nevertheleſs, the Earl was very conſcious to himſelf, that as the promis'd Reinforcements were ſuſpended, his Officers would not approve of the Attempt upon the Foot of ſuch vaſt Inequalities; and their own declar'd Sentiments ſoon confirm'd the Dictates of the Earl's Reaſon. He therefore addreſſes himſelf to thoſe Officers in a different Manner: He told 'em he only deſir'd they would be paſſive, and leave it to him to work

work his own Way. Accordingly, the Earl found out and hired two *Spaniſh* Spies, for whoſe Fidelity (as his great Precaution always led him to do) he took ſufficient Security; and diſpatch'd 'em with a Letter to Colonel *Jones*, Governor of the Place, intimating his Readineſs, as well as Ability, to relieve him; and, above all, exhorting him to have the *Miquelets* in the Town ready, on Sight of his Troops, to iſſue out, purſue, and plunder; ſince that would be all they would have to do, and all he would expect at their Hands. The Spies were diſpatch'd accordingly; and, purſuant to Inſtructions, one betray'd and diſcover'd the other who had the Letter in charge to deliver to Colonel *Jones*. The Earl, to carry on the Feint, having in the mean time, by dividing his Troops, and marching ſecretly over the Mountains, drawn his Men together, ſo as to make their Appearance on the Height of a neighbouring Mountain, little more than Cannon-ſhot from the Enemy's Camp. The Tale of the Spies was fully confirm'd, and the *Conde* (though an able General) march'd off with ſome Precipitation with his Army; and by that Means the Earl's ſmaller Number of twelve Hundred had Liberty to march into the Town without Interruption. I muſt not let ſlip an Action of Colonel *Jones*'s juſt before the Earl's Delivery of them: The *Conde*,

Santo Mattheo *reliev'd by the Earl of* Peterborow.

Conde, for want of Artillery, had ſet his Miners to work; and the Colonel, finding they had made ſome dangerous Advances, turned the Courſe of a Rivulet, that ran through the Middle of the Town, in upon them, and made them quit a Work they thought was brought to Perfection.

SANTO Mattheo being reliev'd, as I have ſaid, the Earl, though he had ſo far gain'd his Ends, left not the flying Enemy without a Feint of Purſuit; with ſuch Caution, nevertheleſs, that in caſe they ſhould happen to be better inform'd of his Weakneſs, he might have a Reſource either back again to *Santo Mattheo*, or to *Vinaros* on the Sea-ſide; or ſome other Place, as occaſion might require. But having juſt before receiv'd freſh Advice, that the Reinforcements he expected were anew countermanded; and that the Duke of *Anjou* had increas'd his Troops to twelve thouſand Men; the Officers, not enough elated with the laſt Succeſs to adventure upon new Experiments, reſolv'd, in a Council of War, to adviſe the Earl, who had juſt before reciev'd a diſcretionary Commiſſion in lieu of Troops, ſo to poſt the Forces under him, as not to be cut off from being able to aſſiſt the King in Perſon; or to march to the Defence of *Catalonia*, in caſe of Neceſſity.

Pursuant to this Reſolution of the Council of War, the Earl of *Peterborow*, tho'

tho' ſtill intent upon his Expedition into *Valencia* (which had been afreſh commanded, even while his Supplies were countermanded) orders his Foot, in a truly bad Condition, by tedious Marches Day and Night over the Mountains, to *Vinaros*; and with his two hundred Horſe, ſet out to proſecute his pretended Deſign of purſuing the flying Enemy; reſolv'd, if poſſible, notwithſtanding all ſeemingly deſperate Circumſtances, to perfect the Security of that Capital.

To that Purpoſe, the Earl, with his ſmall Body of Patrolers, went on frightning the Enemy, till they came under the Walls of *Nules*, a Town fortify'd with the beſt Walls, regular Towers, and in the beſt Repair of any in that Kingdom. But even here, upon the Appearance of the Earl's Forlorn (if they might not properly at that time all have paſs'd under that Character) under the ſame Panick they left that ſenſible Town, with only one Thouſand of the Town's People, well arm'd, for the Defence of it. Yet was it ſcarce to be imagin'd, that the Earl, with his ſmall Body of two hundred Horſe, ſhould be able to gain Admiſſion; or, indeed, under ſuch Circumſtances, to attempt it. But bold as the Undertaking was, his good Genius went along with him; and ſo good a Genius was it, that it rarely left him without a good Effect. He had

been

been told the Day before, that the Enemy, on leaving *Nules*, had got Poſſeſſion of *Villa Real*, where they put all to the Sword. What would have furniſh'd another with Terror, inſpir'd his Lordſhip with a Thought as fortunate as it was ſucceſsful. The Earl rides up to the very Gates of the Town, at the Head of his Party, and peremptorily demands the chief Magiſtrate, or a Prieſt, immediately to be ſent out to him; and that under Penalty of being all put to the Sword, and us'd as the Enemy had us'd thoſe at *Villa-Real* the Day or two before. The Troops, that had ſo lately left the Place, had left behind 'em more Terror than Men; which, together with the peremptory Demand of the Earl, ſoon produc'd ſome Prieſts to wait upon the General. By their Readineſs to obey, the Earl very juſtly imagin'd Fear to be the Motive; wherefore, to improve their Terror, he only allow'd them ſix Minutes time to reſolve upon a Surrender, telling them, that otherwiſe, ſo ſoon as his Artillery was come up, he would lay them under the utmoſt Extremities. The Prieſts return'd with this melancholy Meſſage into the Place; and in a very ſhort time after the Gates were thrown open. Upon the Earl's Entrance he found two hundred Horſe, which were the Original of his Lordſhip's forming that Body of Horſe, which afterwards prov'd the ſaving of *Valencia*.

Nules *ſurrender'd to the Earl of* Peterborow.

THE News of the taking of *Nules* soon overtook the flying Enemy; and so increas'd the Apprehensions of their Danger, that they renew'd their March the same Day; though what they had taken before would have satisfy'd them much better without it. On the other hand, the Earl was so well pleas'd with his Success, that leaving the Enemy to fly before their Fears, he made a short Turn towards *Castillon de la Plana*, a considerable, but open Town, where his Lordship furnish'd himself with four hundred Horses more; and all this under the Assurance that his Troops were driving the Enemy before them out of the Kingdom. Hence he sent Orders to Colonel *Pierce*'s Regiment at *Vinaros* to meet him at *Oropesa*, a Place at no great Distance; where, when they came, they were very pleasingly surpriz'd at their being well mounted, and furnish'd with all Accoutrements necessary. After which, leaving 'em canton'd in wall'd Towns, where they could not be disturb'd without Artillery, that indefatigable General, leaving them full Orders, went on his way towards *Tortosa*.

AT *Vinaros* the Earl met with Advice, that the *Spanish* Militia of the Kingdom of *Valencia* were assembled, and had already advanc'd a Day's March at least into that Country. Upon which, collecting, as fast as he could, the whole Corps together, the Earl

Earl resolv'd to penetrate into *Valencia* directly; notwithstanding this whole collected Body would amount to no more than six hundred Horse and two thousand Foot.

But there was a strong Pass over a River, just under the Walls of *Molviedro*, which must be first disputed and taken. This Brigadier *Mahoni*, by the Orders of the Duke of *Arcos*, who commanded the Troops of the Duke of *Anjou* in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, had taken care to secure. *Molviedro*, though not very strong, is a wall'd Town, very populous of it self; and had in it, besides a Garrison of eight hundred Men, most of *Mahoni*'s Dragoons. It lies at the very Bottom of a high Hill; on the upper Part whereof they shew the Ruins of the once famous Saguntum; famous sure to Eternity, if Letters shall last so long, for an inviolable Fidelity to a negligent Confederate, against an implacable Enemy. Here yet appear the visible *Vestigia* of awful Antiquity, in half standing Arches, and the yet unlevell'd Walls and Towers of that once celebrated City. I could not but look upon all these with the Eyes of Despight, in regard to their Enemy *Hannibal*; with those of Disdain, in respect to the uncommon and unaccountable Supineness of its Confederates, the *Romans*; but with those of Veneration, as to the Memory of a glorious People, who rather than stand reproach'd with a Breach

Molviedro describ'd.

Saguntum.

of Faith, or the Brand of Cowardice, choſe to ſacrifice themſelves, their Wives, Children, and all that was dear to them, in the Flames of their expiring City.

In *Molviedro*, as I ſaid before, *Mahoni* commanded, with eight hundred Men, beſides Inhabitants; which, together with our having but little Artillery, induc'd the Officers under the Earl of *Peterborow* reaſonably enough to imagine and declare, that there could be no viſible Appearance of ſurmounting ſuch Difficulties. The Earl, nevertheleſs, inſtead of indulging ſuch Deſpondencies, gave them Hope, that what Strength ſerv'd not to accompliſh, Art might poſſibly obtain. To that Purpoſe he propoſed an Interview between himſelf and *Mahoni*; and accordingly ſent an Officer with a Trumpet to intimate his Deſire. The Motion was agreed to; and the Earl having previouſly ſtation'd his Troops to advantage, and his little Artillery at a convenient Diſtance, with Orders they ſhould appear on a ſlow March on the Side of a riſing Hill, during the time of Conference, went to the Place appointed; only, as had been ſtipulated, attended with a ſmall Party of Horſe. When they were met, the Earl firſt offer'd all he could to engage *Mahoni* to the Intereſt of King *Charles*; propoſing ſome Things extravagant enough (as *Mahoni* himſelf ſome time after told me) to ſtagger the

the Faith of a Catholick; but all to little Purpoſe: *Mahoni* was inflexible, which oblig'd the Earl to new Meaſures.

WHEREUPON the Earl frankly told him, that he could not however but eſteem the Confidence he had put in him; and therefore, to make ſome Retaliation, he was ready to put it in his Power to avoid the Barbarities lately executed at *Villa-Real*. "My Relation to you, continued the General, inclines me to ſpare a Town under "your Command. You ſee how near my "Forces are; and can hardly doubt our "ſoon being Maſters of the Place: What "I would therefore offer you, ſaid the "Earl, is a Capitulation, that my Inclination may be held in Countenance by "my Honour. Barbarities, however juſtified "by Example, are my utter Averſion, and "againſt my Nature; and to teſtify ſo much, "together with my good Will to your Perſon, was the main Intent of this Interview."

THIS Frankneſs ſo far prevail'd on *Mahoni*, that he agreed to return an Anſwer in half an Hour. Accordingly, an Anſwer was return'd by a *Spaniſh* Officer, and a Capitulation agreed upon; the Earl at the ſame time endeavouring to bring over that Officer to King *Charles*, on much the ſame Topicks he us'd with *Mahoni*. But finding this equally fruitleſs, whether it was that he tacitly reproach'd the Officer with a Want

of Conſideration in neglecting to follow the Example of his Commander, or what elſe, he created in that Officer ſuch a Jealouſy of *Mahoni*, that was afterward very ſerviceable to him in his further Deſign.

To forward which to a good Iſſue, the Earl immediately made choice of two Dragoons, who, upon promiſe of Promotion, undertook to go as Spies to the Duke of *Arcos*, whoſe Forces lay not far off, on the other Side a large Plain, which the Earl muſt unavoidably paſs, and which would inevitably be attended with almoſt inſuperable Dangers, if there attack'd by a Force ſo much ſuperior. Thoſe Spies, according to Inſtructions, were to diſcover to the Duke, that they over-heard the Conference between the Earl and *Mahoni*; and at the ſame time ſaw a conſiderable Number of Piſtoles deliver'd into *Mahoni*'s Hands, large Promiſes paſſing at that Inſtant reciprocally: But above all, that the Earl had recommended to him the procuring the March of the Duke over the Plain between them. The Spies went and deliver'd all according to Concert; concluding, before the Duke, that they would ask no Reward, but undergo any Puniſhment, if *Mahoni* did not very ſoon ſend to the Duke a Requeſt to march over the Plain, in order to put the concerted Plot in execution. It was not long after this pretended Diſcovery before

fore *Mahoni* did ſend indeed an Officer to the Duke, deſiring the March of his Forces over the Plain; but, in reality, to obſtruct the Earl's Paſſage, which he knew very well muſt be that and no other way. However, the Duke being prepoſſeſs'd by the Spies, and what thoſe *Spaniſh* Officers that at firſt eſcap'd had before infus'd, took Things in their Senſe; and as ſoon as *Mahoni*, who was forc'd to make the beſt of his way over the Plain before the Earl of *Peterborow*, arriv'd at his Camp, he was put under Arreſt and ſent to *Madrid*. The Duke having thus imbib'd the Venom, and taken the Alarm, immediately decamp'd in Confuſion, and took a different Rout than at firſt he intended; leaving that once formidable Plain open to the Earl, without an Enemy to obſtruct him. In ſome little time after he arriv'd at *Madrid*, *Mahoni* made his Innocence appear, and was created a General; while the Duke of *Arcos* was recall'd from his Poſt of Honour.

The Earl's Entry into the City of Valencia.

THE Day after we arriv'd at *Valencia*, the Gates of which fine City were ſet open to us with the higheſt Demonſtrations of Joy. I call'd it a fine City; but ſure it richly deſerves a brighter Epithet, ſince it is a common Saying among the *Spaniards*, that the Pleaſures of *Valencia* would make a *Jew* forget *Jeruſalem*. It is moſt ſweetly ſituated in a very beautiful Plain, and with-

in half a League of the *Mediterranean* Sea. It never wants any of the Fragrancies of Nature, and always has ſomething to delight the moſt curious Eye. It is famous to a Proverb for fine Women; but as infamous, and only in that ſo, for the Race of Bravoes, the common Companions of the Ladies of Pleaſure in this Country. Theſe Wretches are ſo Caſe-hardened, they will commit a Murder for a Dollar, tho' they run their Country for it when they have done. Not that other Parts of this Nation are uninfeſted with this ſort of Animals; but here their Numbers are ſo great, that if a Catalogue was to be taken of thoſe in other Parts of that Country, perhaps nine in ten would be found by Birth to be of this Province.

But to proceed, tho' the Citizens, and all Sorts of People, were redundant in their various Expreſſions of Joy, for an Entry ſo ſurprizing, and utterly loſt to their Expectation, whatever it was to their Wiſhes, the Earl had a ſecret Concern for the Publick, which lay gnawing at his Heart, and which yet he was forced to conceal. He knew that he had not four thouſand Soldiers in the Place, and not Powder or Ammunition for thoſe; nor any Proviſions lay'd in for any thing like a Siege. On the other Hand, the Enemy without were upwards of ſeven Thouſand, with a Body of four Thouſand more,

not fifteen Leagues off, on their March to join them. Add to this, the Mareſchal de *Theſſe* was no farther off than *Madrid*, a very few Days March from *Valencia*; a ſhort Way indeed for the Earl (who, as was ſaid before, was wholly unprovided for a Siege, which was reported to be the ſole End of the Mareſchal's moving that Way.) But the Earl's never-failing Genius reſolv'd again to attempt that by Art, which the Strength of his Forces utterly diſallow'd him. And in the firſt Place, his Intelligence telling him that ſixteen twenty-four Pounders, with Stores and Ammunition anſwerable for a Siege, were ſhip'd off for the Enemy's Service at *Alicant*, the Earl forthwith lays a Deſign, and with his uſual Succeſs intercepts 'em all, ſupplying that way his own Neceſſities at the Expence of the Enemy.

The four thouſand Men ready to reinforce the Troops nearer *Valencia*, were the next Point to be undertaken; but *hic labor, hoc opus*; ſince the greater Body under the Conde *de las Torres* (who, with *Mahoni*, was now reinſtated in his Poſt) lay between the Earl and thoſe Troops intended to be diſpers'd. And what inhaunc'd the Difficulty, the River *Xuçar* muſt be paſs'd in almoſt the Face of the Enemy. Great Diſadvantages as theſe were, they did not diſcourage the Earl. He detach'd by Night four

four hundred Horſe and eight hundred Foot, who march'd with ſuch haſty Silence, that they ſurpriz'd that great Body, routed 'em, and brought into *Valencia* ſix hundred Priſoners very ſafely, notwithſtanding they were oblig'd, under the ſame Night-Covert, to paſs very near a Body of three Thouſand of the Enemy's Horſe. Such a prodigious Victory would hardly have gain'd Credit in that City, if the Priſoners brought in had not been living Witneſſes of the Action as well as the Triumph. The Conde *de las Torres*, upon theſe two military Rebuffs, drew off to a more convenient Diſtance, and left the Earl a little more at eaſe in his new Quarters.

A ſmall Party of the Earl's routs a Body of four Thouſand.

HERE the Earl of *Peterborow* made his Reſidence for ſome time. He was extreamly well belov'd; his affable Behaviour exacted as much from all; and he preſerv'd ſuch a good Correſpondence with the Prieſts and the Ladies, that he never fail'd of the moſt early and beſt Intelligence, a thing by no means to be ſlighted in the common Courſe of Life; but much more commendable and neceſſary in a General, with ſo ſmall an Army, at open War, and in the Heart of his Enemy's Country.

THE Earl, by this Means, ſome ſmall time after, receiving early Intelligence that King *Philip* was actually on his March to *Barcelona*, with an Army of upwards of twenty five

five thouſand Men, under the Command of a Mareſchal of *France*, began his March towards *Catalonia*, with all the Troops that he could gather together, leaving in *Valencia* a ſmall Body of Foot, ſuch as in that Exigence could beſt be ſpar'd. The whole Body thus collected made very little more than two thouſand Foot and ſix hundred Horſe; yet reſolutely with theſe he ſets out for *Barcelona*: In the Neighbourhood of which, as ſoon as he arriv'd, he took care to poſt himſelf and his diminutive Army in the Mountains which inviron that City; where he not only ſecur'd 'em againſt the Enemy; but found himſelf in a Capacity of putting him under perpetual Alarms. Nor was the Mareſchal, with his great Army, capable of returning the Earl's Compliment of Diſturbance; ſince he himſelf, every ſix or eight Hours, put his Troops into ſuch a varying Situation, that always when moſt arduouſly fought, he was fartheſt off from being found. In this Manner the General bitterly harraſs'd the Troops of the Enemy; and by theſe Means ſtruck a perpetual Terror into the Beſiegers. Nor did he only this way annoy the Enemy; the Precautions he had us'd, and the Meaſures he had taken in other Places, with a View to prevent their Return to *Madrid*, though the Invidious endeavour'd to bury them in Oblivion, having equally contributed to the driving

of

of the Mareſchal of *France*, and his Catholick King, out of the *Spaniſh* Dominions.

But to go on with the Siege: The Breaches in the Walls of that City, during its Siege by the Earl, had been put into tolerable Repair; but thoſe of *Monjouick*, on the contrary, had been as much neglected. However, the Garriſon made ſhift to hold out a Battery of twenty-three Days, with no leſs than fifty Pieces of Cannon; when, after a Loſs of the Enemy of upwards of three thouſand Men (a Moiety of the Army employ'd againſt it when the Earl took it) they were forc'd to ſurrender at Diſcretion. And this cannot but merit our Obſervation, that a Place, which the *Engliſh* General took in little more than an Hour, and with very inconſiderable Loſs, afforded the Mareſchal of *France* a Reſiſtance of twenty-three Days.

Monjouick taken by the Mareſchal of France.

Upon the taking of Fort *Monjouick*, the Mareſchal *de Theſs* gave immediate Orders for Batteries to be rais'd againſt the Town. Thoſe Orders were put in Execution with all Expedition; and at the ſame time his Army fortify'd themſelves with ſuch Entrenchments, as would have ruin'd the Earl's former little Army to have rais'd, or his preſent much leſſer Army to have attempted the forcing them. However, they ſufficiently demonſtrated their Apprehenſions of that watchful General, who lay hovering over their

Barcelona beſieg'd.

their Heads upon the Mountains. Their main Effort was to make a Breach between Port St. *Antonio* and that Breach which our Forces had made the Year before; to effect which they took care to ply them very diligently both from Cannon and Mortars; and in ſome few Days their Application was anſwer'd with a practicable Breach for a Storm. Which however was prudently deferr'd for ſome time, and that thro' fear of the Earl's falling on the Back of them whenever they ſhould attempt it; which, conſequently, they were ſenſible might put them into ſome dangerous Diſorder.

And now it was that the Earl of *Peterborow* reſolv'd to put in practice the Reſolution he had ſome time before concerted within himſelf. About nine or ten Days before the Raiſing of the Siege, he had receiv'd an Expreſs from Brigadier *Stanhope* (who was aboard Sir *John Leake*'s Fleet appointed for the Relief of the Place, with the Reinforcements from *England*) acquainting the Earl, that he had us'd all poſſible Endeavours to prevail on the Admiral to make the beſt of his way to *Barcelona*. But that the Admiral, however, perſiſted in a poſitive Reſolution not to attempt the *French* Fleet before that Place under the Count *de Tholouſe*, till the Ships were join'd him which were expected from *Ireland*, under the Command of Sir *George Bing*. True

it

it was, the Fleet under Admiral *Leake* was of equal Strength with that under the *French* Admiral; but jealous of the Informations he had receiv'd, and too ready to conclude that People in Diſtreſs were apt to make Repreſentations too much in their own Favour; he held himſelf, in point of Diſcretion, oblig'd not to hazard the Queen's Ships, when a Reinforcement of both cleaner and larger were under daily Expectation.

This unhappy Circumſtance (notwithſtanding all former glorious Deliverances) had almoſt brought the Earl to the Brink of Deſpair; and to increaſe it, the Earl every Day receiv'd ſuch Commands from the King within the Place, as muſt have ſacrificed his few Forces, without the leaſt Probability of ſucceeding. Thoſe all tended to his forcing his Way into the Town; when, in all human Appearance, not one Man of all that ſhould make the Attempt could have done it, with any Hope or Proſpect of ſurviving. The *French* were ſtrongly encamp'd at the Foot of the Mountains, diſtant two Miles from *Barcelona*; towards the Bottom of thoſe Hills, the Avenues into the Plain were poſſeſs'd and fortify'd by great Detachments from the Enemy's Army. From all which it will be evident, that no Attempt could be made without giving the Enemy time to draw together what Body

of

of Foot they pleas'd. Or ſuppoſing it feaſible, under all theſe difficult Circumſtances, for ſome of them to have forc'd their Paſſage, the Remainder, that ſhould have been ſo lucky to have eſcap'd their Foot, would have found themſelves expos'd in open Field to a Purſuit of four thouſand Horſe and Dragoons; and that for two Miles together; when in caſe of their incloſing them, the braveſt Troops in the World, under ſuch a Situation, would have found it their beſt way to have ſurrender'd themſelves Priſoners of War.

NEVERTHELESS, when Brigadier *Stanhope* ſent that Expreſs to the Earl, which I juſt now mention'd, he aſſur'd him in the ſame, that he would uſe his utmoſt Diligence, both by Sea and Land, to let him have timely Notice of the Conjunction of the Fleets, which was now all they had to depend upon. Adding withal, that if the Earl ſhould at any time receive a Letter, or Paper, though directed to no Body, and with nothing in it, but a half Sheet of Paper cut in the Middle, he, the Earl, might certainly depend upon it, that the two Fleets were join'd, and making the beſt of their Way for *Barcelona*. It will eaſily be imagin'd the Expreſs was to be well paid; and being made ſenſible that he ran little or no Hazard in carrying a Piece of blank Paper, he undertook it, and as fortunately arriv'd with

with it to the Earl, at a Moment when Chagrin and Deſpair might have hurry'd him to ſome Reſolution that might have prov'd fatal. The Meſſenger himſelf, however, knew nothing of the Joining of the Fleets, or the Meaning of his Meſſage.

As ſoon as the Earl of *Peterborow* receiv'd this welcome Meſſage from Brigadier *Stanhope*, he march'd the very ſame Night, with his whole little Body of Forces, to a Town on the Sea-Shore, call'd *Sigeth*. No Perſon gueſs'd the Reaſon of his March, or knew any thing of what the Intent of it was. The Officers, as formerly, obey'd without Enquiry; for they were led to it by ſo many unaccountable Varieties of Succeſs, that Affiance became a ſecond Nature, both in Officer and Soldier.

The Town of *Sigeth* was about ſeven Leagues to the Weſtward of *Barcelona*; where, as ſoon as the Earl with his Forces arriv'd, he took care to ſecure all the ſmall Fiſhing-Boats, *Feluccas*, and *Sattées*; nay, in a Word, every Machine in which he could tranſport any of his Men: So that in two Days time he had got together a Number ſufficient for the Conveyance of all his Foot.

But a Day or two before the Arrival of the *Engliſh* Fleet off *Sigeth*, the Officers of his Troops were under a ſtrange Conſternation at a Reſolution their General had taken.

Impa-

Impatient of Delay, and fearful of the Fleets paſſing by without his Knowledge, the Earl ſummon'd them together a little before Night, at which time he diſcover'd to the whole Aſſembly, that he himſelf was oblig'd to endeavour to get aboard the *Engliſh* Fleet; and that, if poſſible, before the *French* Scouts ſhould be able to make any Diſcovery of their Strength: That finding himſelf of no further Uſe on Shore, having already taken the neceſſary Precautions for their Tranſportation and Security, they had nothing to do but to purſue his Orders, and make the beſt of their Way to *Barcelona*, in the Veſſels which he had provided for them: That they might do this in perfect Security when they ſaw the *Engliſh* Fleet paſs by; or if they ſhould paſs by in the Night, an Engagement with the *French*, which would be an inevitable Conſequence, would give them ſufficient Notice what they had to do further.

THIS Declaration, inſtead of ſatisfying, made the Officers ten times more curious: But when they ſaw their General going with a Reſolution to lie out all Night at Sea, in an open Boat, attended with only one Officer; and underſtood that he intended to row out in his *Felucca* five or ſix Leagues diſtance from the Shore; it is hardly to be expreſs'd what Amazement and Concern ſurpriz'd them all. Mr. *Crow*, the

Queen's Minister, and others, expres'd a particular Dislike and Uneasines; but all to no purpose, the Earl had resolv'd upon it. Accordingly, at Night he put out to Sea in his open *Felucca*, all which he spent five Leagues from Shore, with no other Company than one Captain and his Rowers.

In the Morning, to the great Satisfaction of all, Officers and others, the Earl came again to Land; and immediately began to put his Men into the several Vessels which lay ready in Port for that Purpose. But at Night their Amaze was renew'd, when they found their General ready to put in execution his old Resolution, in the same Equipage, and with the same Attendance. Accordingly, he again *felucca'd* himself; and they saw him no more till they were landed on the Mole in *Barcelona*.

When the Earl of *Peterborow* first engag'd himself in the Expedition to *Spain*, he propos'd to the Queen and her Ministry, that Admiral *Shovel* might be join'd in Commission with him in the Command of the Fleet. But this Year, when the Fleet came through the *Straites*, under Vice-Admiral *Leake*, the Queen had sent a Commission to the Earl of *Peterborow* for the full Command, whenever he thought fit to come aboard in Person. This it was that made the General endeavour, at all Hazards, to get aboard the Fleet by Night; for he

was

was apprehenſive, and the Sequel prov'd his Apprehenſions too well grounded, that Admiral *Leake* would make his Appearance with the whole Body of the Fleet, which made near twice the Number of the Ships of the Enemy; in which Caſe it was natural to ſuppoſe, that the Count *de Tholouſe*, as ſoon as ever the *French* Scouts ſhould give Notice of our Strength, would cut his Cables and put out to Sea, to avoid an Engagement. On the other hand, the Earl was very ſenſible, that if a Part of his Ships had kept a-ſtern, that the Superiority might have appear'd on the *French* Side; or rather if they had bore away in the Night towards the Coaſt of *Africa*, and fallen to the Eaſtward of *Barcelona* the next Day, a Battle had been inevitable, and a Victory equally certain; ſince the Enemy by this Means had been tempted into an Engagement, and their Retreat being cut off, and their whole Fleet ſurrounded with almoſt double their Number, there had hardly been left for any of them a Probability of Eſcaping.

THEREFORE, when the Earl of *Peterborow* put to Sea again the ſecond Evening, fearful of looſing ſuch a glorious Opportunity, and impatient to be aboard to give the neceſſary Orders, he order'd his Rowers to obtain the ſame Station, in order to diſcover the *Engliſh* Fleet. And according to his Wiſhes he did fall in with it; but unfor-

Earl of Peterborow *arrives on board the* Engliſh *Fleet.*

tunately the Night was ſo far advanc'd, that it was impoſſible for him then to put his Project into practice. Captain *Price*, a Gentleman of *Wales*, who commanded a Third Rate, was the Perſon he firſt came aboard of; but how amaz'd was he to find, in an open Boat at open Sea, the Perſon who had Commiſſion to command the Fleet? So ſoon as he was enter'd the Ship, the Earl ſent the Ship's Pinnace with Letters to Admiral *Leake*, to acquaint him with his Orders and Intentions; and to Brigadier *Stanhope* with a Notification of his ſafe Arrival; but the Darkneſs of the Night prov'd ſo great an Obſtacle, that it was a long time before the Pinnace could reach the Admiral. When Day appear'd, it was aſtoniſhing to the whole Fleet to ſee the *Union* Flag waving at the Main-top-maſt Head. No Body could truſt his own Eyes, or gueſs at the Meaning, till better certify'd by the Account of an Event ſo ſingular and extraordinary.

When we were about ſix Leagues Diſtance from *Barcelona*, the Port we aim'd at, one of the *French* Scouts gave the Alarm, who making the Signal to another, he communicated it to a Third, and ſo on, as we afterward ſorrowfully found, and as the Earl had before apprehended: The *French* Admiral being thus made acquainted with the Force of our Fleet, hoiſted ſail, and

made the beſt of his Way from us, either purſuant to Orders, or under the plauſible Excuſe of a Retreat.

THIS favourable Opportunity thus loſt, there remain'd nothing to do but to land the Troops with all Expedition; which was executed accordingly: The Regiments, which the Earl of *Peterborow* embark'd the Night before, being the firſt that got into the Town. Let the Reader imagine how pleaſing ſuch a Sight muſt be to thoſe in *Barcelona*, reduc'd as they were to the laſt Extremity. In this Condition, to ſee an Enemy's Fleet give way to another with Reinforcements from *England*, the Sea at the ſame Inſtant cover'd with little Veſſels crouded with greater Succours; what was there wanting to compleat the glorious Scene, but what the General had projected, a Fight at Sea, under the very Walls of the inveſted City, and the Ships of the Enemy ſinking, or tow'd in by the victorious *Engliſh?* But Night, and a few Hours, defeated the latter Part of that well intended Landskip.

KING *Philip*, and the Mareſchal of *France*, had not fail'd to puſh on the Siege with all imaginable Vigour; but this Retreat of the Count *de Tholouſe*, and the News of thoſe Reinforcements, ſoon chang'd the Scene. Their Courage without was abated proportionably, as theirs within was

The Siege of Barcelona *rais'd*

elated. In these Circumstances, a Council of War being call'd, it was unanimously resolv'd to raise the Siege. Accordingly, next Morning, the first of *May*, 1706. while the Sun was under a total Eclypse, in a suitable Hurry and Confusion, they broke up, leaving behind them most of their Cannon and Mortars, together with vast Quantities of all Sorts of Ammunition and Provisions, scarce stopping to look back till they had left all but the very Verge of the disputed Dominion behind them.

King *Charles* look'd with new Pleasure upon this lucky Effort of his old Deliverers. Captivity is a State no way desirable to Persons however brave, of the most private Station in Life; but for a King, within two Days of falling into the Hands of his Rival, to receive so seasonable and unexpected a Deliverance, must be supposed, as it really did, to open a Scene to universal Rejoicing among us, too high for any Words to express, or any Thoughts to imagine, to those that were not present and Partakers of it. He forthwith gave Orders for a Medal to be struck suitable to the Occasion; one of which, set round with Diamonds, he presented to Sir *John Leake*, the *English* Admiral. The next Orders were for re-casting all the damag'd brass Cannon which the Enemy had left; upon every one of which was, by order, a Sun eclyps'd,

with this Motto under it: *Magna parvis obſcurantur.*

I HAVE often wonder'd that I never heard any Body curious enough to enquire what could be the Motives to the King of *Spain*'s quitting his Dominions upon the raiſing of this Siege; very certain it is that he had a fine Army, under the Command of a Mareſchal of *France*, not very conſiderably decreas'd, either by Action or Deſertion: But all this would rather increaſe the Curioſity than abate it. In my Opinion then, though Men might have Curioſity enough, the Queſtion was purpoſely evaded, under an Apprehenſion that an honeſt Anſwer muſt inevitably give a higher Idea of the General than their Inclinations led them to. At firſt View this may carry the Face of a Paradox; yet if the Reader will conſider, that in every Age Virtue has had its Shaders or Maligners, he will himſelf eaſily ſolve it, at the ſame time that he finds himſelf compell'd to allow, that thoſe, who found themſelves unable to prevent his great Services, were willing, in a more ſubtil Manner, to endeavour at the annulling of them by Silence and Concealment.

THIS will appear more than bare Suppoſition, if we compare the preſent Situation, as to Strength, of the two contending Powers: The *French*, at the Birth of the Siege, conſiſted of five thouſand Horſe and Dragoons,

and twenty-five thouſand Foot, effective Men. Now grant, that their kill'd and wounded, together with their Sick in the Hoſpitals, might amount to five Thouſand; yet as their Body of Horſe was entire, and in the beſt Condition, the Remaining will appear to be an Army of twenty-five Thouſand at leaſt. On the other Side, all the Forces in *Barcelona*, even with their Reinforcements, amounted to no more than ſeven thouſand Foot and four hundred Horſe. Why then, when they rais'd their Siege, did not they march back into the Heart of *Spain*, with their ſo much ſuperior Army? or, at leaſt, towards their Capital? The Anſwer can be this, and this only; Becauſe the Earl of *Peterborow* had taken ſuch provident Care to render all ſecure, that it was thereby render'd next to an Impoſſibility for them ſo to do. That General was ſatisfy'd, that the Capital of *Catalonia* muſt, in courſe, fall into the Hands of the Enemy, unleſs a ſuperior Fleet remov'd the Count *de Tholouſe*, and threw in timely Succours into the Town: And as that could not depend upon him, but others, he made it his chief Care and aſſiduous Employment to provide againſt thoſe Strokes of Fortune to which he found himſelf again likely to be expos'd, as he often had been; and therefore had he Reſource to that Vigilance and Precaution which had

often

often retriev'd him, when to others his Circumstances seem'd to be most desperate.

The Generality of Mankind, and the *French* in particular, were of opinion that the taking *Barcelona* would prove a decisive Stroke, and put a Period to the War in *Spain*; and yet at that very Instant I was inclin'd to believe, that the General flatter'd himself it would be in his Power to give the Enemy sufficient Mortification, even though the Town should be oblig'd to submit to King *Philip*. The wise Measures taken induc'd me so to believe, and the Sequel approv'd it; for the Earl had so well expended his Caution, that the Enemy, on the Disappointment, found himself under a Necessity of quitting *Spain*; and the same would have put him under equal Difficulties had he carry'd the Place. The *French* could never have undertaken that Siege without depending on their Fleet, for their Artillery, Ammunition, and Provisions; since they must be inevitably forc'd to leave behind them the strong Towns of *Tortosa*, *Lerida*, and *Taragona*. The Earl, therefore, whose perpetual Difficulties seem'd rather to render him more sprightly and vigorous, took care himself to examine the whole Country between the *Ebro* and *Barcelona*; and, upon his doing so, was pleasingly, as well as sensibly satisfy'd, that it was practicable to render their Return into

the

the Heart of *Spain* impoſſible, whether they did or did not ſucceed in the Siege they were ſo intent to undertake.

THERE were but three Ways they could attempt it: The firſt of which was by the Sea-ſide, from *Taragona* towards *Tortoſa*; the moſt barren, and conſequently the moſt improper Country in the Univerſe to ſuſtain an Army; and yet to the natural, the Earl had added ſuch artificial Difficulties, as render'd it abſolutely impoſſible for an Army to ſubſiſt or march that Way.

THE middle Way lay through a better Country indeed, yet only practicable by the Care which had been taken to make the Road ſo. And even here there was a Neceſſity of marching along the Side of a Mountain, where, by vaſt Labour and Induſtry, a high Way had been cut for two Miles at leaſt out of the main Rock. The Earl therefore, by ſomewhat of the ſame Labour, ſoon made it impaſſable. He employ'd to that End many Thouſands of the Country People, under a few of his own Officers and Troops, who cutting up twenty ſeveral Places, made ſo many Precipices, perpendicular almoſt as a Wall, which render'd it neither ſafe, or even to be attempted by any ſingle Man in his Wits, much leſs by an Army. Beſides, a very few Men, from the higher Cliffs of the Mountain, might have deſtroy'd an Army with the Arms of Nature

Nature only, by rolling down large Stones and Pieces of the Rock upon the Enemy paſſing below.

The laſt and uppermoſt Way, lay thro' the hilly Part of *Catalonia*, and led to *Lerida*, towards the Head of the *Ebro*, the ſtrongeſt Place we had in all *Spain*, and which was as well furniſh'd with a very good Garriſon. Along this Road there lay many old Caſtles and little Towns in the Mountains, naturally ſtrong; all which would not only have afforded Oppoſition, but at the ſame time have entertain'd an Enemy with variety of Difficulties; and eſpecially as the Earl had given Orders and taken Care that all Cattle, and every Thing neceſſary to ſuſtain an Army, ſhould be convey'd into Places of Security, either in the Mountains or thereabouts. Theſe three Ways thus precautiouſly ſecur'd, what had the Earl to apprehend but the Safety of the Arch-Duke; which yet was through no Default of his, if in any Danger from the Siege?

For I well remember, on Receipt of an Expreſs from the Duke of *Savoy* (as he frequenly ſent ſuch to enquire after the Proceedings in *Spain)* I was ſhew'd a Letter, wrote about this time by the Earl of *Peterborow* to that Prince, which rais'd my Spirits, though then at a very low Ebb. It was too remarkable to be forgot; and the

Subſtance

Subſtance of it was, That his Highneſs might depend upon it, that he (the Earl) was in much better Circumſtances than he was thought to be: That the *French* Officers, knowing nothing of the Situation of the Country, would find themſelves extreamly diſappointed, ſince in caſe the Siege was rais'd, their Army ſhould be oblig'd to abandon *Spain*: Or in caſe the Town was taken, they ſhould find themſelves ſhut up in that Corner of *Catalonia*, and under an Impoſſibility of forcing their Way back, either through *Aragon* or *Valencia*: That by this Means all *Spain*, to the *Ebro*, would be open to the Lord *Galoway*, who might march to *Madrid*, or any where elſe, without Oppoſition. That he had no other Uneaſineſs or Concern upon him, but for the Perſon of the Arch-Duke, whom he had nevertheleſs earneſtly ſolicited not to remain in the Town on the very firſt Appearance of the intended Siege.

BARCELONA being thus reliev'd, and King *Philip* forc'd out of *Spain*, by theſe cautious Steps taken by the Earl of *Peterborow*, before we bring him to *Valencia*, it will be neceſſary to intimate, that as it always was the Cuſtom of that General to ſettle, by a Council of War, all the Meaſures to be taken, whenever he was oblig'd for the Service to leave the Arch-Duke; a Council of War was now accordingly held, where

where all the General Officers, and thoſe in greateſt Employments at Court aſſiſted. Here every thing was in the moſt ſolemn Manner concerted and reſolv'd upon; here Garriſons were ſettled for all the ſtrong Places, and Governors appointed: But the main Article then agreed upon was, that King *Charles* ſhould immediately begin his Journey to *Madrid*, and that by the Way of *Valencia*. The Reaſon aſſign'd for it was, becauſe that Kingdom being in his Poſſeſſion, no Difficulties could ariſe which might occaſion Delay, if his Majeſty took that Rout. It was likewiſe agreed in the ſame Council, that the Earl of *Peterborow* ſhould embark all the Foot, not in Garriſons, for their more ſpeedy, as well as more eaſy Conveyance to *Valencia*. The ſame Council of War agreed, that all the Horſe in that Kingdom ſhould be drawn together, the better to inſure the Meaſures to be taken for the opening and facilitating his Majeſty's Progreſs to *Madrid*.

ACCORDINGLY, after theſe Reſolutions were taken, the Earl of *Peterborow* embarks his Forces and ſails for *Valencia*, where he was doubly welcom'd by all Sorts of People upon Account of his ſafe Arrival, and the News he brought along with it. By the Joy they expreſs'd, one would have imagin'd that the General had eſcap'd the ſame Danger with the King; and, in truth, had

their

their King arriv'd with him in Perſon, the moſt loyal and zealous would have found themſelves at a loſs how to have expreſs'd their Satisfaction in a more ſenſible Manner.

Soon after his Landing, with his cuſtomary Vivacity, he apply'd himſelf to put in execution the Reſolutions taken in the Councils of War at *Barcelona*; and a little to improve upon them, he rais'd an intire Regiment of Dragoons, bought them Horſes, provided them Cloaths, Arms, and Acoutrements; and in ſix Weeks time had them ready to take the Field; a thing though hardly to be parallell'd, is yet ſcarce worthy to be mentioned among ſo many nobler Actions of his; yet in regard to another General it may merit Notice, ſince while he had *Madrid* in Poſſeſſion near four Months, he neither augmented his Troops, nor lay'd up any Magazines; neither ſent he all that time any one Expreſs to concert any Meaſures with the Earl of *Peterborow*; but lay under a perfect Inactivity, or which was worſe, negotiating that unfortunate Project of carrying King *Charles* to *Madrid* by the round-about and ill-concerted Way of *Aragon*; a Project not only contrary to the ſolemn Reſolutions of the Council of War; but which in reality was the Root of all our ſucceeding Misfortunes; and that only for the wretched Vanity of appearing to have had ſome Share in bringing the King to his Capital;

Capital; but how minute a Share it was will be manifeſt, if it be conſider'd that another General had firſt made the Way eaſy, by driving the Enemy out of *Spain*; and that the *French* General only ſtay'd at *Madrid* till the Return of thoſe Troops which were in a manner driven out of *Spain*.

And yet that Tranſaction, doughty as it was, took up four moſt precious Months, which moſt certainly might have been much better employ'd in rendering it impoſſible for the Enemy to re-enter *Spain*; nor had there been any great Difficulty in ſo doing, but the contrary, if the General at *Madrid* had thought convenient to have join'd the Troops under the Earl of *Peterborow*, and then to have march'd directly towards *Pampelona*, or the Frontiers of *France*. To this the Earl of *Peterborow* ſolicited the King, and thoſe about him; he advis'd, deſir'd, and intreated him to loſe no time, but to put in Execution thoſe Meaſures reſolv'd on at *Barcelona*. A Council of War in *Valencia* renew'd the ſame Application: but all to no Purpoſe, his Rout was order'd him, and that to meet his Majeſty on the Frontiers of *Arragon*. There, indeed, the Earl did meet the King; and the *French* General an Army, which, by Virtue of a decrepid Intelligence, he never ſaw or heard of till he fled from it to his Camp

at

at *Guadalira*. Inexpreſſible was the Confuſion in this fatal Camp: The King from *Arragon*, the Earl of *Peterborow* from *Valencia* arriving in it the ſame Day, almoſt the ſame Hour that the Earl of *Galoway* enter'd under a haſty Retreat before the *French* Army.

But to return to Order, which a Zeal of Juſtice has made me ſomewhat anticipate; the Earl had not been long at *Valencia* before he gave Orders to Major-General *Windham* to march with all the Forces he had, which were not above two thouſand Men, and lay Siege to *Requina*, a Town ten Leagues diſtant from *Valencia*, and in the Way to *Madrid*. The Town was not very ſtrong, nor very large; but ſure the odlieſt fortify'd that ever was. The Houſes in a Circle connectively compos'd the Wall; and the People, who defended the Town, inſtead of firing from Hornworks, Counterſcarps, and Baſtions, fir'd out of the Windows of their Houſes.

Rēquina *beſieg'd.*

Notwithstanding all which, General *Windam* found much greater Oppoſition than he at firſt imagin'd; and therefore finding he ſhould want Ammunition, he ſent to the Earl of *Peterborow* for a Supply; at the ſame time aſſigning, as a Reaſon for it, the unexpected Obſtinacy of the Town. So ſoon as the Earl receiv'd the Letter he ſent for me; and told me I muſt repair to *Requina*,

quina, where they would want an Engineer; and that I must be ready next Morning, when he should order a Lieutenant, with thirty Soldiers and two Matrosses, to guard some Powder for that Service. Accordingly, the next Morning we set out, the Lieutenant, who was a *Dutchman*, and Commander of the Convoy, being of my Acquaintance.

We had reach'd Saint *Jago*, a small Village about midway between *Valencia* and *Requina*, when the Officer, just as he was got without the Town, resolving to take up his Quarters on the Spot, order'd the Mules to be unloaded. The Powder, which consisted of forty-five Barrels, was pil'd up in a Circle, and cover'd with Oil-cloth, to preserve it from the Weather; and though we had agreed to sup together at my Quarters within the Village, yet being weary and fatigu'd, he order'd his Field-Bed to be put up near the Powder, and so lay down to take a short Nap. I had scarce been at my Quarters an Hour, when a sudden Shock attack'd the House so violently, that it threw down Tiles, Windows, Chimneys and all. It presently came into my Head what was the Occasion; and as my Fears suggested so it prov'd: For running to the Door I saw a Cloud ascending from the Spot I left the Powder pitch'd upon. In haste making up to which, nothing was to

Forty-five Barrels of Powder blown up by an Accident

be ſeen but the bare Circle upon which it had ſtood. The Bed was blown quite away, and the poor Lieutenant all to pieces, ſeveral of his Limbs being found ſeparate, and at a vaſt Diſtance each from the other; and particularly an Arm, with a Ring on one of the Fingers. The Matroſſes were, if poſſible, in a yet worſe Condition, that is, as to Manglement and Laceration. All the Soldiers who were ſtanding, and any thing near, were ſtruck dead. Only ſuch as lay ſleeping on the Ground eſcap'd; and of thoſe one aſſur'd me, that the Blaſt remov'd him ſeveral Foot from his Place of Repoſe. In ſhort, enquiring into this deplorable Diſaſter, I had this Account: That a Pig running out of the Town, the Soldiers endeavour'd to intercept its Return; but driving it upon the Matroſſes, one of them, who was jealous of its getting back into the Hands of the Soldiers, drew his Piſtol to ſhoot it, which was the Source of this miſerable Cataſtrophe. The Lieutenant carry'd along with him a Bag of Dollars to pay the Soldiers Quarters, of which the People, and the Soldiers that were ſav'd, found many; but blown to an inconceivable Diſtance.

With thoſe few Soldiers that remain'd alive, I proceeded, according to my Orders, to *Requina*; where, when I arriv'd, I gave General *Windham* an Account of the Diſaſter

Disaster at St. *Jago*. As such it troubled him, and not a little on account of the Disappointment. However, to make the best of a bad Market, he gave Orders for the forming of a Mine under an old Castle, which was part of the Wall. As it was order'd, so it was begun, more *in Terrorem*, than with any Expectation of Succes from it as a Mine. Nevertheless, I had scarce began to frame the Oven of the Mine, when those within the Town desir'd to capitulate. This being all we could aim at, under the Miscarriage of our Powder at St. *Jago* (none being yet arriv'd to supply that Defect) Articles were readily granted them; pursuant to which, that Part of the Garrison, which was compos'd of *Castilian* Gentry, had Liberty to go wherever they thought best, and the rest were made Prisoners of War. *Requina* being thus reduc'd to the Obedience of *Charles* III. a new rais'd Regiment of *Spaniards* was left in Garrison, the Colonel of which was appointed Governor; and our Supply of Powder having at last got safe to us, General *Windham* march'd his little Army to *Cuenca*.

Requina *surrenders.*

CUENCA is a considerable City and a Bishoprick; therefore to pretend to sit down before it with such a Company of Forragers, rather than an Army, must be plac'd among the hardy Influences of the Earl of *Peterborow*'s auspicious Administra-

Cuenca *besieg'd.*

tion. On the out Part of *Cuenca* there ſtood an old Caſtle, from which, upon our Approach, they play'd upon us furiouſly: But as ſoon as we could bring two Pieces of our Cannon to bear, we anſwer'd their Fire with ſo good Succeſs, that we ſoon oblig'd them to retire into the Town. We had rais'd a Battery of twelve Guns againſt the City, on their Rejection of the Summons ſent them to come under the Obedience of King *Charles*; going to which from the old Caſtle laſt reduc'd, I receiv'd a Shot on the Toe of one of my Shoes, which carry'd that Part of the Shoe intirely away, without any further Damage.

When I came to that Battery we ply'd them warmly (as well as from three Mortars) for the Space of three Days, their Nights included; but obſerving, that in one particular Houſe, they were remarkably buſy; People thronging in and out below; and thoſe above firing perpetually out of the Windows, I was reſolv'd to have one Shot at that Window, and made thoſe Officers about me take Notice of it. True it was, the Diſtance would hardly allow me to hope for Succeſs; yet as the Experiment could only be attended with the Expence of a ſingle Ball, I made it. So ſoon as the Smoak of my own Cannon would permit it, we could ſee Clouds of Duſt iſſuing from out of the Window, which, together with the

the People's crouding out of Doors, convinc'd the Officers, whom I had desir'd to take Notice of it, that I had been no bad Marksman.

Upon this, two Priests were sent out of the Place with Propolals; but they were so triflingly extravagant, that as soon as ever the General heard them, he order'd their Answer in a fresh Renewal of the Fire of both Cannon and Mortars. And it happen'd to be with so much Havock and Execution, that they were soon taught Reason; and sent back their Divines, with much more moderate Demands. After the General had a little modell'd these last, they were accepted; and according to the Articles of Capitulation, the City was that very Day surrender'd into our Possession. Cuenca surrenders. The Earl of *Duncannon*'s Regiment took Guard of all the Gates; and King *Charles* was proclaim'd in due Form.

The Earl of *Peterborow*, during this Expedition, had left *Valencia*, and was arriv'd at my Lord *Galway*'s Camp at *Guadalaxara*; who for the Confederates, and King *Charles* in particular, unfortunately was order'd from *Portugal*, to take the Command from a General, who had all along been almost miraculously successful, and by his own great Actions pav'd the Way for a safe Passage to that his Supplanter.

YET even in this fatal Place the Earl of *Peterborow* made ſome Propoſals, which, had they beem embrac'd, might, in all Probability, have ſecur'd *Madrid* from falling into the Hands of the Enemy: But, in oppoſition thereto, the Lord *Galway*, and all his *Portugueze* Officers, were for forcing the next Day the Enemy to Battle. The almoſt only Perſon againſt it was the Earl of *Peterborow*; who then and there took the Liberty to evince the Impoſſibility of coming to an Engagement. This the next Morning too evidently made apparent, when upon the firſt Motion of our Troops towards the River, which they pretended to paſs, and muſt paſs, before they could engage, they were ſo warmly ſaluted from the Batteries of the Enemy, and their ſmall Shot, that our Regiments were forc'd to retire in Confuſion to their Camp. By which Rebuff all heroical Imaginations were at preſent laid aſide, to conſider how they might make their Retreat to *Valencia*.

THE Retreat being at laſt reſolv'd on, and a Multiplicity of Generals rendering our bad Circumſtances much worſe, the Earl of *Peterborow* met with a fortunate Reprieve, by Solicitations from the Queen, and Deſires tantamount to Orders, that he would go with the Troops left in *Catalonia* to the Relief of the Duke of *Savoy*. It is hardly to be doubted that that General was glad

glad to withdraw from thoſe Scenes of Confuſion, which were but too viſible to Eyes even leſs diſcerning than his. However, he forbore to prepare himſelf to put her Majeſty's Deſires in execution, as they were not peremptory, till it had been reſolv'd by the unanimous Conſent of a Council of War, where the King, all the Generals and Miniſters were preſent, That it was expedient for the Service that the Earl of *Peterborow*, during the Winter Seaſon, ſhould comply with her Majeſty's Deſires, and go for *Italy*; ſince he might return before the opening of the Campaign, if it ſhould be neceſſary. And return indeed he did, before the Campaign open'd, and brought along with him one hundred thouſand Pounds from *Genoa*, to the great Comfort and Support of our Troops, which had neither Money nor Credit. But on his Return, that noble Earl found the Lord *Galway* had been near as ſucceſsful againſt him, as he had been unſucceſsful againſt the Enemy. Thence was the Earl of *Peterborow* recall'd to make room for an unfortunate General, who the next Year ſuffer'd himſelf to be decoy'd into that fatal Battle of *Almanza*.

The Earl of *Peterborow*, on his leaving *Valencia*, had order'd his Baggage to follow him to the Camp at *Guadalaxara*; and it arriv'd in our little Camp, ſo far ſafe in its way to the greater at *Guadalaxara*.

I think it consisted of seven loaded Waggons; and General *Windham* gave Orders for a small Guard to escorte it; under which they proceeded on their Journey: But about eight Leagues from *Cuenca*, at a pretty Town call'd *Huette*, a Party from the Duke of *Berwick*'s Army, with Boughs in their Hats, the better to appear what they were not (for the Bough in the Hat is the Badge of the *English*, as white Paper is the Badge of the *French*) came into the Town, crying all the way, *Viva Carlos Tercero, Viva.* With these Acclamations in their Mouths, they advanc'd up to the very Waggons; when attacking the Guards, who had too much deluded themselves with Appearances, they routed 'em, and immediately plunder'd the Waggons of all that was valuable, and then march'd off.

The Noise of this soon reach'd the Ears of the Earl of *Peterborow* at *Guadalaxara*. When leaving my Lord *Galway*'s Camp, pursuant to the Resolutions of the Council of War, with a Party only of fourscore of *Killegrew*'s Dragoons, he met General *Windham*'s little Army within a League of *Huette*, the Place where his Baggage had been plunder'd. The Earl had strong Motives of Suspicion, that the Inhabitants had given Intelligence to the Enemy; and, as is very natural, giving way to the first Dictates of Resentment, he resolv'd to have

lay'd the Town in Aſhes: But when he came near it, the Clergy and Magiſtrates upon their Knees, diſavowing the Charge, and aſſerting their Innocence, prevail'd on the good Nature of that generous Earl, without any great Difficulty, to ſpare the Town, at leaſt not to burn it.

We march'd however into the Town, and that Night took up our Quarters there; and the Magiſtrates, under the Dread of our avenging our ſelves, on their part took Care that we were well ſupplied. But when they were made ſenſible of the Value of the Loſs, which the Earl had ſuſtain'd; and that on a moderate Computation it amounted to at leaſt eight thouſand Piſtoles; they voluntarily preſented themſelves next Morning, and of their own accord offer'd to make his Lordſhip full Satisfaction, and that, in their own Phraſe, *de Contado, in ready Money.* The Earl was not diſpleas'd at their Offer; but generouſly made Anſwer, That he was juſt come from my Lord *Galway*'s Camp at *Chincon*, where he found they were in a likelihood of wanting Bread; and as he imagin'd it might be eaſier to them to raiſe the Value in Corn, than in ready Money; if they would ſend to that Value in Corn to the Lord *Galway*'s Camp, he would be ſatisfy'd. This they with Joy embrac'd, and immediately complied with.

I am

I AM apt to think the laſt Century (and I very much fear the Current will be as deficient) can hardly produce a parallel Inſtance of Generoſity and true publick Spiritedneſs: And the World will be of my Opinion, when I have corroborated this with another Paſſage ſome Years after. The Commiſſioners for Stating the Debts due to the Army, meeting daily for that Purpoſe at their Houſe in *Darby* Court in *Channel Row*, I there mentioned to Mr. *Read*, Gentleman to his Lordſhip, this very juſt and honourable Claim upon the Government, as Monies advanced for the Uſe of the Army. Who told me in a little Time after, that he had mention'd it to his Lordſhip; but with no other Effect than to have it rejected with a generous Diſdain.

WHILE we ſtay'd at *Huette* there was a little Incident in Life, which gave me great Diverſion. The Earl, who had always maintain'd a good Correſpondence with the fair Sex, hearing from one of the Prieſts of the Place, That on the Alarm of burning the Town, one of the fineſt Ladies in all *Spain* had taken Refuge in the Nunnery, was deſirous to ſpeak with her.

THE Nunnery ſtood upon a ſmall riſing Hill within the Town; and to obtain the View, the Earl had preſently in his Head this Stratagem; he ſends for me, as Engineer,

neer, to have my Advice, how to raiſe a proper Fortification upon that Hill out of the Nunnery. I waited upon his Lordſhip to the Place, where declaring the Intent of our coming, and giving plauſible Reaſons for it, the Train took, and immediately the Lady Abbeſs, and the fair Lady, came out to make Interceſſion, That his Lordſhip would be pleas'd to lay aſide that Deſign. The divine Oratory of one, and the beautiful Charms of the other, prevail'd; ſo his Lordſhip left the Fortification to be the Work of ſome future Generation.

From *Huette* the Earl of *Peterborow* march'd forwards for *Valencia*, with only thoſe fourſcore Dragoons, which came with him from *Chincon*, leaving General *Windham* purſuing his own Orders to join his Forces to the Army then under the Command of the Lord *Galway*. But ſtopping at *Campilio*, a little Town in our Way, his Lordſhip had Information of a moſt barbarous Fact committed that very Morning by the *Spaniards*, at a ſmall *Villa*, about a League diſtant, upon ſome *Engliſh* Soldiers.

A Captain of the *Engliſh* Guards (whoſe Name has ſlip'd my Memory, tho' I well knew the Man) marching in order to join the Battalion of the Guards, then under the Command of General *Windham*, with ſome of his Soldiers, that had been in

the Hoſpital, took up his Quarters in that little *Villa*. But on his marching out of it, next Morning, a Shot in the Back laid that Officer dead upon the Spot: And as it had been before concerted, the *Spaniards* of the Place at the ſame Time fell upon the poor, weak Soldiers, killing ſeveral; not even ſparing their Wives. This was but a Prelude to their Barbarity; their ſavage Cruelty was only whetted, not glutted. They took the ſurviving few; hurried and dragg'd them up a Hill, a little without the *Villa*. On the Top of this Hill there was a Hole, or Opening, ſomewhat like the Mouth of one of our Coal-Pits, down this they caſt ſeveral, who, with hideous Shrieks and Cries, made more hideous by the Ecchoes of the Chaſm, there loſt their Lives.

THIS Relation was thus made to the Earl of *Peterborow*, at his Quarters at *Campilio*; who immediately gave Orders for to ſound to Horſe. At firſt we were all ſurpriz'd; but were ſoon ſatisfy'd, that it was to revenge, or rather, do Juſtice, on this barbarous Action.

AS ſoon as we enter'd the *Villa* we found that moſt of the Inhabitants, but eſpecially the moſt Guilty, had withdrawn themſelves on our Approach. We found, however, many of the dead Soldiers Cloaths, which had been convey'd into the Church,

Church, and there hid. And a ſtrong Accuſation being laid againſt a Perſon belonging to the Church, and full Proof made, that he had been ſingularly Induſtrious in the Execution of that horrid Piece of Barbarity on the Hill, his Lordſhip commanded him to be hang'd up at the Knocker of the Door.

After this piece of military Juſtice, we were led up to the fatal Pit or Hole, down which many had been caſt headlong. There we found one poor Soldier alive, who, upon his throwing in, had catch'd faſt hold of ſome impending Buſhes, and ſav'd himſelf on a little Jutty within the Concavity. On hearing us talk *Engliſh* he cry'd out; and Ropes being let down, in a little Time he was drawn up; when he gave us an ample Detail of the whole Villany. Among other Particulars, I remember he told me of a very narrow Eſcape he had in that obſcure Receſs. A poor Woman, one of the Wives of the Soldiers, who were thrown down after him, ſtruggled, and roared ſo much, that they could not, with all their Force, throw her cleaverly in the Middle; by which means falling near the Side, in her Fall ſhe almoſt beat him from his Place of Security.

Upon the Concluſion of this tragical Relation of the Soldier thus ſaved, his Lordſhip gave immediate Orders for the Firing

Firing of the *Villa*, which was executed with due Severity: After which his Lordſhip march'd back to his Quarters at *Campilio*; from whence, two Days after, we arriv'd at *Valencia*. Where, the firſt Thing preſented to that noble Lord, was all the Papers taken in the Plunder of his Baggage, which the Duke of *Berwick* had generouſly order'd to be return'd him, without waſte or opening.

It was too manifeſt, after the Earl's arrival at this City, that the Alteration in the Command of the *Engliſh* Forces, which before was only receiv'd as a Rumour, had deeper Grounds for Belief, than many of his Friends in that City could have wiſh'd. His Lordſhip had gain'd the Love of all by a Thouſand engaging Condeſcenſions; even his Gallantries being no way prejudicial, were not offenſive; and though his Lordſhip did his utmoſt to conceal his Chagrin, the Sympathy of thoſe around him made ſuch Diſcoveries upon him, as would have diſappointed a double Portion of his Caution. They had ſeen him un-elated under Succeſſes, that were ſo near being unaccountable, that in a Country of leſs Superſtition than *Spain*, they might almoſt have paſs'd for miraculous; they knew full well, that nothing, but that Series of Succeſſes had pav'd a Paſſage for the General that was to ſuperſede him; thoſe only having re-

removed all the Difficulties of his March from *Portugal* to *Madrid*; they knew him the older General; and therefore, not knowing, that in the Court he came from, Intrigue was too often the Soul of Merit, they could not but be amazed at a Change, which his Lordſhip was unwilling any body ſhould perceive by himſelf.

IT was upon this Account, that, as formerly, he treated the Ladies with Balls, and to purſue the Dons in their own Humour, order'd a *Tawridore* or *Bull-Feaſt*. In *Spain* no ſort of publick Diverſions are eſteemed equal with this. But the Bulls provided at *Valencia*, not being of the right Breed, nor ever initiated in the Myſteries, did not acquit themſelves at all maſterly; and conſequently, did not give the Diverſion, or Satisfaction expected. For which Reaſon I ſhall omit giving a Deſcription of this Bull-Feaſt; and deſire my Reader to ſuſpend his Curioſity till I come to ſome, which, in the *Spaniſh* Senſe, were much more entertaining; that is, attended with much greater Hazards and Danger.

BUT though I have ſaid, the Gallantries of the General were moſtly political, at leaſt very inoffenſive; yet there happen'd about this Time, and in this Place, a piece of Gallantry, that gave the Earl a vaſt deal of Offence and Vexation; as a Matter, that in its Conſequences might have

have been fatal to the Intereſt of King *Charles*, if not to the *Engliſh* Nation in general; and which I the rather relate, in that it may be of uſe to young Officers, and others; pointing out to them the Danger, not to ſay Folly, of inadvertent and precipitate Engagements, under unruly Paſſions.

I HAVE ſaid before, that *Valencia* is famous for fine Women. It indeed abounds in them; and among thoſe, are great Numbers of Courtezans not inferior in Beauty to any. Nevertheleſs, two of our *Engliſh* Officers, not caring for the common Road, however ſafe, reſolv'd to launch into the deeper Seas, though attended with much greater Danger. Amours, the common Failing of that fair City, was the Occaſion of this Accident, and two Nuns the Objects. It is cuſtomary in that Country for young People in an Evening to reſort to the Grates of the Nunneries, there to divert themſelves, and the Nuns, with a little pleaſant and inoffenſive Chitchat. For though I have heard ſome relate a World of nauſeous Paſſages at ſuch Converſations, I muſt declare, that I never ſaw, or heard any Thing unſeemly; and therefore whenever I have heard any ſuch from ſuch Fabuliſts, I never ſo much wrong'd my Judgment as to afford them Credit.

Our two Officers were very aſſiduous at the Grates of a Nunnery in this Place; and having there pitch'd upon two Nuns, proſecuted their Amours with ſuch Vigour, that, in a little time, they had made a very great Progreſs in their Affections, without in the leaſt conſidering the Dangers that muſt attend themſelves and the Fair; they had exchang'd Vows, and prevail'd upon the weaker Veſſels to endeavour to get out to their Lovers. To effect which, ſoon after, a Plot was lay'd; the Means, the Hour, and every thing agreed upon.

It is the Cuſtom of that Nunnery, as of many others, for the Nuns to take their weekly Courſes in keeping the Keys of all the Doors. The two Love-ſick Ladies giving Notice to their Lovers at the Grate, that one of their Turns was come, the Night and Hour was appointed, which the Officers punctually obſerving, carry'd off their Prey without either Difficulty or Interruption.

But next Morning, when the Nuns were miſſing, what an Uproar was there over all the City? The Ladies were both of Quality; and therefore the Tidings were firſt carry'd to their Relations. They receiv'd the News with Vows of utmoſt Vengeance; and, as is uſual in that Country, put themſelves in Arms for that Purpoſe. There needed no great canvaſſing for diſ-

covering who were the Aggreſſors: The Officers had been too frequent, and too publick, in their Addreſſes, to leave any room for queſtion. Accordingly, they were complain'd of and ſought for; but ſenſible at laſt of their paſt Temerity, they endeavour'd, and with a great deal of Difficulty perfected their Eſcape.

Less fortunate were the two fair Nuns; their Lovers, in their utmoſt Exigence, had forſaken them; and they, poor Creatures, knew not where to fly. Under this ſad Dilemma they were taken; and, as in like Offences, condemn'd directly to the Puniſhment of *immuring*. And what greater Puniſhment is there on Earth than to be confin'd between four narrow Walls, only open at the Top; and thence to be half ſupported with Bread and Water, till the Offenders gradually ſtarve to Death?

The Earl of *Peterborow*, though highly exaſperated at the Proceedings of his Officers, in compaſſion to the unhappy Fair, reſolv'd to interpoſe by all the moderate Means poſſible. He knew very well, that no one Thing could ſo much prejudice the *Spaniard* againſt him, as the countenancing ſuch an Action; wherefore he inveigh'd againſt the Officers, at the ſame time that he endeavour'd to mitigate in favour of the Ladies: But all was in vain; it was urg'd againſt thoſe charitable Interceſſions, that they

they had broke their Vows; and in that had broke in upon the Laws of the Nunnery and Religion; the Conſequence of all which could be nothing leſs than the Puniſhment appointed to be inflicted. And which was the hardeſt of all, the neareſt of their Relations moſt oppos'd all his generous Mediations; and thoſe, who according to the common Courſe of Nature ſhould have thank'd him for his Endeavours to be inſtrumental in reſcuing them from the impending Danger, grew more and more enrag'd, becauſe he oppos'd them in their Deſign of a cruel Revenge.

NOTWITHSTANDING all which the Earl perſever'd; and after a deal of Labour, firſt got the Penalty ſuſpended; and, ſoon after, by the Dint of a very conſiderable Sum of Money (a moſt powerful Argument, which prevails in every Country) ſav'd the poor Nuns from immuring; and at laſt, though with great Reluctance, he got them receiv'd again into the Nunnery. As to the Warlike Lovers, one of them was the Year after ſlain at the Battle of *Almanza*; the other is yet living, being a Brigadier in the Army.

WHILE the Earl of *Peterborow* was here with his little Army of great Hereticks, neither Prieſts nor People were ſo open in their ſuperſtitious Fopperies, as I at other times found them. For which Reaſon I

will make bold, and by an Antichroniſm in this Place, a little anticipate ſome Obſervations that I made ſome time after the Earl left it. And as I have not often committed ſuch a Tranſgreſſion, I hope it may be the more excuſable now, and no way blemiſh my Memoirs, that I break in upon the Series of my Journal.

VALENCIA is a handſome City, and a Biſhoprick; and is conſiderable not only for the Pleaſantneſs of its Situation and beautiful Ladies; but (which at ſome certain Times, and on ſome Occaſions, to them is more valuable than both thoſe put together) for being the Birth-place of Saint *Vincent*, the Patron of the Place; and next for its being the Place where *Santo Domingo*, the firſt Inſtitutor of the *Dominican* Order had his Education. Here, in honour of the laſt, is a ſpacious and very ſplendid Convent of the *Dominicans*. Walking by which, I one Day obſerv'd over the Gate, a Figure of a Man in Stone; and near it a Dog with a lighted Torch in his Mouth. The Image I rightly enough took to intend that of the Saint; but inquiring of one of the Order, at the Gate, the Meaning of the Figures near it, he very courteouſly ask'd me to walk in, and then entertain'd me with the following Relation:

WHEN the Mother of *Santo Domingo*, ſaid that Religious, was with Child of that future

future Saint, ſhe had a Dream which very much afflicted her. She dreamt that ſhe heard a Dog bark in her Belly; and inquiring (at what Oracle is not ſaid) the Meaning of her Dream, ſhe was told, *That that Child ſhould bark out the Goſpel* (excuſe the Bareneſs of the Expreſſion, it may run better in *Spaniſh*; tho', if I remember right, *Eraſmus* gives it in *Latin* much the ſame Turn) *which ſhould thence ſhine out like that lighted Torch.* And this is the Reaſon, that wherever you ſee the Image of that Saint, a Dog and a lighted Torch is in the Group.

He told me at the ſame time, that there had been more Popes and Cardinals of that Order than of any, if not all the other. To confirm which, he led me into a large Gallery, on each Side whereof he ſhew'd me the Pictures of all the Popes and Cardinals that had been of that Order; among which, I particularly took Notice of that of Cardinal *Howard*, great Uncle to the preſent Duke of *Norfolk*. But after many *Encomiums* of their Society, with which he interſpers'd his Diſcourſe, he added one that I leaſt valu'd it for; That the ſole Care and Conduct of the Inquiſition was intruſted with them.

Finding me attentive, or not ſo contradictory as the *Engliſh* Humour generally is, he next brought me into a fair and large

Cloiſter, round which I took ſeveral Turns with him; and, indeed, the Place was too delicious to tire, under a Converſation leſs pertinent or courteous than that he entertain'd me with. In the Middle of the Cloiſter was a ſmall but pretty and ſweet Grove of Orange and Lemon-trees; theſe bore Fruit ripe and green, and Flowers, all together on one Tree; and their Fruit was ſo very large and beautiful, and their Flowers ſo tranſcendently odoriferous, that all I had ever ſeen of the like Kind in *England* could comparatively paſs only for Beauty in Epitome, or Nature imitated in Wax-work. Many Flocks alſo of pretty little Birds, with their chearful Notes, added not a little to my Delight. In ſhort, in Life I never knew or found three of my Senſes at once ſo exquiſitely gratify'd.

Not far from this, Saint *Vincent*, the Patron, as I ſaid before, of this City, has a Chapel dedicated to him. Once a Year they do him Honour in a ſumptuous Proceſſion. Then are their Streets all ſtrow'd with Flowers, and their Houſes ſet off with their richeſt Tapeſtries; every one ſtrives to excel his Neighbour in diſtinguiſhing himſelf by the Honour he pays to that Saint; and he is the beſt Catholick, as well as the beſt Citizen, in the Eye of the *religious*, who moſt exerts himſelf on this Occaſion.

The Proceſſion begins with a Cavalcade of all the Friars of all the Convents in and about the City. Theſe walk two and two with folded Arms, and Eyes caſt down to the very Ground, and with the greateſt outward Appearance of Humility imaginable; nor, though the Temptation from the fine Women that fill'd their Windows, or the rich Tapeſtries that adorn'd the Balconies might be allow'd ſufficient to attract, could I obſerve that any one of them all ever mov'd them upwards.

After the Friars is borne, upon the Shoulders of twenty Men at leaſt, an Image of that Saint of ſolid Silver, large as the Life: It is plac'd in a great Chair of Silver likewiſe; the Staves that bear him up, and upon which they bear him, being of the ſame Metal. The whole is a moſt coſtly and curious Piece of Workmanſhip, ſuch as my Eyes never before or ſince beheld.

The Magiſtrates follow the Image and its Supporters, dreſs'd in their richeſt Apparel, which is always on this Day, and on this Occaſion, particularly ſumptuous and diſtinguiſhing. Thus is the Image, in the greateſt Splendor, borne and accompany'd round that fine City; and at laſt convey'd to the Place from whence it came: And ſo concludes that annual Ceremony.

The *Valencians*, as to the Exteriors of Religion, are the moſt devout of any in

Spain, though in common Life you find them amorous, gallant, and gay, like other People; yet on ſolemn Occaſions there ſhines out-right ſuch a Spirit as proves them the very Bigots of Bigotry: As a Proof of which Aſſertion, I will now give ſome Account of ſuch Obſervations, as I had time to make upon them, during two *Lent* Seaſons, while I reſided there.

The Week before the *Lent* commences, commonly known by the Name of *Carnaval Time*, the whole City appears a perfect *Bartholomew* Fair; the Streets are crouded, and the Houſes empty; nor is it poſſible to paſs along without ſome Gambol or Jack-pudding Trick offer'd to you; Ink, Water, and ſometimes Ordure, are ſure to be hurl'd at your Face or Cloaths; and if you appear concern'd or angry, they rejoyce at it, pleas'd the more, the more they diſpleaſe; for all other Reſentment is at that time out of Seaſon, though at other times few in the World are fuller of Reſentment or more captious.

The younger Gentry, or Dons, to expreſs their Gallantry, carry about them Egg-ſhells, fill'd with Orange or other ſweet Water, which they caſt at Ladies in their Coaches, or ſuch other of the fair Sex as they happen to meet in the Streets.

But after all, if you would think them extravagant to Day, as much tranſgreſſing the

the Rules of common Civility, and neither regarding Decency to one another, nor the Duty they owe to Almighty God; yet when *Aſh-Wedneſday* comes you will imagine them more unaccountable in their Conduct, being then as much too exceſſive in all outwards Indications of Humility and Repentance. Here you ſhall meet one, barefooted, with a Croſs on his Shoulder, a Burden rather fit for ſomewhat with four Feet, and which his poor Two are ready to ſink under, yet the vain Wretch bears and ſweats, and ſweats and bears, in hope of finding Merit in an Aſs's Labour.

Others you ſhall ſee naked to their Waſtes, whipping themſelves with Scourges made for the Purpoſe, till the Blood follows every Stroke; and no Man need be at a Loſs to follow them by the very Tracks of Gore they ſhed in this frentick Perambulation. Some, who from the Thickneſs of their Hides, or other Impediments, have not Power by their Scourgings to fetch Blood of themſelves, are follow'd by Surgeons with their Lancets, who, at every Turn, make uſe of them, to evince the Extent of their Patience and Zeal by the Smart of their Folly. While others, mingling Amour with Devotion, take particular Care to preſent themſelves all macerated before the Windows of their Miſtreſſes; and even in that Condition, not ſatisfy'd with what they

have barbarouſly done to themſelves, they have their Operators at hand, to evince their Love by the Number of their Gaſhes and Wounds; imagining the more Blood they loſe, the more Love they ſhew, and the more they ſhall gain. Theſe are generally Devoto's of Quality; though the Tenet is univerſal, that he that is moſt bloody is moſt devout.

AFTER theſe Street-Exerciſes, theſe oſtentatious Caſtigations are over, theſe Self-ſacrificers repair to the great Church, the bloodier the better; there they throw themſelves, in a Condition too vile for the Eye of a Female, before the Image of the Virgin *Mary*; though I defy all their Race of Fathers, and their infallible holy Father into the Bargain, to produce any Authority to fit it for Belief, that ſhe ever delighted in ſuch ſanguinary Holocauſts.

DURING the whole Time of *Lent*, you will ſee in every Street ſome Prieſt or Frier, upon ſome Stall or Stool, preaching up Repentance to the People; and with violent Blows on his Breaſt crying aloud, *Mia Culpa, mia maxima Culpa*, till he extract reciprocal Returns from the Hands of his Auditors on their own Breaſts.

WHEN *Good-Friday* is come they entertain it with the moſt profound Show of Reverence and Religion, both in their Streets and in their Churches. In the laſt, particularly,

cularly, they have contriv'd about twelve a-Clock ſuddenly to darken them, ſo as to render them quite gloomy. This they do to intimate the Eclipſe of the Sun, which at that time happen'd. And to ſignify the Rending of the Vail of the Temple, you are ſtruck with a ſtrange artificial Noiſe at the very ſame Inſtant.

But when *Eaſter* Day appears, you find it in all Reſpects with them a Day of Rejoicing; for though Abſtinence from Fleſh with them, who at no time eat much, is not ſo great a Mortification as with thoſe of the ſame Perſuaſion in other Countries, who eat much more, yet there is a viſible Satisfaction darts out at their Eyes, which demonſtrates their inward Pleaſure in being ſet free from the Confinement of Mind to the Diſſatisfaction of the Body. Every Perſon you now meet greets you with a *Reſurrexit Jeſus*; a good Imitation of the primitive Chriſtians, were it the real Effect of Devotion. And all Sorts of the beſt Muſick (which here indeed is the beſt in all *Spain*) proclaim an auſpicious Valediction to the departed Seaſon of ſuperficial Sorrow and ſtupid Superſtition. But enough of this: I proceed to weightier Matters.

While we lay at *Valencia*, under the Vigilance and Care of the indefatigable Earl, News was brought that *Alicant* was beſieg'd by General *Gorge* by Land, while a Squa-

a Squadron of Men of War batter'd it from the Sea; from both which the Beſiegers play'd their Parts ſo well, and ſo warmly ply'd them with their Cannon, that an indifferent practicable Breach was made in a little time.

MAHONI commanded in the Place, being again receiv'd into Favour; and clear'd as he was of thoſe political Inſinuations before intimated, he now ſeem'd reſolv'd to confirm his Innocence by a reſolute Defence. However, perceiving that all Preparations tended towards a Storm, and knowing full well the Weakneſs of the Town, he withdrew his Garriſon into the Caſtle, leaving the Town to the Defence of its own Inhabitants.

Just as that was doing, the Sailors, not much skill'd in Sieges, nor at all times capable of the cooleſt Conſideration, with a Reſolution natural to them, ſtorm'd the Walls to the Side of the Sea; where not meeting with much Oppoſition (for the People of the Town apprehended the leaſt Danger there) they ſoon got into the Place; and, as ſoon as got in, began to Plunder. This oblig'd the People, for the better Security of themſelves, to open their Gates, and ſeek a Refuge under one Enemy, in oppoſition to the Rage of another.

General *Gorge*, as ſoon as he enter'd the Town, with a good deal of ſeeming Lenity,

Lenity, put a ſtop to the Ravages of the Sailors; and ordered Proclamation to be made throughout the Place, that all the Inhabitants ſhould immediately bring in their beſt Effects into the great Church for their better Security. This was by the miſtaken Populace, as readily comply'd with; and neither Friend nor Foe at all diſputing the Command, or queſtioning the Integrity of the Intention; the Church was preſently crouded with Riches of all ſorts and ſizes. Yet after ſome time remaining there, they were all taken out, and diſpoſed of by thoſe, that had as little Property in 'em, as the Sailors, they were pretended to be preſerv'd from.

THE Earl of *Peterborow* upon the very firſt News of the Siege had left *Valencia*, and taken Shipping for *Alicant*; where he arrived ſoon after the Surrender of the Town, and that Outcry of the Goods of the Towns-men. Upon his Arrival, *Mahoni*, who was block'd up in the Caſtle, and had experienced his indefatigable Diligence, being in want of Proviſions, and without much hope of Relief, deſired to capitulate. The Earl granted him honourable Conditions, upon which he delivered up the Caſtle, and *Gorge* was made Governor.

UPON his Lordſhip's taking Ship at *Valencia*, I had an Opportunity of marching with

with thoſe Dragoons, which eſcorted him from *Caſtile*, who had received Orders to march into *Murcia*. We quarter'd the firſt Night at *Alcira*, a Town that the River *Segra* almoſt ſurrounds, which renders it capable of being made a Place of vaſt Strength, though now of ſmall Importance.

THE next Night we lay at *Xativa*, a Place famous for its Steadineſs to King *Charles*. General *Baſſet*, a *Spaniard*, being Governor; it was beſieg'd by the Forces of King *Philip*; but after a noble Reſiſtance, the Enemy were beat off, and the Siege raiſed; for which Effort, it is ſuppoſed, that on the Retirement of King *Charles* out of this Country, it was depriv'd of its old Name *Xativa*, and is now called *San Felippo*; though to this day the People thereabouts much diſſallow by their Practice, that novel Denomination.

WE march'd next Morning by *Monteza*; which gives Name to the famous Title of Knights of *Monteza*. It was at the Time that Colonel *O Guaza*, an *Iriſhman*, was Governor, beſieg'd by the People of the Country, in favour of King *Charles*; but very ineffectually, ſo it never chang'd its Sovereign. That Night we quarter'd at *Fonte dalas Figuras*, within one League of *Almanza*; where that fatal and unfortunate Battle, which I ſhall give an Account of

of in its Place, was fought the Year after, under the Lord *Galway*.

On our fourth days March we were oblig'd to paſs *Villena*, where the Enemy had a Garriſon. A Party of *Mahoni*'s Dragoons made a part of that Garriſon, and they were commanded by Major *Oroirk* an *Iriſh* Officer, who always carried the Reputation of a good Soldier, and a brave Gentleman.

I had all along made it my Obſervation, that Captain *Matthews*, who commanded thoſe Dragoons, that I march'd with, was a Perſon of much more Courage than Conduct; and he us'd as little Precaution here, though juſt marching under the Eye of the Enemy, as he had done at other Times. As I was become intimately acquainted with him, I rode up to him, and told him the Danger, which, in my Opinion, attended our preſent March. I pointed out to him juſt before *Villena* a jutting Hill, under which we muſt unavoidably paſs; at the turning whereof, I was apprehenſive the Enemy might lie, and either by Ambuſcade or otherwiſe, ſurprize us; I therefore intreated we might either wait the coming of our Rear Guard; or at leaſt march with a little more leiſure and caution. But he taking little notice of all I ſaid, kept on his round March; ſeeing which, I preſs'd forward my Mule, which was a very good one,

one, and rid as fast as her Legs could carry her, till I had got on the top of the Hill. When I came there, I found both my Expectation, and my Apprehensions answer'd: For I could very plainly discern three Squadrons of the Enemy ready drawn up, and waiting for Us at the very winding of the Hill.

Hereupon I hastened back to the Captain with the like Speed, and told him the Discovery I had made; who nevertheless kept on his March, and it was with a good deal of Difficulty, that I at last prevail'd on him to halt, till our Rear Guard of twenty Men had got up to us. But those joining us, and a new Troop of *Spanish* Dragoons, who had march'd towards us that Morning, appearing in Sight; our Captain, as if he was afraid of their rivalling him in his Glory, at the very turn of the Hill, rode in a full Gallop, with Sword in Hand, up to the Enemy. They stood their Ground, till we were advanc'd within two hundred Yards of them; and then in Confusion endeavoured to retire into the Town.

They were obliged to pass over a small Bridge, too small to admit of such a Company in so much haste; their crouding upon which obstructed their Retreat, and left all that could not get over, to the Mercy of our Swords, which spar'd none. However narrow

narrow as the Bridge was, Captain *Matthews* was resolved to venture over after the Enemy; on doing which, the Enemy made a halt, till the People of the Town, and the very Priests came out to their Relief with fire Arms. On so large an Appearance, Captain *Matthews* thought it not advisable to make any further Advances; so driving a very great flock of Sheep from under the Walls, he continued his March towards *Elda*. In this Action we lost Captain *Topham*, and three Dragoons.

I remember we were not marched very far from the Place, where this Rencounter happen'd; when an *Irish* Dragoon overtook the Captain, with a civil Message from Major *O Rairk*, desiring that he would not entertain a mean Opinion of him for the Defence that was made; since could he have got the *Spaniards* to have stood their Ground, he should have given him good Reason for a better. The Captain return'd a complimental Answer, and so march'd on. This Major *O Rairk*, or *O Roork*, was the next Year killed at *Alkay*, being much lamented, for he was esteemed both for his Courage and Conduct, one of the best of the *Irish* Officers in the *Spanish* Service. I was likewise informed that he was descended from one of the ancient Kings of *Ireland*; the Mother of the honourable Colonel *Pa-*

get, one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to his preſent Majeſty, was nearly related to this Gallant Gentleman.

ONE remarkable Thing I ſaw in that Action, which affected and ſurprized me: A *Scotch* Dragoon, of but a moderate Size, with his large basket-hilted Sword, ſtruck off a *Spaniard's* Head at one ſtroke, with the ſame eaſe, in appearance, as a Man would do that of a Poppy.

WHEN we came to *Elda* (a Town much in the Intereſt of King *Charles*, and famous for its fine Situation, and the largeſt Grapes in *Spain*) the Inhabitants received us in a manner as handſome as it was peculiar; all ſtanding at their Doors with lighted Torches; which conſidering the Time we enter'd was far from an unwelcome or diſagreeable Sight.

THE next Day ſeveral requeſted to be the Meſſengers of the Action at *Villena* to the Earl of *Peterborow* at *Alicant*; but the Captain return'd this Anſwer to all, that in conſideration of the Share that I might juſtly claim in that Day's Tranſactions, he could not think of letting any other Perſon be the Bearer. So giving me his Letters to the Earl, I the next Day deliver'd them to him at *Alicant*. At the Delivery, Colonel *Killegrew* (whoſe Dragoons they were) being preſent, he expreſſed a deal of Satiſfaction

faction at the Account, and his Lordſhip was pleaſed at the ſame time to appoint me ſole Engineer of the Caſtle of *Alicant*.

Soon after which, that ſucceſsful General embark'd for *Genoa*, according to the Reſolutions of the Council of War at *Guadalaxara*, on a particular Commiſſion from the Queen of *England*, another from *Charles* King of *Spain*, and charged at the ſame time with a Requeſt of the Marquiſs *das Minas*, General of the *Portugueze* Forces, to negotiate Bills for one hundred thouſand Pounds for the uſe of his Troops. In all which, tho' he was (as ever) ſucceſsful; yet may it be ſaid without a figure, that his Departure, in a good meaſure, determin'd the Succeſs of the confederate Forces in that Kingdom. True it is, the General return'd again with the fortunate Fruits of thoſe Negotiations; but never to act in his old auſpicious Sphere: And therefore, as I am now to take leave of this fortunate General, let me do it with Juſtice, in an Appeal to the World, of the not to be parallel'd Uſage (in theſe latter Ages, at leaſt) that he met with for all his Services; ſuch a vaſt variety of Enterprizes, all ſucceſsful, and which had ſet all *Europe* in amaze; Services that had given occaſion to ſuch ſolemn and publick Thankſgivings in our Churches, and which had received ſuch very remarkable Approbations, both of Sove-

reign and Parliament; and which had been repreſented in ſo lively a Manner, in a Letter wrote by the King of *Spain*, under his own Hand, to the Queen of *England*, and communicated to both Houſes in the Terms following:

MADAM, my Siſter,

I *Should not have been ſo long e'er I did my ſelf the Honour to repeat the Aſſurances of my ſincere Reſpects to you, had I not waited for the good Occaſion which I now acquaint you with, that the City of* Barcelona *is ſurrendred to me by Capitulation. I doubt not but you will receive this great News with intire Satisfaction, as well, becauſe this happy Succeſs is the Effect of your Arms, always glorious, as from the pure Motives of that Bounty and maternal Affection you have for me, and for every Thing which may contribute to the Advancement of my Intereſt.*

I muſt do this Juſtice to all the Officers and common Soldiers, and particularly to my Lord Peterborow, *that he has ſhewn in this whole Expedition, a Conſtancy, Bravery, and Conduct, worthy of the Choice that your Majeſty has made of him, and that he could no ways give me better Satisfaction than he has, by the great Zeal and Application, which he has equally teſti-*

fied

fied for my Intereſt, and for the Service of my Perſon. I owe the ſame Juſtice to Brigadier Stanhope, *for his great Zeal, Vigilance, and very wiſe Conduct, which he has given Proofs of upon all Occaſions: As alſo to all your Officers of the Fleet, particularly to your worthy Admiral* Shovel, *aſſuring your Majeſty, that he has aſſiſted me in this Expedition, with an inconceivable Readineſs and Application, and that no Admiral will be ever better able to render me greater Satisfaction, than he has done. During the Siege of* Barcelona, *ſome of your Majeſty's Ships, with the Aſſiſtance of the Troops of the Country, have reduc'd the Town of* Tarragona, *and the Officers are made Priſoners of War. The Town of* Girone *has been taken at the ſame Time by Surprize, by the Troops of the Country. The Town of* Lerida *has ſubmitted, as alſo that of* Tortoſa *upon the* Ebro; *ſo that we have taken all the Places of* Catalonia, *except* Roſes. *Some Places in* Aragon *near* Sarragoſa *have declared for me, and the Garriſon of the Caſtle of* Denia *in* Valencia *have maintained their Poſt, and repulſed the Enemy*; 400 *of the Enemies Cavalry have enter'd into our Service, and a great number of their Infantry have deſerted.*

THIS, Madam, is the State that your Arms, and the Inclination of the People have put my Affairs in. It is unneceſſary

to tell you what ſtops the Courſe of theſe Conqueſts; it is not the Seaſon of the Year, nor the Enemy; theſe are no Obſtacles to your Troops, who deſire nothing more than to act under the Conduct that your Majeſty has appointed them. The taking of Barcelona, *with ſo ſmall a Number of Troops, is very remarkable; and what has been done in this Siege is almoſt without Example; that with ſeven or eight thouſand Men of your Troops, and two hundred* Miquelets, *we ſhould ſurround and inveſt a Place, that thirty thouſand* French *could not block up.*

AFTER a March of thirteen Hours, the Troops climb'd up the Rocks and Precipices, to attack a Fortification ſtronger than the Place, which the Earl of Peterborow *has ſent you a Plan of; two Generals, with the Grenadiers, attack'd it Sword in Hand. In which Action the Prince of* Heſſe *died glorioufly, after ſo many brave Actions: I hope his Brother and his Family will always have your Majeſty's Protection. With eight hundred Men they forc'd the cover'd Way, and all the Intrenchments and Works, one after another, till they came to the laſt Work which ſurrounded it, againſt five hundred Men of regular Troops which defended the Place, and a Reinforcement they had receiv'd; and three Days afterwards we became*

Maſters

Masters of the Place. We afterwards attack'd the Town on the Side of the Castle. We landed again our Cannon, and the other Artillery, with inconceivable Trouble, and form'd two Camps, distant from each other three Leagues, against a Garrison almost as numerous as our Army, whose Cavalry was double the Strength of ours. The first Camp was so well intrench'd, that 'twas defended by two thousand Men and the Dragoons; whilst we attack'd the Town with the rest of our Troops. The Breach being made, we prepar'd to make a general Assault with all the Army. These are Circumstances, Madam, which distinguish this Action, perhaps, from all others.

HERE has happen'd an unforeseen Accident. The Cruelty of the pretended Viceroy, and the Report spread abroad, that he would take away the Prisoners, contrary to the Capitulation, provok'd the Burghers, and some of the Country People, to take up Arms against the Garrison, whilst they were busy in packing up their Baggage, which was to be sent away the next Day; so that every thing tended to Slaughter: But your Majesty's Troops, entering into Town with the Earl of Peterborow, *instead of seeking Pillage, a Practice common upon such Occasions, appeas'd the Tumult, and have sav'd the Town, and even the Lives of their Enemies, with a*

Discipline and Generosity without Example.

WHAT remains is, that I return you my most hearty Thanks for sending so great a Fleet, and such good and valiant Troops to my Assistance. After so happy a Beginning, I have thought it proper, according to the Sentiments of your Generals and Admirals, to support, by my Presence, the Conquests that we have made; and to shew my Subjects, so affectionate to my Person, that I cannot abandon them. I receive such Succours from your Majesty, and from your generous Nation, that I am loaded with your Bounties; and am not a little concern'd to think that the Support of my Interest should cause so great an Expence. But, Madam, I sacrifice my Person, and my Subjects in Catalonia *expose also their Lives and Fortunes, upon the Assurances they have of your Majesty's generous Protection. Your Majesty and your Council knows better than we do, what is necessary for our Conservation. We shall then expect your Majesty's Succours, with an entire Confidence in your Bounty and Wisdom. A further Force is necessary: We give no small Diversion to* France, *and without doubt they will make their utmost Efforts against me as soon as possible; but I am satisfy'd, that the same Efforts will be made by my Allies to defend me. Your Goodness, Madam,*

dam, inclines you, and your Power enables you, to ſupport thoſe that the Tyranny of France *would oppreſs. All that I can inſinuate to your Wiſdom, and that of your Allies, is, that the Forces employ'd in this Country will not be unprofitable to the publick Good, but will be under an Obligation and Neceſſity to act with the utmoſt Vigour againſt the Enemy. I am,*

With an inviolable Affection,

Reſpect, and moſt

Sincere Acknowledgment,

From the Camp at Senia, *before* Barcelona, *the* 22d *of* October, 1705.

Madam, my Siſter,

Your moſt affectionate

Brother,

CHARLES.

AND yet, after all, was this noble General not only recall'd, the Command of the Fleet taken from him, and that of the Army given to my Lord *Galway*, without Aſſignment of Cauſe; but all Manner of Falſities were induſtriouſly ſpread abroad, not only to diminiſh, if they could, his Re-

putation, but to bring him under Accuſations of a malevolent Nature. I can hardly imagine it neceſſary here to take Notice, that afterward he diſprov'd all thoſe idle Calumnies and ill-invented Rumours; or to mention what Compliments he receiv'd, in the moſt ſolemn Manner, from his Country, upon a full Examination and thorough canvaſſing of his Actions in the Houſe of Lords. But this is too notorious to be omitted, That all Officers coming from *Spain* were purpoſely intercepted in their Way to *London*, and craftily examin'd upon all the idle Stories which had paſs'd tending to leſſen his Character: And when any Officers had aſſerted the Falſity of thoſe Inventions (as they all did, except a military Sweetner or two) and that there was no Poſſibility of laying any thing amiſs to the Charge of that General-they were told, that they ought to be careful however, not to ſpeak advantagiouſly of that Lord's Conduct, unleſs they were willing to fall Martyrs in his Cauſe —— A Thing ſcarce to be credited even in a popiſh Country. But *Scipio* was accus'd —— tho' (as my Author finely obſerves) by Wretches only known to Poſterity by that ſtupid Accuſation.

As a mournful Valediction, before I enter upon any new Scene, the Reader will pardon this melancholy Expoſtulation. How mortifying muſt it be to an *Engliſhman*,

after he has found himself solac'd with a Relation of so many surprizing Successes of her Majesty's Arms, under the Earl of *Peterborow*; Successes that have lay'd before our Eyes Provinces and Kingdoms reduc'd, and Towns and Fortresses taken and reliev'd; where we have seen a continu'd Series of happy Events, the Fruits of Conduct and Vigilance; and Caution and Foresight preventing Dangers that were held, at first View, certain and unsurmountable: To change this glorious Landskip, I say, for Scenes every way different, even while our Troops were as numerous as the Enemy, and better provided, yet always baffled and beaten, and flying before the Enemy, till fatally ruin'd in the Battle of *Almanza*: How mortifying must this be to any Lover of his Country! But I proceed to my Memoirs.

ALICANT is a Town of the greatest Trade of any in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, having a strong Castle, being situated on a high Hill, which commands both Town and Harbour. In this Place I resided a whole Year; but it was soon after my first Arrival, that Major *Collier* (who was shot in the Back at *Barcelona*, as I have related in the Siege of that Place) hearing of me, sought me out at my Quarters; and, after a particular Enquiry into the Success of that difficult Task that he left me upon, and my answering

anſwering all his Queſtions to ſatisfaction (all which he receiv'd with evident Pleaſure) he threw down a Purſe of Piſtoles upon the Table; which I refuſing, he told me, in a moſt handſome Manner, his Friendſhip was not to be preſerv'd but by my accepting it.

After I had made ſome very neceſſary Repairs, I purſu'd the Orders I had receiv'd from the Earl of *Peterborow*, to go upon the erecting a new Battery between the Caſtle and the Town. This was a Task attended with Difficulties, neither few in Number, nor ſmall in Conſequence; for it was to be rais'd upon a great Declivity, which muſt render the Work both laborious and precarious. However, I had the good Fortune to effect it much ſooner than was expected; and it was call'd *Gorge*'s Battery, from the Name of the Governor then commanding; who, out of an uncommon Profuſion of Generoſity, wetted that Piece of Goſſiping with a diſtinguiſhing Bowl of Punch. Brigadier *Bougard*, when he ſaw this Work ſome time after, was pleas'd to honour it with a ſingular Admiration and Approbation, for its Compleatneſs, notwithſtanding its Difficulties.

This Work, and the Siege of *Cartagena*, then in our Poſſeſſion, by the Duke of *Berwick*, brought the Lord *Galway* down to this Place. *Cartagena* is of ſo little

little Diſtance from *Alicant*, that we could eaſily hear the Cannon playing againſt, and from it, in our Caſtle, where I then was. And I remember my Lord *Galway*, on the fourth Day of the Siege, ſending to know if I could make any uſeful Obſervations, as to the Succeſs of it; I return'd, that I was of Opinion the Town was ſurrender'd, from the ſudden Ceſſation of the Cannon, which, by our News next Day from the Place, prov'd to be fact. *Cartagena* is a ſmall Sea-Port Town in *Murcia*; but has ſo good an Harbour, that when the famous Admiral *Doria* was ask'd, which were the three beſt Havens in the *Mediterranean*, he readily return'd, *June*, *July*, and *Cartagena*.

Upon the Surrender of this Place, a Detachment of Foot was ſent by the Governor, with ſome Dragoons, to *Elſha*; but it being a Place of very little Strength they were ſoon made Priſoners of War.

The Siege of *Cartagena* being over, the Lord *Galway* return'd to his Camp; and the Lord *Duncannon* dying in *Alicant*, the firſt Guns that were fir'd from *Gorge*'s Battery, were the Minute-Guns for his Funeral. His Regiment had been given to the Lord *Montandre*, who loſt it before he had Poſſeſſion, by an Action as odd as it was ſcandalous.

That

That Regiment had received Orders to march to the Lord *Galway's* Camp, under the Command of their Lieutenant-Colonel *Bateman*, a Perſon before reputedly a good Officer, tho' his Conduct here gave People, not invidious, too much Reaſon to call it in Queſtion. On his March, he was ſo very careleſs and negligent (though he knew himſelf in a Country ſurrounded with Enemies, and that he was to march through a Wood, where they every Day made their Appearance in great Numbers) that his Soldiers march'd with their Muſkets ſlung at their Backs, and went one after another (as neceſſity had forc'd us to do in *Scotland*) himſelf at the Head of 'em, in his Chaiſe, riding a conſiderable way before.

It happened there was a Captain, with threeſcore Dragoons, detatch'd from the Duke of *Berwick's* Army, with a Deſign to intercept ſome Caſh, that was order'd to be ſent to Lord *Galway's* Army from *Alicant*. This Detachment, miſſing of that intended Prize, was returning very diſconſolately, *Re infecta*; when their Captain, obſerving that careleſs and diſorderly March of the *Engliſh*, reſolv'd, boldly enough, to attack them in the Wood. To that Purpoſe he ſecreted his little Party behind a great Barn; and ſo ſoon as they were half paſſed by, he falls upon 'em in the Center with his

his Dragoons, cutting and ſlaſhing at ſuch a violent Rate, that he ſoon diſperſed the whole Regiment, leaving many dead and wounded upon the Spot. The three Colours were taken; and the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel taken out of his Chaiſe, and carried away Priſoner with many others; only one Officer who was an Enſign, and ſo bold as to do his Duty, was kill'd.

The Lieutenant who commanded the Granadiers, received the Alarm time enough to draw his Men into a Houſe in their way; where he bravely defended himſelf for a long Time; but being killed, the reſt immediately ſurrender'd. The Account of this Action I had from the Commander of the Enemy's Party himſelf, ſome Time after, while I was a Priſoner. And Captain *Mahoni*, who was preſent when the News was brought, that a few *Spaniſh* Dragoons had defeated an *Engliſh* Regiment, which was this under *Bateman*, proteſted to me, that the Duke of *Berwick* turn'd pale at the Relation; and when they offer'd to bring the Colours before him, he would not ſo much as ſee them. A little before the Duke went to Supper, *Bateman* himſelf was brought to him, but the Duke turn'd away from him without any further Notice than coldly ſaying, that *he thought he was very ſtrangely taken.* The Wags of the Army made a thorough jeſt of him, and

ſaid

ſaid his military Conduct was of a piece with his Oeconomy, having two Days before this March, ſent his young handſome Wife into *England*, under the Guardianſhip of the young Chaplain of the Regiment.

April 15. In the Year 1707, being *Eaſter Monday*, we had in the Morning a flying Report in *Alicant*, that there had been the Day before a Battle at *Almanza*, between the Army under the Command of the Duke of *Berwick*, and that of the *Engliſh*, under Lord *Galway*, in which the latter had ſuffer'd an entire Defeat. We at firſt gave no great Credit to it: But, alas, we were too ſoon wofully convinced of the Truth of it, by Numbers that came flying to us from the conquering Enemy. Then indeed we were ſatisfied of Truths, too difficult before to be credited. But as I was not preſent in that calamitous Battle, I ſhall relate it, as I received it from an Officer then in the Duke's Army.

To bring the Lord *Galway* to a Battle, in a Place moſt commodious for his purpoſe, the Duke made uſe of this Stratagem: He ordered two *Iriſhmen*, both Officers, to make their way over to the Enemy as Deſerters; putting this Story in their Mouths, that the Duke of *Orleans* was in a full March to join the Duke of *Berwick* with twelve thouſand Men; that this would be done in two Days, and that then they would

would find out the Lord *Galway*, and force him to Fight, where-ever they found him.

LORD *Galway*, who at this Time lay before *Villena*, receiving this Intelligence from those well instructed Deserters, immediately rais'd the Siege; with a Resolution, by a hasty March, to force the Enemy to Battle, before the Duke of *Orleans* should be able to join the Duke of *Berwick*. To effect this, after a hard March of three long *Spanish* Leagues in the heat of the Day; he appears a little after Noon in the face of the Enemy with his fatiegu'd Forces. Glad and rejoyc'd at the Sight, for he found his Plot had taken; *Berwick*, the better to receive him, draws up his Army in a half Moon, placing at a pretty good Advance three Regiments to make up the Centre, with expres Order, nevertheless, to retreat at the very first Charge. All which was punctually observ'd, and had its desired Effect: For the three Regiments, at the first Attack gave way, and seemingly fled towards their Camp; the *English*, after their customary Manner, pursuing them with Shouts and Hollowings. As soon as the Duke of *Berwick* perceiv'd his Trap had taken, he order'd his right and left Wings to close; by which Means, he at once cut off from the rest of their Army all those who had so eagerly pursu'd the imaginary Runaways. In short, the Rout was total, and *Battle of* Almanza.

the moſt fatal Blow that ever the *Engliſh* receiv'd during the whole War with *Spain*. Nor, as it is thought, with a great probability of Reaſon, had thoſe Troops that made their Retreat to the Top of the Hills, under Major General *Shrimpton*, met with any better Fate than thoſe on the Plain, had the *Spaniards* had any other General in the Command than the Duke of *Berwick*; whoſe native Sympathy gave a check to the Ardour of a victorious Enemy. And this was the ſenſe of the *Spaniards* themſelves after the Battle. Verifying herein that noble Maxim, *That Victory to generous Minds is only an Inducement to Moderation.*

The Day after this fatal Battle (which gave occaſion to a *Spaniſh* piece of Wit, *that the Engliſh General had routed the French*) the Duke of *Orleans* did arrive indeed in the Camp, but with an Army of only fourteen Attendants.

The fatal Effects of this Battle were ſoon made viſible, and to none more than thoſe in *Alicant*. The Enemy grew every Day more and more troubleſome; viſiting us in Parties more boldly than before; and often hovering about us ſo very near, that with our Cannon we could hardly teach 'em to keep a proper Diſtance. *Gorge* the Governor of *Alicant* being recall'd into *England*, Major General *Richards* was by King *Charles* appointed Governor in his Place.

He

He was a Roman Catholick, and very much belov'd by the Natives on that Account; tho' to give him his due, he behaved himſelf extremely well in all other Reſpects. It was in his Time, that a Deſign was laid of ſurprizing *Guardamere*, a ſmall Sea-port Town in *Murcia*: But the military Biſhop (for he was in a literal Senſe excellent *tam Marte, quam Mercurio*, among his many others Exploits, by a timely Expedition, prevented that.

Governor *Richards*, my Poſt being always in the Caſtle, had ſent to deſire me to give notice whenever I ſaw any Parties of the Enemy moving. Purſuant to this Order, diſcovering one Morning a conſiderable body of Horſe towards *Elſha*, I went down into the Town, and told the Governor what I had ſeen; and without any delay he gave his Orders, that a Captain with threeſcore Men ſhould attend me to an old Houſe about a Mile diſtance. As ſoon as we had got into it, I ſet about barricading all the open Places, and Avenues, and put my Men in a Poſture ready to receive an Enemy, as ſoon as he ſhould appear; upon which the Captain, as a feint, ordered a few of his Men to ſhew themſelves on a riſing Ground juſt before the Houſe. But we had like to have caught a Tartar: For tho' the Enemy took the Train I had laid, and on ſight of our ſmall Body on the Hill,

ſent a Party from their greater Body to intercept them, before they could reach the Town; yet the Sequel prov'd, we had miſtaken their Number, and it ſoon appeared to be much greater than we at firſt imagin'd. However our Out-ſcouts, as I may call 'em, got ſafe into the Houſe; and on the Appearance of the Party, we let fly a full Volly, which laid dead on the Spot three Men and one Horſe. Hereupon the whole Body made up to the Houſe, but ſtood a-loof upon the Hill without reach of our Shot. We ſoon ſaw our Danger from the number of the Enemy: And well for us it was, that the watchful Governor had taken notice of it, as well as we in the Houſe. For obſerving us ſurrounded with the Enemy, and by a Power ſo much ſuperior, he marched himſelf with a good part of the Garriſon to our Relief. The Enemy ſtood a little time as if they would receive 'em; but upon ſecond thoughts they retir'd; and to our no little Joy left us at Liberty to come out of the Houſe and join the Garriſon.

SCARCE a Day paſs'd but we had ſome viſits of the like kind attended ſometimes with Rencounters of this Nature; in ſo much that there was hardly any ſtirring out in Safety for ſmall Parties, tho' never ſo little away. There was within a little Mile of the Town, an old Vineyard, environed with a loſe ſtone Wall: An Officer

and

and I made an Agreement to ride thither for an Airing. We did ſo, and after a little riding, it came into my Head to put a Fright upon the Officer. And very lucky for us both was that unlucky Thought of mine; pretending to ſee a Party of the Enemy make up to us, I gave him the Alarm, ſet Spurs to my Horſe, and rid as faſt as Legs could carry me. The Officer no way bated of his Speed; and we had ſcarce got out of the Vineyard but my Jeſt prov'd Earneſt, twelve of the Enemy's Horſe purſuing us to the very Gates of the Town. Nor could I ever after prevail upon my Fellow-Traveller to believe that he ow'd his Eſcape to Merriment more than Speed.

Soon after my Charge, as to the Fortifications, was pretty well over, I obtain'd Leave of the Governor to be abſent for a Fortnight, upon ſome Affairs of my own at *Valencia*. On my Return from whence, at a Town call'd *Veniſſa*, I met two Officers of an *Engliſh* Regiment, going to the Place from whence I laſt came. They told me, after common Congratulations, that they had left Major *Boyd*, at a little Place call'd *Capel*, hiring another Mule, that he rode on thither having tir'd and fail'd him; deſiring withal, that if I met him, I would let him know that they would ſtay for him at that Place. I had another Gentleman in my Company, and we had travell'd on not

above a League further, whence, at a little Distance, we were both surpriz'd with a Sight that seem'd to have set all Art at defiance, and was too odd for any thing in Nature. It appear'd all in red, and to move; but so very slowly, that if we had not made more way to that than it did to us, we should have made it a Day's Journey before we met it. My Companion could as little tell what to make of it as I; and, indeed, the nearer it came the more monstrous it seem'd, having nothing of the Tokens of Man, either Walking, Riding, or in any Posture whatever. At last, coming up with this strange Figure of a Creature (for now we found it was certainly such) what, or rather who, should it prove to be, but Major *Boyd?* He was a Person of himself far from one of the least Proportion, and mounted on a poor little Ass, with all his warlike Accoutrements upon it, you will allow must make a Figure almost as odd as one of the old *Centaurs*. The Morocco Saddle that cover'd the Ass was of Burden enough for the Beast without its Master; and the additional Holsters and Pistols made it much more weighty. Nevertheless, a Curb Bridle of the largest Size cover'd his little Head, and a long red Cloak, hanging down to the Ground, cover'd Jackboots, Ass, Master and all. In short, my Companion and I, after we could specifically

cally declare it to be a Man, agreed we never saw a Figure so comical in all our Lives. When we had merrily greeted our Major (for a *Cynick* could not have forborn Laughter) He excus'd all as well as he could, by saying he could get no other Beast. After which, delivering our Message, and condoling with him for his present Mounting, and wishing him better at his next Quarters, he settled into his old Pace, and we into ours, and parted.

We lay that Night at *Altea*, famous for its Bay for Ships to water at. It stands on a high Hill; and is adorn'd, not defended, with an old Fort.

Thence we came to *Alicant*, where having now been a whole Year, and having effected what was held necessary, I once more prevail'd upon the Governor to permit me to take another Journey. The Lord *Galway* lay at *Tarraga*, while *Lerida* lay under the Siege of the Duke of *Orleans*; and having some Grounds of Expectation given me, while he was at *Alicant*, I resolv'd at least to demonstrate I was still living. The Governor favour'd me with Letters, not at all to my Disadvantage; so taking Ship for *Barcelona*, just at our putting into the Harbour, we met with the *English* Fleet, on its Return from the Expedition to *Toulon* under Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*.

I STAY'D but very few Days at *Barcelona*, and then proceeded on my intended Journey to *Tarraga*; arriving at which Place I deliver'd my Packet to the Lord *Galway*, who receiv'd me with very great Civility; and to double it, acquainted me at the ſame time, that the Governor of *Alicant* had wrote very much in my Favour: But though it was a known Part of that noble Lord's Character, that the firſt Impreſſion was generally ſtrongeſt, I had Reaſon ſoon after to cloſe with another Saying, equally true, *That general Rules always admit of ſome Exception.* While I was here we had News of the taking of the Town of *Lerida*; the Prince of *Heſſe* (Brother to that brave Prince who loſt his Life before *Monjouick*) retiring into the Caſtle with the Garriſon, which he bravely defended a long time after.

WHEN I was thus attending my Lord *Galway* at *Tarraga*, he receiv'd Intelligence that the Enemy had a Deſign to lay Siege to *Denia*; whereupon he gave me Orders to repair there as Engineer. After I had receiv'd my Orders, and taken Leave of his Lordſhip, I ſet out, reſolving, ſince it was left to my Choice, to go by way of *Barcelona*, and there take Shipping for the Place of my Station; by which I propos'd to ſave more time than would allow me a full Opportunity of viſiting *Monſerat*, a Place

a Place I had heard much Talk of, which had fill'd me with a longing Desire to see it. To say Truth, I had been told such extravagant Things of the Place, that I could hardly impute more than one half of it to any thing but *Spanish* Rhodomontado's, the Vice of extravagant Exaggeration being too natural to that Nation.

Description of Montserat.

MONTSERAT is a rising lofty Hill, in the very Middle of a spacious Plain, in the Principality of *Catalonia*, about seven Leagues distant from *Barcelona* to the West-ward, somewhat inclining to the North. At the very first Sight, its Oddness of Figure promises something extraordinary; and even at that Distance the Prospect makes somewhat of a grand Appearance: Hundreds of aspiring Pyramids presenting themselves all at once to the Eye, look, if I may be allowed so to speak, like a little petrify'd Forrest; or, rather, like the awful Ruins of some capacious Structure, the Labour of venerable Antiquity. The nearer you approach the more it affects; but till you are very near you can hardly form in your Mind any thing like what you find it when you come close to it. Till just upon it you would imagine it a perfect Hill of Steeples; but so intermingled with Trees of Magnitude, as well as Beauty, that your Admiration can never be tir'd, or your Curiosity surfeited. Such I found it on my Approach;

proach ; yet much leſs than what I found it, was ſo ſoon as I enter'd upon the very Premiſſes.

Now that ſtupendious Cluſter of Pyramids affected me in a Manner different to all before ; and I found it ſo finely group'd with verdant Groves, and here and there interſpers'd with aſpiring, but ſolitary Trees, that it no way leſſened my Admiration, while it increaſed my Delight. Thoſe Trees, which I call ſolitary, as ſtanding ſingle, in oppoſition to the numerous Groves, which are cloſe and thick (as I obſerv'd when I aſcended to take a View of the ſeveral Cells) riſe generally out of the very Clefts of the main Rock, with nothing, to Appearance, but a Soil or Bed of Stone for their Nurture. But though ſome few Naturaliſts may aſſert, that the Nitre in the Stone may afford a due Proportion of Nouriſhment to Trees and Vegetables ; theſe, in my Opinion, were all too beautiful, their Bark, Leaf, and Flowers, carry'd too fair a Face of Health, to allow them even to be the Foſter-children of Rock and Stone only.

Upon this Hill, or if you pleaſe, Grove of Rocks, are thirteen Hermits Cells, the laſt of which lies near the very Summit. You gradually advance to every one, from Bottom to Top, by a winding Aſcent ; which to do would otherwiſe be impoſſible, by reaſon of the Steepneſs ; but though there

is

is a winding Aſcent to every Cell, as I have ſaid, I would yet ſet at defiance the moſt obſervant, if a Stranger, to find it feaſible to viſit them in order, if not precaution'dto follow the poor *Borigo*, or old Aſs, that with Paniers hanging on each Side of him, mounts regularly, and daily, up to every particular Cell. The Manner is as follows:

In the Paniers there are thirteen Partitions; one for every Cell. At the Hour appointed, the Servant having plac'd the Paniers on his Back, the Aſs, of himſelf, goes to the Door of the Convent at the very Foot of the Hill, where every Partition is ſupply'd with their ſeveral Allowances of Victuals and Wine. Which, as ſoon as he has receiv'd, without any further Attendance, or any Guide, he mounts and takes the Cells gradually, in their due Courſe, till he reaches the very uppermoſt. Where having diſcharg'd his Duty, he deſcends the ſame Way, lighter by the Load he carry'd up. This the poor ſtupid Drudge fails not to do, Day and Night, at the ſtated Hours.

Two Gentlemen, who had join'd me on the Road, alike led by Curioſity, ſeem'd alike delighted, that the End of it was ſo well anſwer'd. I could eaſily diſcover in their Countenances a Satisfaction, which, if it did not give a Sanction to my own, much

con-

confirm'd it, while they ſeem'd to allow with me that theſe reverend Solitaries were truly happy Men: I then thought them ſuch; and a thouſand times ſince, reflecting within my ſelf, have wiſh'd, bating their Errors, and leſſer Superſtitions, my ſelf as happily ſtation'd: For what can there be wanting to a happy Life, where all things neceſſary are provided without Care? Where the Days, without Anxiety or Troubles, may be gratefully paſſed away, with an innocent Variety of diverting and pleaſing Objects, and where their Sleeps and Slumbers are never interrupted with any thing more offenſive, than murmuring Springs, natural Caſcades, or the various Songs of the pretty feather'd Quiriſters.

But their Courteſy to Strangers is no leſs engaging than their Solitude. A recluſe Life, for the Fruits of it, generally ſpeaking, produces Moroſeneſs; Phariſaical Pride too often ſours the Temper; and a miſtaken Opinion of their own Merit too naturally leads ſuch Men into a Contempt of others: But on the contrary, theſe good Men (for I muſt call them as I thought them) ſeem'd to me the very Emblems of Innocence; ſo ready to oblige others, that at the ſame Inſtant they ſeem'd laying Obligations upon themſelves. This is ſelf-evident, in that Affability and Complaiſance they uſe in ſhewing the Rarities of their ſeveral Cells;

where, for fear you ſhould ſlip any thing worthy Obſervation, they endeavour to inſtil in you as quick a Propenſity of asking, as you find in them a prompt Alacrity in anſwering ſuch Queſtions of Curioſity as their own have inſpir'd.

In particular, I remember one of thoſe reverend old Men, when we were taking Leave at the Door of his Cell, to which out of his great Civility he accompany'd us, finding by the Air of our Faces, as well as our Expreſſions, that we thought our ſelves pleaſingly entertain'd; to divert us afreſh, advanc'd a few Paces from the Door, when giving a Whiſtle with his Mouth, a ſurprizing Flock of pretty little Birds, variegated, and of different Colours, immediately flock'd around him. Here you ſhould ſee ſome alighting upon his Shoulders, ſome on his awful Beard; others took Refuge on his ſnow-like Head, and many feeding, and more endeavouring to feed out of his Mouth; each appearing emulous and under an innocent Contention, how beſt to expreſs their Love and Reſpect to their no leſs pleaſed Maſter.

Nor did the other Cells labour under any Deficiency of Variety: Every one boaſting in ſome particular, that might diſtinguiſh it in ſomething equally agreeable and entertaining. Nevertheleſs, cryſtal Springs ſpouting from the ſolid Rocks were, from the

the higheſt to the loweſt, common to them all; and, in moſt of them, they had little braſs Cocks, out of which, when turn'd, iſſu'd the moſt cool and cryſtalline Flows of excellent pure Water. And yet what more affected me, and which I found near more Cells than one, was the natural Caſcades of the ſame tranſparent Element; theſe falling from one Rock to another, in that warm, or rather hot Climate, gave not more delightful Aſtoniſhment to the Eye, than they afforded grateful Refreſhment to the whole Man. The Streams falling from theſe, ſoften, from a rougher tumultuous Noiſe, into ſuch affecting Murmurs, by Diſtance, the Intervention of Groves, or neighbouring Rocks, that it were impoſſible to ſee or hear them and not be charm'd.

NEITHER are thoſe Groves grateful only in a beautiful Verdure; Nature renders them otherwiſe delightful, in loading them with Cluſters of Berries of a perfect ſcarlet Colour, which, by a beautiful Intermixture, ſtrike the Eye with additional Delight. In ſhort, it might nonplus a Perſon of the niceſt Taſte, to diſtinguiſh or determine, whether the Neatneſs of their Cells within, or the beauteous Varieties without, moſt exhauſt his Admiration. Nor is the Whole, in my Opinion, a little advantag'd by the frequent View of ſome of thoſe pyramidical Pillars, which ſeem, as weary of their own

Weight,

Weight, to recline and ſeek Support from others in the Neighbourhood.

When I mention'd the outſide Beauties of their Cells, I muſt be thought to have forgot to particularize the glorious Proſpects preſented to your Eye from every one of them; but eſpecially from that neareſt the Summit. A Proſpect, by reaſon of the Purity of the Air, ſo extenſive, and ſo very entertaining, that to dilate upon it properly to one that never ſaw it, would baffle Credit; and naturally to depaint it, would confound Invention. I therefore ſhall only ſay, that on the *Mediterranean* Side, after an agreeable Interval of ſome fair Leagues, it will ſet at defiance the ſtrongeſt Opticks; and although *Barcelona* bounds it on the Land, the Eyes are feaſted with the Delights of ſuch an intervening Champion (where beauteous Nature does not only ſmile, but riot) that the Senſe muſt be very temperate, or very weak, that can be ſoon or eaſily ſatisfy'd.

Having thus taken a View of all their refreſhing Springs, their grateful Groves, and ſolitary Shades under ſingle Trees, whoſe Cluſters prov'd that even Rocks were grown fruitful; and having ran over all the Variety of Pleaſures in their ſeveral pretty Cells, decently ſet off with Gardens round them, equally fragrant and beautiful, we were brought down again to the Con-

vent, which, though on a ſmall Aſcent, lies very near the Foot of this terreſtrial Paradiſe, there to take a Survey of their ſumptuous Hall, much more ſumptuous Chapel, and its adjoining Repoſitory; and feaſt our Eyes with Wonders of a different Nature; and yet as entertaining as any, or all, we had ſeen before.

Immediately on our Deſcent, a Prieſt preſented himſelf at the Door of the Convent, ready to ſhew us the hidden Rarities. And though, as I underſtood, hardly a Day paſſes without the Reſort of ſome Strangers to gratify their Curioſity with the Wonders of the Place; yet is there, on every ſuch Occaſion, a ſuperior Concourſe of Natives ready to ſee over again, out of meer Bigotry and Superſtition, what they have ſeen, perhaps, a hundred times before. I could not avoid taking notice, however, that the Prieſt treated thoſe conſtant Viſitants with much leſs Ceremony, or more Freedom, if you pleaſe, than any of the Strangers of what Nation ſoever; or, indeed, he ſeem'd to take as much Pains to diſoblige thoſe, as he did Pleaſure in obliging us.

The Hall was neat, large and ſtately; but being plain and unadorn'd with more than decent Decorations, ſuitable to ſuch a Society, I haſten to the other.

When we enter'd the Chapel, our Eyes were immediately attracted by the Image

Image of our Lady of *Montſerat* (as they call it) which ſtands over the Altar-Piece. It is about the natural Stature; but as black and ſhining as Ebony it ſelf. Moſt would imagine it made of that Material; though her Retinue and Adorers will allow nothing of the Matter. On the contrary, Tradition, which with them is, on ſome Occaſions, more than tantamount to Religion, has aſſur'd them, and they relate it as undoubted Matter of Fact, that her preſent Colour, if I may ſo call it, proceeded from her Concealment, in the Time of the *Moors*, between thoſe two Rocks on which the Chapel is founded; and that her long lying in that diſmal Place chang'd her once lovely White into its preſent oppoſite. Would not a Heretick here be apt to ſay, That it was great pity that an Image which ſtill boaſts the Power of acting ſo many Miracles, could no better conſerve her own Complexion? At leaſt it muſt be allow'd, even by a good Catholick, to carry along with it Matter of Reproach to the fair Ladies, Natives of the Country, for their unnatural and exceſſive Affection of adulterating, if not defacing, their beautiful Faces, with the ruinating Dauberies of *Carmine?*

As the Cuſtom of the Place is (which is likewiſe allow'd to be a diſtinguiſhing Piece of Civility to Strangers) when we approach the black Lady (who, I ſhould have told

you, bears a Child in her Arms; but whether maternally Black, or of the *Mulatto* Kind, I proteſt I did not mind) the Prieſt, in great Civility, offers you her Arm to ſalute; at which Juncture, I, like a true blue Proteſtant, miſtaking my Word of Command, fell foul on the fair Lady's Face. The Diſpleaſure in his Countenance (for he took more Notice of the Rudeneſs than the good Lady her ſelf) ſoon convinc'd me of my Error: However, as a greater Token of his Civility, having admitted no *Spaniards* along with my Companions and me, it paſs'd off the better; and his after Civilities manifeſted, that he was willing to reform my Ignorance by his Complaiſance.

To demonſtrate which, upon my telling him that I had a Set of Beads, which I muſt entreat him to conſecrate for me, he readily, nay eagerly comply'd; and having hung them on her Arm for the Space of about half, or ſomewhat ſhort of a whole Minute, he return'd me the holy Baubles with a great deal of Addreſs and moſt evident Satisfaction. The Reader will be apt to admire at this curious Piece of Superſtition of mine, till I have told him, that even rigid Proteſtants have, in this Country, thought it but prudent to do the like; and likewiſe having ſo done, to carry them about their Perſons, or in their Pockets: For Experience has convinc'd us of the Neceſſity

of

of this moſt Catholick Precaution; ſince thoſe who have here, travelling or otherwiſe, come to their Ends, whether by Accident, Sickneſs, or the Courſe of Nature, not having theſe ſanctifying Seals found upon them, have ever been refus'd Chriſtian Burial, under a ſuperſtitious Imagination, that the Corps of a Heretick will infect every thing near it.

Two Inſtances of this kind fell within my Knowledge; one before I came to *Montſerat*, the other after. The firſt was of one *Slunt*, who had been *Bombardier* at *Monjouick*; but being kill'd while we lay at *Campilio*, a Prieſt, whom I advis'd with upon the Matter, told me, that if he ſhould be buried where any Corn grew, his Body would not only be taken up again, but ill treated, in revenge of the Deſtruction of ſo much Corn, which the People would on no account be perſuaded to touch; for which Reaſon we took care to have him lay'd in a very deep Grave, on a very barren Spot of Ground. The other was of one Captain *Buſh*, who was a Priſoner with me on the Surrender of *Denia*; who being ſent, as I was afterwards, to Saint *Clemente la Mancha*, there dy'd; and, as I was inform'd, tho' he was privately, and by Night, bury'd in a Corn-Field, he was taken out of his Grave by thoſe ſuperſtitious People, as ſoon as ever they could diſcover the Place where his Body was de-

poſited. But I return to the Convent at *Montſerat*.

Out of the Chapel, behind the High-Altar, we deſcended into a ſpacious Room, the Repoſitory of the great Offerings made to the Lady. Here, though I thought in the Chapel it ſelf I had ſeen the Riches of the Univerſe, I found a prodigious Quantity of more coſtly Preſents, the ſuperſtitious Tribute of moſt of the Roman-Catholick Princes in *Europe*. Among a Multitude of others, they ſhow'd me a Sword ſet with Diamonds, the Offering of *Charles* the Third, then King of *Spain*, but now Emperor of *Germany*. Though I muſt confeſs, being a Heretick, I could much eaſier find a Reaſon for a fair Lady's preſenting ſuch a Sword to a King of *Spain*, than for a King of *Spain*'s preſenting ſuch a Sword to a fair Lady: And by the Motto upon it, *Pulchra tamen nigra*, it was plain ſuch was his Opinion. That Prince was ſo delighted with the Pleaſures of this ſweet Place, that he, as well as I, ſtay'd as long as ever he could; though neither of us ſo long as either could have wiſh'd.

But there was another Offering from a King of *Portugal*, equally glorious and coſtly; but much better adapted; and therefore in its Propriety eaſier to be accounted for. That was a Glory for the Head of her Ladiſhip, every Ray of which

was

was ſet with Diamonds, large at the Bottom, and gradually leſſening to the very Extremity of every Ray. Each Ray might be about half a Yard long; and I imagin'd in the Whole there might be about one Hundred of them. In ſhort, if ever her Ladiſhip did the Offerer the Honour to put it on, I will, though a Heretick, venture to aver, ſhe did not at that preſent time look like a humane Creature.

To enumerate the reſt, if my Memory would ſuffice, would exceed Belief. As the upper Part was a plain Miracle of Nature, the lower was a compleat Treaſury of miraculous Art.

If you aſcend from the loweſt Cell to the very Summit, the laſt of all the thirteen, you will perceive a continual Contention between Pleaſure and Devotion; and at laſt, perhaps, find your ſelf at a Loſs to decide which deſerves the Preheminence: For you are not here to take Cells in the vulgar Acceptation, as the little Dormitories of ſolitary Monks: No! Neatneſs, Uſe, and Contrivance appear in every one of them; and though in an almoſt perfect Equality, yet in ſuch Perfection, that you will find it difficult to diſcover in any one of them any thing wanting to the Pleaſure of Life.

If you deſcend to the Convent near the Foot of that venerable Hill; you may ſee more, much more of the Riches of the

World; but leſs, far leſs Appearance of a celeſtial Treaſure. Perhaps, it might be only the Sentiment of a Heretick; but that Awe and Devotion, which I found in my Attendant from Cell to Cell grew languid, and loſt in meer empty Bigotry and foggy Superſtition, when I came below. In ſhort, there was not a greater Difference in their Heights, than in the Sentiments they inſpir'd me with.

Before I leave this Emblem of the beatifick Viſion, I muſt correct ſome thing like a Miſtake, as to the poor *Borigo*. I ſaid at the Beginning that his Labour was daily; but the *Sunday* is to him a Day of reſt, as it is to the Hermits, his Maſters, a Day of Refection. For to ſave the poor faithful Brute the hard Drudgery of that Day, the thirteen Hermits, if Health permit, deſcend to their *Cœnobium*, as they call it; that is, to the Hall of the Convent; where they dine in common with the Monks of the Order, who are *Benedictines*.

After ſeven Days Variety of ſuch innocent Delight (the Space allow'd for the Entertainment of Strangers) I took my Leave of this pacifick Hermitage, to purſue the more boiſterous Duties of my Calling. The Life of a Soldier is in every Reſpect the full *Antitheſis* to that of a Hermit; and I know not, whether it might not be a Senſe of that, which inſpir'd me with very great

Re-

Reluctancy at parting. I confeſs, while on the Spot, I over and over bandy'd in my Mind the Reaſons which might prevail upon *Charles* the Fifth to relinquiſh his Crown; and the Arguments on his Side never fail'd of Energy, when I could perſuade my ſelf that this, or ſome like happy Retreat, was the Reward of abdicated Empire.

FULL of theſe Contemplations (for they laſted there) I arriv'd at *Barcelona*; where I found a Veſſel ready to ſail, on which I embark'd for *Denia*, in purſuance of my Orders. Sailing to the Mouth of the *Mediterranean*, no Place along the *Chriſtian* Shore affords a Proſpect equally delightful with the Caſtle of *Denia*. It was never deſign'd for a Place of great Strength, being built, and firſt deſign'd, as a Seat of Pleaſure to the Great Duke of *Lerma*. In that Family it many Years remain'd; tho', within leſs than a Century, that with two other Dukedoms, have devolv'd upon the Family of the Duke *de Medina Celi*, the richeſt Subject at this time in all *Spain*.

DENIA was the firſt Town, that, in our Way to *Barcelona*, declar'd for King *Charles*; and was then by his Order made a Garriſon. The Town is but ſmall, and ſurrounded with a thin Wall; ſo thin, that I have known a Cannon-Ball pierce through it at once.

When I arriv'd at *Denia*, I found a *Spaniard* Governor of the Town, whose Name has slipt my Memory; tho' his Behaviour merited everlasting Annals. Major *Percival*, an *Englishman*, commanded in the Castle, and on my coming there, I understood, it had been agreed between 'em, that in case of a Siege, which they apprehended, the Town should be defended wholly by *Spaniards*, and the Castle by the *English*.

I had scarce been there three Weeks before those Expectations were answered. The Place was invested by Count *D' Alfelt*, and Major General *Mahoni*; two Days after which, they open'd Trenches on the East Side of the Town. I was necessitated upon their so doing, to order the Demolishment of some Houses on that Side, that I might erect a Battery to point upon their Trenches, the better to annoy them. I did so; and it did the intended Service; for with that, and two others, which I rais'd upon the Castle (from all which we fir'd incessantly, and with great Success) the Besiegers were sufficiently incommoded.

The Governor of the Town (a *Spaniard* as I said before, and with a *Spanish* Garrison) behav'd very gallantly; insomuch, that what was said of the Prince of *Hesse*, when he so bravely defended *Gibraltar* against the joint Forces of *France* and *Spain*,

Spain, might be ſaid of him, that he was Governor, Engineer, Gunner, and Bombardier all in one: For no Man could exceed him, either in Conduct or Courage; nor were the *Spaniards* under him leſs valiant or vigilant: For in caſe the Place was taken, expecting but indifferent Quarter, they fought with Bravery, and defended the Place to Admiration.

THE Enemy had anſwer'd our Fire with all the Ardour imaginable; and having made a Breach, that, as we thought was practicable, a Storm was expected every Hour. Preparing againſt which, to the great Joy of all the Inhabitants, and the Surprize of the whole Garriſon, and without our being able to aſſign the leaſt Cauſe, the Enemy ſuddenly raiſed the Siege, and withdrew from a Place, which thoſe within imagined in great Danger.

THE Siege thus abdicated (if I may uſe a modern Phraſe) I was reſolved to improve my Time, and make the beſt Proviſion I could againſt any future Attack. To that purpoſe I made ſeveral new Fortifications, together with proper Caſemets for our Powder, all which render'd the Place much ſtronger, tho' Time too ſoon ſhow'd me that Strength it ſelf muſt yield to Fortune.

SURVEYING thoſe Works, and my Workmen, I was one Day ſtanding on the great

Battery, when casting my Eye toward the *Barbary* Coast, I observ'd an odd sort of greenish Cloud making to the *Spanish* Shoar. Not like other Clouds with Rapidity or Swiftness; but with a Motion so slow, that Sight itself was a long time before it would allow it such. At last, it came just over my Head, and interposing between the Sun and me, so thickned the Air, that I had lost the very Sight of Day. At this moment it had reach'd the Land; and tho' very near me in my Imagination, it began to dissolve, and lose of its first Tenebrity, when all on a sudden there fell such a vast multitude of Locusts, as exceeded the thickest storm of Hail or Snow that I ever saw. All around me was immediately cover'd with those crauling Creatures; and they yet continu'd to fall so thick, that with the swing of my Cane I knock'd down thousands. It is scarce imaginable the Havock I made in a very little space of time; much less conceivable is the horrid Desolation which attended the Visitation of those *Animalcula*. There was not in a Day or two's time, the least Leaf to be seen upon a Tree, nor any green Thing in a Garden. Nature seem'd buried in her own Ruins; and the vegetable World to be Supporters only to her Monument. I never saw the hardest Winter, in those Parts, attended with any equal Desolation. When, glut-

ton

ton like, they had devour'd all that ſhould have ſuſtained them, and the more valuable Part of God's Creation (whether weary with gorging, or over thirſty with devouring, I leave to Philoſophers) they made to Ponds, Brooks, and ſtanding Pools, there revenging their own Rape upon Nature, upon their own vile Carkaſſes. In every of theſe you might ſee them lie in Heaps like little Hills; drown'd indeed, but attended with Stenches ſo noiſome, that it gave the diſtracted Neighbourhood too great Reaſon to apprehend yet more fatal Conſequences. A Peſtilential Infection is the Dread of every Place, but eſpecially of all Parts upon the *Mediterranean*. The Prieſts therefore repair'd to a little Chapel, built in the open Fields, to be made uſe of on ſuch like Occaſions, there to deprecate the miſerable Cauſe of this dreadful Viſitation. In a Week's time, or there abouts, the Stench was over, and every Thing but verdant Nature in its priſtin Order.

Denia beſieged again and taken.

SOME few Months after this, and about eight Months from the former Siege, Count *D' Alfelt* caus'd *Denia* to be again inveſted; and being then ſenſible of all the Miſtakes he had before committed, he now went about his Buſineſs with more Regularity and Diſcretion. The firſt Thing he ſet upon, and it was the wiſeſt Thing he could do, was to cut off our Communication with the Sea.

This

This he did, and thereby obtained what he much desired. Next, he caus'd his Batteries to be erected on the West side of the Town, from which he ply'd it so furiously, that in five Days time a practicable Breach was made; upon which they storm'd and took it. The Governor, who had so bravely defended it in the former Seige, fortunately for him, had been remov'd; and *Francis Valero*, now in his Place, was made Prisoner of War with all his Garrison.

After the taking the Town, they erected Batteries against the Castle, which they kept ply'd with incessant Fire, both from Cannon and Mortars. But what most of all plagu'd us, and did us most Mischief, was the vast showers of Stones sent among the Garrison from their Mortars. These, terrible in Bulk and Size, did more Execution than all the rest put together. The Garrison could not avoid being somewhat disheartened at this uncommon way of Rencounter; yet, to a Man, declar'd against hearkening to any Proposals of Surrender, the Governor excepted; who having selected more Treasure than he could properly, or justly call his own, was the only Person that seem'd forward for such a Motion. He had more than once thrown out Expressions of such a Nature, but without any Effect. Nevertheless, having at last secretly obtained a peculiar Capitulation for himself, Bag, and

and Baggage; the Garriſon was ſacrific'd to his private Intereſt, and baſely given up Priſoners of War. By theſe Means indeed he ſaved his Money, but loſt his Reputation; and ſoon after, Life it ſelf. And ſure every Body will allow the latter loſs to be leaſt, who will take Pains to conſider, that it ſcreen'd him from the conſequential Scrutinies of a Council of War, which muſt have iſſued as the juſt Reward of his Demerits.

THE Garriſon being thus unaccountably delivered up and made Priſoners, were diſperſed different Ways: Some into *Caſtile*, others as far as *Oviedo*, in the Kingdom of *Leon*. For my own part, having received a Contuſion in my Breaſt; I was under a neceſſity of being left behind with the Enemy, till I ſhould be in a Condition to be remov'd, and when that time came, I found my ſelf agreeably order'd to *Valencia*.

As a Priſoner of War I muſt now bid adieu to the active Part of the military Life; and hereafter concern my ſelf with Deſcriptions of Countries, Towns, Palaces, and Men, inſtead of Battles. However, if I take in my way Actions of War, founded on the beſt Authorities, I hope my Interſperſing ſuch will be no diſadvantage to my now more pacifick MEMOIRS.

SO ſoon as I arriv'd at *Valencia*, I wrote to our Pay-maſter Mr. *Mead*, at *Barcelona*, letting

letting him know, that I was become a Priſoner, wounded, and in want of Money. Nor could even all thoſe Circumſtances prevail on me to think it long before he returned a favourable Anſwer, in an Order to Monſieur *Zoulicafre*, a Banker, to pay me on Sight fifty Piſtoles. But in the ſame Letter he gave me to underſtand, that thoſe fifty Piſtoles were a Preſent to me from General (afterwards Earl) *Stanhope*; and ſo indeed I found it, when I return'd into *England*, my Account not being charged with any part of it: But this was not the only Teſt I received of that generous Earl's Generoſity. And where's the Wonder, as the World is compell'd to own, that Heroick Actions and Largeneſs of Soul ever did diſcover and amply diſtinguiſh the genuine Branches of that illuſtrious Family.

This Recruit to me however was the more generous for being ſeaſonable. Benefits are always doubled in their being eaſily conferr'd and well tim'd; and with ſuch an Allowance as I conſtantly had by the order of King *Philip*, as Priſoner of War, *viz.* eighteen Ounces of Mutton *per diem* for my ſelf, and nine for my Man, with Bread and Wine in proportion, and eſpecially in ſuch a Situation; all this I ſay was ſufficient to invite a Man to be eaſy, and almoſt forget his want of Liberty, and much more ſo to me, if it be conſider'd, that, that want of

of Liberty consisted only in being debarr'd from leaving the pleasanteſt City in all *Spain*.

Here I met with the *French* Engineer, who made the Mine under the Rock of the Caſtle at *Alicant*. That fatal Mine, which blew up General *Richards*, Colonel *Syburg*, Colonel *Thornicroft*, and at leaſt twenty more Officers. And yet by the Account, that Engineer gave me, their Fate was their own chooſing: The General, who commanded at that Siege being more induſtrious to ſave them, than they were to be ſav'd: He endeavour'd it many ways: He ſent them word of the Mine, and their readineſs to ſpring it; he over and over ſent them Offers of Leave to come, and take a view of it, and inſpect it: Notwithſtanding all which, tho' Colonel *Thornicroft*, and Captain *Page*, a *French* Engineer, in the Service of Kng *Charles*, purſued the Invitation, and were permitted to view it, yet would they not believe; but reported on their Return, that it was a ſham Mine, a feint only to intimidate 'em to a Surrender, all the Bags being fill'd with Sand inſtead of Gunpowder.

The very Day on which the Beſiegers deſign'd to ſpring the Mine, they gave Notice of it; and the People of the Neighbourhood ran up in Crowds to an oppoſite Hill in order to ſee it: Nevertheleſs, altho' thoſe

thoſe in the Caſtle ſaw all this, they ſtill remain'd ſo infatuated, as to imagine it all done only to affright 'em. At length the fatal Mine was ſprung, and all who were upon that Battery loſt their Lives; and among them thoſe I firſt mentioned. The very Recital hereof made me think within my ſelf, *who can reſiſt his Fate?*

THAT Engineer added further, that it was with an incredible Difficulty, that he prepar'd that Mine; that there were in the Concavity thirteen hundred Barrels of Powder; notwithſtanding which, it made no great Noiſe without, whatever it might do inwardly; that only taking away what might be not improperly term'd an Excreſcence in the Rock, the Heave on the Blaſt had render'd the Caſtle rather ſtronger on that Side than it was before, a Crevice or Crack which had often occaſioned Apprehenſions being thereby wholly clos'd and firm.

SOME further Particulars I ſoon after had from Colonel *Syburg's* Gentleman; who ſeeing me at the Play-houſe, challenged me, tho' at that Time unknown to me. He told me, that the Night preceeding the unfortunate Cataſtrophe of his Maſter, he was waiting on him in the Caſemet, where he obſerved, ſometime before the reſt of the Company took notice of it, that General *Richards* appeared very

very penſive and thoughtful, that the whole Night long he was peſter'd with, and could not get rid of a great Flie, which was perpetually buzzing about his Ears and Head, to the vexation and diſturbance of the reſt of the Company, as well as the General himſelf; that in the Morning, when they went upon the Battery, under which the Mine was, the General made many offers of going off; but Colonel *Syburg*, who was got a little merry, and the reſt out of a Bravado, would ſtay, and would not let the General ſtir; that at laſt it was propos'd by Colonel *Syburg* to have the other two Bottles to the Queen's Health, after which he promiſed they would all go off together.

Upon this my Relator, *Syburg*'s Gentleman, ſaid, he was ſent to fetch the ſtipulated two Bottles; returning with which, Captain *Daniel Weaver*, within thirty or forty Yards of the Battery, ran by him, vowing, he was reſolv'd to drink the Queen's Health with them; but his Feet were ſcarce on the Battery, when the Mine was ſprung, which took him away with the reſt of the Company; while Major *Harding* now a Juſtice in *Weſtminſter* coming that very Moment off Duty, exchang'd Fates.

If Predeſtination, in the Eyes of many, is an unaccountable Doctrine, what better

Account can the wiſeſt give of this Fatality? Or to what elſe ſhall we impute the Iſſue of this whole Tranſaction? That Men ſhall be ſolicited to their Safety; ſuffered to ſurvey the Danger they were threatened with; among many other Tokens of its approaching Certainty, ſee ſuch a Concourſe of People crowding to be Spectators of their impending Cataſtrophe; and after all this, ſo infatuated to ſtay on the fatal Spot the fetching up of the other two Bottles; whatever it may to ſuch as never think, to ſuch as plead an uſe of Reaſon, it muſt adminiſter Matter worthy of the ſedateſt Conſideration.

BEING now pretty well recover'd of my Wounds, I was by Order of the Governor of *Valencia*, removed to *Sainte Clemente de la Mancha*, a Town ſomewhat more Inland, and conſequently eſteem'd more ſecure than a Semi-Seaport. Here I remain'd under a ſort of Pilgrimage upwards of three Years. To me as a Stranger diveſted of Acquaintance or Friend (for at that inſtant I was ſole Priſoner there) at firſt it appear'd ſuch, tho' in a very ſmall compaſs of Time, I luckily found it made quite otherwiſe by an agreeable Converſation.

SAINTE Clemente de la Mancha, is rendered famous by the renown'd *Don Michael Cerviantes*, who in his facetious but ſatyrical Romance, has fix'd it the Seat

Seat and Birth Place of his Hero *Don Quixot*.

THE Gentlemen of this Place are the leaſt Prieſt-ridden or Sons of Bigotry, of any that I met with in all *Spain*; of which in my Converſation with them I had daily Inſtances. Among many others, an Expreſſion that fell from *Don Felix Pacheco*, a Gentleman of the beſt Figure thereabout, and of a very plentiful Fortune, ſhall now ſuffice. I was become very intimate with him; and we us'd often to converſe together with a Freedom too dangerous to be common in a Country ſo enſlav'd by the Inquiſition. Asking me one Day in a ſort of a jocoſe manner, who, in my Opinion, had done the greateſt Miracles that ever were heard of? I anſwer'd, Jeſus Chriſt. "It is very true, "ſays he, Jeſus Chriſt did great Mi- "racles, and a great one it was to feed five "Thouſand People with two or three ſmall "Fiſhes, and a like number of Loaves: "But *Saint Francis*, the Founder of the "*Franciſcan* Order, has found out a way "to feed daily one hundred Thouſand Lub- "bards with nothing at all; meaning the *Franciſcans*, the Followers of Saint *Francis*, who have no viſible Revenues; yet in their way of Living come up to, if they do not exceed any other Order.

ANOTHER Day talking of the Place, it naturally led us into a Diſcourſe of the

Knight of *la Mancha*, *Don Quixot*. At which time he told me, that in his Opinion, that Work was a perfect Paradox, being the best and the worst Romance, that ever was wrote. " For, says he, tho' it must " infallibly please every Man, that has any " taste of Wit; yet has it had such a fatal " Effect upon the Spirits of my Country- " men, that every Man of Wit must ever " resent; for, continu'd he, before the Ap- " pearance in the World of that Labour of " *Cervantes*, it was next to an Impossibi- " lity for a Man to walk the Streets with " any Delight, or without Danger. There " were seen so many Cavaliero's prancing " and curvetting before the Windows of " their Mistresses, that a Stranger would " have imagin'd the whole Nation to " have been nothing less than a Race of " Knight Errants. But after the World " became a little acquainted with that no- " table History; the Man that was seen " in that once celebrated Drapery, was " pointed at as a *Don Quixot*, and found " himself the Jest of High and Low. And " I verily believe, added he, that to this, " and this only we owe that dampness and " poverty of Spirit, which has run thro' all " our Councils for a Century past, so little " agreeable to those nobler Actions of our " famous Ancestors.

After many of these lesser sorts of Confidences, *Don Felix* recommended me to a Lodging next Door to his own. It was at a Widow's, who had one only Daughter, her House just opposite to a *Franciscan* Nunnery. Here I remain'd somewhat upwards of two Years; all which time, lying in my Bed, I could hear the Nuns early in the Morning at their *Matins*, and late in the Evening at their *Vespers*, with Delight enough to my self, and without the least Indecency in the World in my Thoughts of them. Their own Divine Employ too much employ'd every Faculty of mine to entertain any Thing inconsentaneous or offensive.

This my Neighbourhood to the Nunnery gave me an opportunity of seeing two Nuns invested; and in this I must do a Justice to the whole Country, to acknowledge, that a Stranger who is curious (I would impute it rather to their hopes of Conversion, than to their Vanity) shall be admitted to much greater Freedoms in their religious Pageantries, than any Native.

The manner of Investing Nuns.

One of these Nuns was of the first Quality, which render'd the Ceremony more remarkably fine. The manner of investing them was thus: In the Morning her Relations and Friends all met at her Father's House; whence, she being attir'd in her most sumptuous Apparel, and a Coronet plac'd on her Head, they attended her, in Cavalcade, to

the Nunnery, the Streets and Windows being crowded, and fill'd with Spectators of all ſorts.

So ſoon as ſhe enter'd the Chapel belonging to the Nunnery, ſhe kneel'd down, and with an appearance of much Devotion, ſaluted the Ground; then riſing up, ſhe advanced a Step or two farther; when on her Knees ſhe repeated the Salutes: This done ſhe approached to the Altar, where ſhe remained till Maſs was over: After which, a Sermon was preach'd by one of the Prieſts in Praiſe, or rather in an exalted Preference of a ſingle Life. The Sermon being over, the Nun elect fell down on her Knees before the Altar; and after ſome ſhort mental Oraiſons, riſing again, ſhe withdrew into an inner Room, where ſtripping off all her rich Attire, ſhe put on her Nun's Weeds: In which making her Appearance, ſhe, again kneeling, offer'd up ſome private Devotions; which being over, ſhe was led to the Door of the Nunnery, where the Lady and the reſt of the Nuns ſtood ready to receive her with open Arms. Thus enter'd, the Nuns conducted her into the Quire, where after they had entertained her with Singing, and playing upon the Organ, the Ceremony concluded, and every one departed to their proper Habitations.

The very ſame Day of the Year enſuing, the Relations and Friends of the fair Noviciate

tiate meet again in the Chapel of the Nunnery, where the Lady Abbeſs brings her out, and delivers her to them. Then again is there a Sermon preach'd on the ſame Subject as at firſt; which being over, ſhe is brought up to the Altar in a decent, but plain Dreſs, the fine Apparel, which ſhe put off on her Initiation, being depoſited on one ſide of the Altar, and her Nun's Weeds on the other. Here the Prieſt in Latin cries, *Utrum horum mavis, accipe* : to which ſhe anſwers, as her Inclination, or as her Inſtruction directs her. If ſhe, after this her Year of Probation, ſhow any Diſlike, ſhe is at Liberty to come again into the World: But if aw'd by Fear (as too often is the Caſe) or won by Expectation, or preſent real Inclination, ſhe makes choice of the Nun's Weeds, ſhe is immediately inveſted, and muſt never expect to appear again in the World out of the Walls of the Nunnery. The young Lady I thus ſaw inveſted was very beautiful, and ſang the beſt of any in the Nunnery.

THERE are in the Town three Nunneries, and a Convent to every one of them; *viz.* one of *Jeſuits*, one of *Carmelites*, and the other of *Franciſcans*. Let me not be ſo far miſtaken to have this taken by way of Reflection. No! Whatever ſome of our Rakes of the Town may aſſert, I freely declare, that I never ſaw in any of the Nunneries (of which I have ſeen many both in

Spain and other Parts of the World) any thing like indecent Behaviour, that might give occaſion for Satyr or Diſeſteem. It is true, there may be Accidents, that may lead to a Miſinterpretation; of which I remember a very untoward Inſtance in *Alicant*.

When the *Engliſh* Forces firſt laid Siege to that Town, the Prieſts, who were apprehenſive of it, having been long ſince made ſenſible of the profound Regard to Chaſtity and Modeſty of us Hereticks, by the ignominious Behaviour of certain Officers at *Rota* and *Porta St. Maria*, the Prieſts, I ſay, had taken care to ſend away privately all the Nuns to *Majorca*. But that the Heretick Invaders might have no Jealouſy of it, the fair *Curtezans* of the Town were admitted to ſupply their Room. The Officers, both of Land and Sea, as was by the Friars pre-imagin'd, on taking the Town and Caſtle, immediately repair'd to the Grates of the Nunnery, toſs'd over their Handkercheifs, Noſegays, and other pretty Things; all which were, doubtleſs, very graciouſly received by thoſe imaginary Recluſes. Thence came it to paſs, that in the ſpace of a Month or leſs, you could hardly fall into Company of any one of our younger Officers, of either ſort, but the Diſcourſe, if it might deſerve the Name, was concerning theſe beautiful Nuns; and you wou'd have imagin'd

gin'd the Price of these Ladies as well known as that of Flesh in their common Markets. Others, as well as my self, have often endeavour'd to disabuse those Glorioso's, but all to little purpose, till more sensible Tokens convinced them, that the Nuns, of whose Favours they so much boasted, could hardly be perfect Virgins, tho' in a Cloyster. And I am apt to think, those who would palm upon the World like vicious Relations of Nuns and Nunneries, do it on much like Grounds. Not that there are wanting Instances of Nunneries disfranchis'd, and even demolish'd, upon very flagrant Accounts; but I confine my self to *Spain*.

In this Town of *la Mancha* the *Corrigidore* always has his Presidence, having sixteen others under his Jurisdiction, of which *Almanza* is one. They are changed every three Years, and their Offices are the Purchase of an excessive Price; which occasions the poor People's being extravagantly fleeced, nothing being to be sold but at the Rates they impose; and every Thing that is sold paying the *Corrigidore* an Acknowledgment in specie, or an Equivalent to his liking.

While I was here, News came of the Battle of *Almanar* and *Saragosa*; and giving the Victory to that Side, which they espous'd (that of King *Philip*) they made very great Rejoycings. But soon, alas, for them, was all that Joy converted into Sor-

row: The next Courier evincing, that the Forces of King *Charles* had been victorious in both Engagements. This did not turn to my preſent Diſadvantage: For Convents and Nunneries, as well as ſome of thoſe Dons, whom afore I had not ſtood ſo well with, ſtrove now how moſt to oblige me; not doubting, but if the victorious Army ſhould march that way, it might be in my Power to double the moſt ſignal of their Services in my Friendſhip.

SOON after an Accident fell out, which had like to have been of an unhappy Conſequence to me. I was ſtanding in Company, upon the Parade, when a moſt ſurprizing flock of Eagles flew over our Heads, where they hover'd for a conſiderable time. The Novelty ſtruck them all with Admiration, as well as my ſelf. But I, leſs accuſtomed to like Spectacles, innocently ſaying, that in my Opinion, it could not bode any good to King *Philip*, becauſe the Eagle compos'd the Arms of *Auſtria*; ſome buſie Body, in hearing, went and inform'd the *Corrigidore* of it. Thoſe moſt magiſterial Wretches embrace all Occaſions of ſqueezing Money; and more eſpecially from Strangers. However finding his Expectations diſappointed in me, and that I too well knew the length of his Foot, to let my Money run freely; he ſent me next Day to *Alercon*; but the Governor of that

Place

Place having had before Intelligence, that the *Engliſh* Army was advancing that way, refus'd to receive me, ſo I return'd as I went; only the Gentlemen of the Place, as they had condol'd the firſt, congratulated the laſt; for that *Corrigidore* ſtood but very indifferently in their Affections. However, it was a warning to me ever after, how I made uſe of *Engliſh* Freedom in a *Spaniſh* Territory.

As I had attain'd the Acquaintance of moſt of the Clergy, and Religious of the Place; ſo particularly I had my aim in obtaining that of the Provincial of the *Carmelites*. His Convent, tho' ſmall, was exceeding neat; but what to me was much more agreeable, there were very large Gardens belonging to it, which often furniſhed me with Sallading and Fruit, and much oftner with Walks of Refreſhment, the moſt ſatisfactory Amuſement in this warm Climate. This Acquaintance with the Provincial was by a little Incident ſoon advanced into a Friendſhip; which was thus: I was one Day walking, as I us'd to do, in the long Gallery of the Convent, when obſerving the Images of the Virgin *Mary*, of which there was one at each end; I took notice that one had an Inſcription under it, which was this, *Ecce, Virgo peperit filium:* but the other had no Inſcription

at all; upon which, I took out my Pencil, and wrote underneath, this Line:

Sponſa Dei, patriſque parens, & filia filii.

The Friars, who at a little diſtance had obſerved me, as ſoon as I was gone, came up and read what I had writ; reporting which to the Provincial, he order'd them to be writ over in Letters of Gold, and plac'd juſt as I had put 'em; ſaying, doubtleſs, ſuch a fine Line cou'd proceed from nothing leſs than Inſpiration. This ſecur'd me ever after his and their Eſteem; the leaſt advantage of which, was a full Liberty of their Garden for all manner of Fruit, Sallading, or whatever I pleaſed: And as I ſaid before, the Gardens were too fine not to render ſuch a Freedom acceptable.

They often want Rain in this Country: To ſupply the Defect of which, I obſerved in this Garden, as well as others, an Invention not unuſeful. There is a Well in the middle of the Garden, and over that a Wheel with many Pitchers, or Buckets, one under another, which Wheel being turned round by an Aſs, the Pitchers ſcoop up the Water on one Side, and throw it out on the other into a Trough, that by little Channels conveys it, as the Gardiner directs, into every part of the Garden. By this Means their Flowers and their Sallading

ing are continually refreſh'd, and preſerved from the otherwiſe over-parching Beams of the Sun.

THE Inquiſition, in almoſt every Town in *Spain* (and more eſpecially, if of any great Account) has its Spies, or Informers, for treacherous Intelligence. Theſe make it their Buſineſs to enſnare the ſimple and unguarded; and are more to be avoided by the Stranger, than the Rattle Snake. Nature having appointed no ſuch happy Tokens in the former to foreſhew the Danger. I had Reaſon to believe, that one of thoſe Vermin once made his Attack upon me in this place: And as they are very rarely, if ever known to the Natives themſelves, I being a Stranger, may be allowed to make a gueſs by Circumſtances. *The Danger of the Inquiſition.*

I was walking by my ſelf, when a Perſon, wholly unknown to me, giving me the civil Salute of the Day, endeavour'd to draw me into Converſation. After Queſtions had paſs'd on general Heads, the Fellow enſnaringly asked me, how it came to paſs, that I ſhow'd ſo little Reſpect to the Image of the crucify'd Jeſus, as I paſs'd by it in ſuch a Street, naming it? I made Anſwer, that I had, or ought to have him always in my Heart crucified. To that he made no Reply: But proceeding in his Interrogatories, queſtion'd me next, whether I believ'd a Purgatory? I evaded the Queſtion, as I took

took it to be enſnaring; and only told him, that I ſhould be willing to hear him offer any Thing that might convince me of the Truth, or Probability of it. Truth? He reply'd in a Heat: There never yet was Man ſo Holy as to enter Heaven without firſt paſſing through Purgatory. In my Opinion, ſaid I, there will be no Difficulty in convincing a reaſonable Man to the contrary. What mean you by that, cry'd the Spy? I mean, ſaid I, that I can name one, and a great Sinner too, who went into Bliſs without any Viſit to Purgatory. Name him, if you can, reply'd my Queriſt. What think you of the Thief upon the Croſs, ſaid I? to whom our dying Saviour ſaid, *Hodie eris mecum in Paradiſo.* At which being ſilenced tho' not convicted, he turned from me in a violent Rage, and left me to my ſelf.

WHAT increas'd my firſt Suſpicion of him was, that a very ſhort time after, my Friend the Provincial ſent to ſpeak with me; and repeating all Paſſages between the holy Spy and me, aſſur'd me that he had been forc'd to argue in my Favour, and tell him that I had ſaid nothing but well: *For*, ſays he, *all ought to have the Holy Jeſus crucified in their Hearts.* "Nevertheleſs, "continu'd he, it is a commendable and "good Thing to have him repreſented in "the high Ways: For, ſuppoſe, ſaid he, "a Man

" a Man was going upon ſome baſe or pro-
" fligate Deſign, the very Sight of a cruci-
" fied Saviour may happen to ſubvert his
" Reſolution, and deter him from commit-
" ting Theft, Murder, or any other of the
" deadly Sins. And thus ended that Con-
ference.

I remember upon ſome other occaſional Converſation after, the Provincial told me, that in the *Carmelite* Nunnery next to his Convent, and under his Care, there was a Nun, that was Daughter to *Don Juan* of *Auſtria*; if ſo, her Age muſt render her venerable, as her Quality.

TAKING notice one Day, that all the People of the Place fetch'd their Water from a Well without the Town, altho' they had many ſeemingly as good within; I ſpoke to *Don Felix* of it, who gave me, under the Seal of Secrecy, this Reaſon for it: " When
" the Seat of the War, ſaid he, lay in theſe
" Parts, the *French* Train of Artillery was
" commonly quarter'd in this Place; the
" Officers and Soldiers of which were ſo
" very rampant and rude, in attempting to
" debauch our Women, that there is not a
" Well within the Town, which has not
" ſome *French* Mens Bones at the bottom
" of it; therefore the Natives, who are ſen-
" ſible of it, chooſe rather to go farther a
" field.

By

By this Well there runs a little Rivulet, which gives head to that famous River call'd the *Guadiana*; which running for ſome Leagues under Ground, affords a pretence for the Natives to boaſt of a Bridge on which they feed many Thouſands of Sheep. When it riſes again, it is a fine large River, and after a Currency of many Leagues, empties it ſelf into the *Atlantick* Ocean.

As to military Affairs, *Almanar* and *Saragoſa* were Victories ſo compleat, that no Body made the leaſt doubt of their ſettling the Crown of *Spain* upon the Head of *Charles* the Third, without a Rival. This was not barely the Opinion of his Friends, but his very Enemies reſign'd all Hope or Expectation in favour of King *Philip*. The *Caſtilians*, his moſt faithful Friends, entertain'd no other Imagination; for after they had adviſ'd, and prevail'd that the Queen with the Prince of *Aſturias* ſhould be ſent to *Victoria*; under the ſame Deſpondency, and a full Diſpiritedneſs, they gave him ſo little Encouragement to ſtay in *Madrid*, that he immediately quitted the Place, with a Reſolution to retire into his Grandfather's Dominions, the Place of his Nativity.

In his way to which, even on the laſt Day's Journey, it was his great good Fortune to meet the Duke of *Vendome*, with ſome few Troops, which his Grandfather *Lewis* XIV. of *France* had order'd to his Succour

Succour, under that Duke's Command. The Duke was grievouſly affected at ſuch an unexpected Cataſtrophe; nevertheleſs, he left nothing unſaid or undone, that might induce that Prince to turn back; and at length prevailing, after a little Reſt, and a great deal of Patience, by the Coming in of his ſcatter'd Troops, and ſome few he could raiſe, together with thoſe the Duke brought with him, he once more ſaw himſelf at the Head of twenty thouſand Men.

While Things were in this Manner, under Motion in King *Philip*'s Favour, *Charles* the third, with his victorious Army, advances forward, and enters into *Madrid*, of which he made General *Stanhope* Governor. And even here the *Caſtilians* gave full Proof of their Fidelity to their Prince; even at the Time when, in their Opinion, his Affairs were paſt all Hopes of Retrieve, they themſelves having, by their Advice, contributed to his Retreat. Inſtead of prudential Acclamations therefore, ſuch as might have anſwered the Expectations of a victorious Prince, now entering into their Capital, their Streets were all in a profound Silence, their Balconies un-adorn'd with coſtly Carpets, as was cuſtomary on like Occaſions; and ſcarce an Inhabitant to be ſeen in either Shop or Window.

This doubtleſs was no little Mortification to a conquering Prince; however his

Generals were wiſe enough to keep him from ſhewing any other Tokens of Reſentment, than marching through the City with Unconcern, and taking up his Quarters at *Villa-verda*, about a League from it.

Nevertheless King *Charles* viſited, in his March, the Chapel of the Lady *de Atocha*, where finding ſeveral *Engliſh* Colours and Standards, taken in the Battle of *Almanza*, there hung up; he ordered 'em to be taken down, and reſtor'd 'em to the *Engliſh* General.

It was the current Opinion then, and almoſt univerſal Conſent has ſince confirm'd it, that the falſeſt Step in that whole War was this Advancement of King *Charles* to *Madrid*. After thoſe two remarkable Victories at *Almanar* and *Saragoſa*, had he directed his March to *Pampeluna*, and obtain'd Poſſeſſion of that Place, or ſome other near it, he had not only ſtopt all Succours from coming out of *France*, but he would, in a great Meaſure, have prevented the gathering together of any of the routed and diſpers'd Forces of King *Philip*: And it was the general Notion of the *Spaniards*, I convers'd with while at *Madrid*, that had King *Philip* once again ſet his Foot upon *French* Land, *Spain* would never have been brought to have re-acknowledged him.

King *Charles* with his Army having ſtay'd ſome Time about *Madrid*, and ſeeing

ing his Expectations of the *Caſtilians* joining him not at all anſwered, at laſt reſolved to decamp, and return to *Saragoſa*: Accordingly with a very few Troops that Prince advanced thither; while the main Body, under the Command of the Generals *Stanhope* and *Staremberg*, paſſing under the very Walls of *Madrid*, held on their March towards *Aragon*.

After about three Days March, General *Stanhope* took up his Quarters at *Breuhiga*, a ſmall Town half wall'd; General *Staremberg* marching three Leagues farther, to *Cifuentes*. This Choice of Situation of the two ſeveral Armies not a little puzzled the Politicians of thoſe Times; who could very indifferently account for the *Engliſh* General's lying expos'd in an open Town, with his few *Engliſh* Forces, of which General *Harvey*'s Regiment of fine Horſe might be deem'd the Main; and General *Staremberg* encamping three Leagues farther off the Enemy. But to ſee the Viciſſitudes of Fortune, to which the Actions of the braveſt, by an untoward Sort of Fatality, are often forced to contribute! None, who had been Eye-witneſſes of the Bravery of either of thoſe Generals at the Battles of *Almanar* and *Saragoſa*, could find Room to call in queſtion either their Conduct or their Courage; and yet in this March, and this Encampment will appear a viſible ill

Conſequence to the Affairs of the Intereſt they fought for.

THE Duke of *Vendoſme* having increas'd the Forces which he brought from *France*, to upwards of twenty thouſand Men, marches by *Madrid* directly for *Breuhiga*, where his Intelligence inform'd him General *Stanhope* lay, and that ſo ſecretly as well as ſwiftly, that that General knew nothing of it, nor could be perſuaded to believe it, till the very Moment their Bullets from the Enemy's Cannon convinc'd him of the Truth. *Breuhiga*, I have ſaid, was wall'd only on one Side, and yet on that very Side the Enemy made their Attack. But what could a Handful do againſt a Force ſo much ſuperior, though they had not been in want of both Powder and Ball; and in want of theſe were forc'd to make uſe of Stones againſt all Sorts of Ammunition, which the Enemy ply'd them with? The Conſequence anſwered the Deficiency; they were all made Priſoners of War, and *Harvey*'s Regiment of Horſe among the reſt; which, to augment their Calamity, was immediately remounted by the Enemy, and march'd along with their Army to attack General *Staremberg*.

THAT General had heard ſomewhat of the March of *Vendoſme*; and waited with ſome Impatience to have the Confirmation of it from General *Stanhope*, who lay between, and whom he lay under an Expecta-

tion

tion of being joined with: However he thought it not improper to make some little Advance towards him; and accordingly breaking up from his Camp at *Cifuentes*, he came back to *Villa viciosa*, a little Town between *Cifuentes* and *Breuhiga*; there he found *Vendosme* ready to attack him, before he could well be prepared for him, but no *English* to join him, as he had expected; nevertheless, the Battle was hot, and obstinately fought; although *Staremberg* had visibly the Advantage, having beat the Enemy at least a League from their Cannon; at which Time hearing of the Misfortune of *Breuhiga*, and finding himself thereby frustrated of those expected Succours to support him, he made a handsome Retreat to *Barcelona*, which in common Calculation is about one hundred Leagues, without any Disturbance of an Enemy that seem'd glad to be rid of him. Nevertheless his Baggage having fallen into the Hands of the Enemy, at the Beginning of the Fight, King *Philip* and the Duke of *Vendosme* generously return'd it unopen'd, and untouch'd, in acknowledgment of his brave Behaviour.

I HAD like to have omitted one material Passage, which I was very credibly informed of; That General *Carpenter* offered to have gone, and have join'd General *Staremberg* with the Horse, which was refus'd him. This was certainly an Oversight of the high-

eſt Nature; ſince his going would have ſtrengthen'd *Staremberg* almoſt to the Aſſurance of an intire Victory; whereas his Stay was of no manner of Service, but quite the contrary: For, as I ſaid before, the Enemy, by re-mounting the *Engliſh* Horſe (which perhaps were the compleateſt of any Regiment in the World) turn'd, if I may be allowed the Expreſſion, the Strength of our Artillery upon our Allies.

Upon this Retreat of *Staremberg*, and the Surprize at *Brenhiga*, there were great Rejoicings at *Madrid*, and every where elſe, where King *Philip*'s Intereſt prevailed. And indeed it might be ſaid, from that Day the Intereſt of King *Charles* look'd with a very lowering Aſpect. I was ſtill a Priſoner at *la Mancha*, when this News arriv'd; and very ſenſibly affected at that ſtrange Turn of Fortune. I was in Bed, when the Expreſs paſs'd through the Town, in order to convey it farther; and in the Middle of the Night I heard a certain *Spaniſh* Don, with whom, a little before, I had had ſome little Variance, thundering at my Door, endeavouring to burſt it open, with, as I had Reaſon to ſuppoſe, no very favourable Deſign upon me. But my Landlady, who hitherto had always been kind and careful, calling Don *Felix*, and ſome others of my Friends together, ſav'd me from the Fury of his Deſigns, whatever they were.

Among

Among other Expreſſions of the general Joy upon this Occaſion, there was a Bull-Feaſt at *la Mancha*; which being much beyond what I ſaw at *Valencia*, I ſhall here give a Deſcription of. Theſe Bull-Feaſts are not ſo common now in *Spain* as formerly, King *Philip* not taking much Delight in them. Nevertheleſs, as ſoon as it was publiſh'd here, that there was to be one, no other Diſcourſe was heard; and in the Talk of the Bulls, and the great Preparations for the Feaſt, Men ſeem'd to have loſt, or to have lay'd aſide, all Thoughts of the very Occaſion. A Week's time was allow'd for the Building of Stalls for the Beaſts, and Scaffolds for the Spectators, and other neceſſary Preparations for the ſetting off their Joy with the moſt ſuitable Splendour.

On the Day appointed for the bringing the Bulls into Town, the *Cavalieroes* mounted their Horſes, and, with Spears in their Hands, rode out of Town about a League, or ſomewhat more to meet them: If any of the Bulls break from the Drove, and make an Excurſion (as they frequently do) the *Cavaliero* that can make him return again to his Station among his Companions, is held in Honour, ſuitable to the Dexterity and Addreſs he performs it with. On their Entrance into the Town, all the Windows are fill'd with Spectators; a Pope paſſing in grand Proceſſion could not have more; for

what can be more than all? And he or ſhe who ſhould neglect ſo rare a Show, would give Occaſion to have his or her Legitimacy call'd in Queſtion.

When they come to the *Plaza*, where the Stalls and Scaffolds are built, and upon which the Feats of Chivalry are to be performed, it is often with a great deal of Difficulty that the Brutes are got in; for there are twelve Stalls, one for every Bull, and as their Number grows leſs by the enſtalling of ſome, the Remainder often prove more untractable and unruly: In theſe Stalls they are kept very dark, to render them fiercer for the Day of Battle.

On the firſt of the Days appointed (for a Bull-Feaſt commonly laſts three) all the Gentry of the Place, or near adjacent, reſort to the *Plaza* in their moſt gaudy Apparel, every one vieing in making the moſt glorious Appearance. Thoſe in the lower Ranks provide themſelves with Spears, or a great many ſmall Darts in their Hands, which they fail not to caſt or dart, whenever the Bull by his Nearneſs gives them an Opportunity. So that the poor Creature may be ſaid to fight, not only with the Tauriro (or Bull-hunter, a Perſon always hired for that Purpoſe) but with the whole Multitude in the lower Claſs at leaſt.

All being ſeated, the uppermoſt Door is open'd firſt; and as ſoon as ever the Bull

per-

perceives the Light, out he comes, ſnuffing up the Air, and ſtareing about him, as if in admiration of his Attendants; and with his Tail cock'd up, he ſpurns the Ground with his Forefeet, as if he intended a Challenge to his yet unappearing Antagoniſt. Then at a Door appointed for that purpoſe, enters the Tauriro all in white, holding a Cloak in one Hand, and a ſharp two edged Sword in the other. The Bull no ſooner ſets Eyes upon him, but wildly ſtaring, he moves gently towards him; then gradually mends his pace, till he is come within about the ſpace of twenty Yards of the Tauriro; when, with a ſort of Spring, he makes at him with all his might. The Tauriro knowing by frequent Experience, that it behoves him to be watchful, ſlips aſide juſt when the Bull is at him; when caſting his Cloak over his Horns, at the ſame Moment he gives him a ſlaſh or two, always aiming at the Neck, where there is one particular Place, which if he hit, he knows he ſhall eaſily bring him to the Ground. I my Self obſerv'd the truth of this Experiment made upon one of the Bulls, who receiv'd no more than one Cut, which happening upon the fatal Spot, ſo ſtun'd him, that he remain'd perfectly ſtupid, the Blood flowing out from the Wound, till after a violent Trembling he dropt down ſtone dead.

But this rarely happens, and the poor Creature oftner receives many Wounds, and numberleſs Darts, before he dies. Yet whenever he feels a freſh Wound either from Dart, Spear, or Sword, his Rage receives addition from the Wound, and he purſues his Tauriro with an Increaſe of Fury and Violence. And as often as he makes at his Adverſary, the Tauriro takes care with the utmoſt of his Agility to avoid him, and reward his kind Intention with a new Wound.

Some of their Bulls will play their Parts much better than others: But the beſt muſt die. For when they have behav'd themſelves with all the commendable Fury poſſible; if the Tauriro is ſpent, and fail of doing Execution upon him, they ſet Dogs upon him: Hough him and ſtick him all over with Darts, till with very loſs of Blood he puts an end to their preſent Cruelty.

When dead, a Man brings in two Mules dreſs'd out with Bells and Feathers, and faſtening a Rope about his Horns, draws off the Bull with the Shouts and Acclamations of the Spectators; as if the Infidels had been drove from before *Ceuta*.

I had almoſt forgot another very common peice of barbarous Pleaſure at theſe Diverſions. The Tauriro will ſometimes ſtick one

one of their Bull Spears faſt in the Ground, aſlant, but levell'd as near as he can at his Cheſt; then preſenting himſelf to the Bull, juſt before the point of the Spear, on his taking his run at the Tauriro, which, as they aſſur'd me, he always does with his Eyes cloſed, the Tauriro ſlips on one ſide, and the poor Creature runs with a violence often to ſtick himſelf, and ſometimes to break the Spear in his Cheſt, running away with part of it till he drop.

This *Tauriro* was accounted one of the beſt in *Spain*; and indeed I ſaw him mount the back of one of the Bulls, and ride on him, ſlaſhing and cutting, till he had quite wearied him; at which time diſmounting, he kill'd him with much Eaſe, and to the acclamatory Satisfaction of the whole Concourſe: For variety of Cruelty, as well as Dexterity, adminiſters to their Delight.

The *Tauriroes* are very well paid; and in Truth ſo they ought to be; for they often loſe their Lives in the Diverſion, as this did the Year after in the way of his Calling. Yet is it a Service of very great Profit when they perform dextrouſly: For when ever they do any Thing remarkable, deſerving the Notice of the Spectators, they never fail of a generous Gratification, Money being thrown down to 'em in plenty.

This

THIS Feaſt (as they generally do) laſted three Days; the laſt of which was, in my Opinion, much before either of the other. On this, a young Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Don Pedro Ortega*, a Perſon of great Quality, perform'd the Exerciſe on Horſe-back. The Seats, if not more crowded, were filled with People of better Faſhion, who came from Places at a diſtance to grace the noble *Tauriro*.

HE was finely mounted, and made a very graceful Figure; but as when the Foot *Tauriro* engages, the Bull firſt enters; ſo in the Conteſt the *Cavaliero* always makes his Appearance on the *Plaza* before the Bull. His Steed was a manag'd Horſe; mounted on which he made his Entry, attended by four Footmen in rich Liveries; who, as ſoon as their Maſter had rid round, and paid his Devoirs to all the Spectators, withdrew from the Dangers they left him expos'd to. The *Cavaliero* having thus made his Bows, and received the repeated *Vivas* of that vaſt Concourſe, march'd with a very ſtately Air to the very middle of the *Plaza*, there ſtanding ready to receive his Enemy at coming out.

THE Door being open'd, the Bull appeared; and as I thought with a fiercer and more threatning Aſpect than any of the for-

mer. He ſtar'd around him for a conſiderable time, ſnuffing up the Air, and ſpurning the Ground, without in the leaſt taking notice of his Antagoniſt. But at laſt fixing his Eyes upon him, he made a full run at the *Cavaliero*, which he moſt dexterouſly avoided, and at the ſame moment of time, paſſing by, he caſt a Dart that ſtuck in his Shoulders. At this the Shouts and *Vivas* were repeated; and I obſerved a Handkerchief wav'd twice or thrice, which, as I afterwards underſtood, was a Signal from the Lady of his Affections, that ſhe had beheld him with Satisfaction. I took notice that the *Cavaliero* endeavour'd all he could to keep aſide the Bull, for the Advantage of the Stroke, when putting his Horſe on a full Career, he threw another Dart, which fix'd in his Side, and ſo enrag'd the Beaſt, that he ſeem'd to renew his Attacks with greater Fury. The *Cavaliero* had behav'd himſelf to Admiration, and eſcap'd many Dangers; with the often repeated Acclamations of *Viva*, *Viva*; when at laſt the enraged Creature getting his Horns between the Horſe's hinder Legs, Man and Horſe came both together to the Ground.

I expected at that Moment nothing leſs than Death could be the Iſſue; when to the general Surprize, as well as mine, the very civil Brute, Author of all the Miſchief, only

ly withdrew to the other Side of the *Plaza*, where he ſtood ſtill, ſtaring about him as if he knew nothing of the Matter.

THE *Cavaliero* was carry'd off not much hurt, but his delicate Beaſt ſuffer'd much more. However I could not but think afterward, that the good natur'd Bull came ſhort of fair Play. If I may be pardon'd the Expreſſion, he had us'd his Adverſary with more Humanity than he met with; at leaſt, ſince, after he had the *Cavaliero* under, he generouſly forſook him; I think he might have pleaded, or others for him, for better Treatment than he after met with.

FOR as the *Cavaliero* was diſabled and carry'd off, the Foot *Tauriro* enter'd in white Accoutrements, as before; but he flatter'd himſelf with an eaſier Conqueſt than he found: there is always on theſe Occaſions, when he apprehends any imminent Danger, a Place of Retreat ready for the Foot *Tauriro*; and well for him there was ſo; this Bull oblig'd him over and over to make Uſe of it. Nor was he able at laſt to diſpatch him, without a general Aſſiſtance; for I believe I ſpeak within Compaſs, when I ſay, he had more than an hundred Darts ſtuck in him. And ſo barbarouſly was he mangled, and ſlaſh'd beſides, that, in my Mind, I could not but think King *Philip* in the Right, when he ſaid, *That it was a Cuſtom deſerv'd little Encouragement.*

SOON

Soon after this *Tauridore*, or Bull-Feaſt was over, I had a Mind to take a pleaſant Walk to a little Town, call'd *Minai*, about three Leagues off; but I was ſcarce got out of *la Mancha*, when an Acquaintance meeting me, ask'd where I was going? I told him to *Minai*; when taking me by the Hand, *Friend* Gorgio, ſays he in *Spaniſh*, *Come back with me; you ſhall not go a Stride further; there are* Picarons *that Way; you ſhall not go.* Inquiring, as we went back, into his Meaning, he told me, that the Day before, a Man, who had received a Sum of Money in Piſtoles at *la Mancha*, was, on the Road, ſet upon by ſome, who had got notice of it, and murdered him; that not finding the Money expected about him (for he had cautiouſly enough left it in a Friend's Hands at *la Mancha*) they concluded he had ſwallowed it; and therefore they ript up his Belly, and open'd every Gut; but all to as little Purpoſe. This diverted my Walk for that Time.

But ſome little Time after, the ſame Perſon inviting me over to the ſame Place, to ſee his Melon-Grounds, which in that Country are wonderful fine and pleaſant; I accepted his Invitation, and under the Advantage of his Company, went thither. On the Road I took notice of a Croſs newly erected, and a Multitude of ſmall Stones around the Foot of it: Asking the Meaning where-

whereof, my Friend told me, that it was rais'd for a Perſon there murder'd (as is the Cuſtom throughout *Spain*) and that every good Catholick paſſing by, held it his Duty to caſt a Stone upon the Place, in Deteſtation of the Murder. I had often before taken Notice of many ſuch Croſſes: but never till then knew the Meaning of their Erection, or the Reaſon of the Heaps of Stones around them.

THERE is no Place in all *Spain* more famous for good Wine than *Sainte Clemente de la Mancha*; nor is it any where ſold cheaper: For as it is only an inland Town, near no navigable River, and the People temperate to a Proverb, great Plenty, and a ſmall Vend muſt conſequently make it cheap. The Wine here is ſo famous, that, when I came to *Madrid*, I ſaw wrote over the Doors of moſt Houſes that ſold Wine, *Vino Sainte Clemente*. As to the Temperance of the People, I muſt ſay, that notwithſtanding thoſe two excellent Qualities of good and cheap, I never ſaw, all the three Years I was Priſoner there, any one Perſon overcome with Drinking.

IT is true, there may be a Reaſon, and a political one, aſſign'd for that Abſtemiouſneſs of theirs, which is this, That if any Man, upon any Occaſion, ſhould be brought in as an Evidence againſt you, if you can prove that he was ever drunk, it will invalidate

validate his whole Evidence. I could not but think this a grand Improvement upon the *Spartans*. They made their Slaves purposely drunk, to shew their Youth the Folly of the Vice by the sottish Behaviour of their Servants under it: But they never reach'd to that noble height of laying a Penalty upon the Aggressor, or of discouraging a voluntary Impotence of Reason by a disreputable Impotence of Interest. The *Spaniard* therefore, in my Opinion, in this exceeds the *Spartan*, as much as a natural Beauty exceeds one procured by Art; for tho' Shame may somewhat influence some few, Terrour is of force to deter all. A Man, we have seen it, may shake Hands with Shame; but *Interest*, says another Proverb, *will never lye*. A wise Institution therefore doubtless is this of the *Spaniard*; but such as I fear will never take Place in *Germany*, *Holland*, *France*, or *Great Britain*.

But though I commend their Temperance, I would not be thought by any Means to approve of their Bigotry. If there may be such a Thing as Intemperance in Religion, I much fear their Ebriety in that will be found to be over-measure. Under the notion of Devotion, I have seen Men among 'em, and of Sense too, guilty of the grossest Intemperancies. It is too common

to be a rarity to ſee their Dons of the prime Quality as well as thoſe of the lower Ranks, upon meeting a Prieſt in the open Streets, condeſcend to take up the lower part of his Veſtment, and ſalute it with Eyes erected as if they look'd upon it as the Seal of Salvation.

When the *Ave-Bell* is heard, the Hearer muſt down on his Knees upon the very Spot; nor is he allowed the ſmall Indulgence of deferring a little, till he can recover a clean Place; Dirtineſs excuſes not, nor will dirty Actions by any means exempt. This is ſo notorious, that even at the Play-houſe, in the middle of a Scene, on the firſt ſound of the Bell, the Actors drop their Diſcourſe, the Auditors ſuperſede the indulging of their unſanctified Ears, and all on their Knees, bend their Tongues, if not their Hearts, quite a different way, to what they juſt before had been employ'd in. In ſhort, tho' they pretend in all this to an extraordinary Meaſure of Zeal and real Devotion; no Man, that lives among them any time, can be a Proſelyte to them without immolating his Senſes and his Reaſon: Yet I muſt confeſs, while I have ſeen them thus deluding themſelves with *Ave Marias*, I cou'd not refrain throwing up my Eyes to the only proper Object of Adoration, in commiſeration of ſuch Deluſions.

The

The Hours of the *Ave-Bell*, are eight and twelve in the Morning, and ſix in the Evening. They pretend at the firſt to fall down to beg that God would be pleas'd to proſper them in all things they go about that Day. At twelve they return Thanks for their Preſervation to that time; and at ſix for that of the whole Day. After which, one would think that they imagine themſelves at perfect Liberty; and their open Gallantries perfectly countenance the Imagination: For tho' Adultery is look'd upon as a grievous Crime, and puniſh'd accordingly; yet Fornication is ſoftned with the title of a Venial Sin, and they ſeem to practiſe it under that Perſuaſion.

I found here, what *Eraſmus* ridicules with ſo much Wit and Delicacy, the Cuſtom of burying in a *Franciſcan*'s Habit, in mighty requeſt. If they can for that purpoſe procure an old one at the price of a new one; the Purchaſer will look upon himſelf a provident Chap, that has ſecur'd to his deceaſed Friend or Relation, no leſs than Heaven by that wiſe Bargain.

The Evening being almoſt the only time of Enjoyment of Company, or Converſation, every body in *Spain* then greedily ſeeks it; and the Streets are at that time crowded like our fineſt Gardens or moſt private Walks. On one of thoſe Occaſions, I met

a Don of my Acquaintance walking out with his Sisters; and as I thought it became an *English* Cavalier, I saluted him: But to my Surprize he never return'd the Civility: When I met him the Day after, instead of an Apology, as I had flatter'd my self, I receiv'd a Reprimand, tho' a very civil one; telling me it was not the Custom in *Spain*, nor well taken of any one, that took Notice of any who were walking in the Company of Ladies at Night.

But a Night or two after, I found by Experience, that if the Men were by Custom prohibited taking Notice, Women were not. I was standing at the Door, in the cool of the Evening, when a Woman seemingly genteel, passing by, call'd me by my Name, telling me she wanted to speak with me: She had her *Mantilio* on; so that had I had Day-light, I could have only seen one Eye of her. However I walk'd with her a good while, without being able to discover any thing of her Business, nor pass'd there between us any thing more than a Conversation upon indifferent Matters. Nevertheless, at parting she told me she should pass by again the next Evening; and if I would be at the Door, she would give me the same Advantage of a Conversation, that seem'd not to displease me. Accordingly the next Night she came, and as before we

walk'd

walk'd together in the privateſt parts of the Town: For tho' I knew her not, her Diſcourſe was always entertaining and full of Wit, and her Enquiries not often improper. We had continu'd this Intercourſe many Nights together, when my Landlady's Daughter having taken Notice of it, ſtopt me one Evening, and would not allow me to ſtand at the uſual Poſt of Intelligence, ſaying, with a good deal of heat, Don Gorgio, *take my Advice; go no more along with that Woman: You may ſoon be brought home deprived of your Life if you do.* I cannot ſay, whether ſhe knew her; but this I muſt ſay, ſhe was very agreeable in Wit as well as Perſon. However my Landlady and her Daughter took that Opportunity of giving me ſo many Inſtances of the fatal Iſſues of ſuch innocent Converſations, (for I could not call it an Intrigue) that apprehenſive enough of the Danger, on laying Circumſtances together, I took their Advice, and never went into her Company after.

Sainte Clemente de la Mancha, where I ſo long remain'd a Priſoner of War, lies in the Road from *Madrid* to *Valencia*; and the Duke of *Vendoſme* being ordered to the latter, great Preparations were made for his Entertainment, as he paſs'd through. He ſtay'd here only one Night, where he was

very handſomely treated by the *Corrigidore*. He was a tall fair Perſon, and very fat, and at the time I ſaw him wore a long black Patch over his left Eye; but on what Occaſion I could not learn. The afterwards famous *Alberoni* (ſince made a Cardinal) was in his Attendance; as indeed the Duke was very rarely without him. I remember that very Day three Weeks, they return'd through the ſame Place; the Duke in his Herſe, and *Alberoni* in a Coach, paying his laſt Duties. That Duke was a prodigious Lover of Fiſh, of which having eat over heartily at *Veneros*, in the Province of *Valencia*, he took a Surfeit, and died in three Days time. His Corps was carrying to the *Eſcurial*, there to be buried in the *Panthæon* among their Kings.

The *Caſtilians* have a Privilege by Licence from the Pope, which, if it could have been converted into a Prohibition, might have ſav'd that Duke's Life: In regard their Country is wholly inland, and the River *Tagus* famous for its Poverty, or rather Barrenneſs; their Holy Father indulges the Natives with the Liberty, in lieu of that dangerous Eatable, of eating all Lent time the Inwards of Cattle. When I firſt heard this related, I imagin'd, that the Garbidge had been intended, but I was ſoon after thus rectify'd, *by Inwards* (for ſo

ſo expreſly ſays the Licence it ſelf) *is meant the Heart, the Liver, and the Feet.*

They have here as well as in moſt other Parts of *Spain*, *Valencia* excepted, the moſt wretched Muſick in the Univerſe. Their *Guitars*, if not their *Sole*, are their darling Inſtruments, and what they moſt delight in: Tho' in my Opinion our *Engliſh* Sailors are not much amiſs in giving them the Title of *Strum Strums*. They are little better than our *Jews-harps*, tho' hardly half ſo Muſical. Yet are they perpetually at Nights diſturbing their Women with the Noiſe of them, under the notion and name of Serenadoes. From the Barber to the Grandee the Infection ſpreads, and very often with the ſame Attendant, Danger: Night Quarrels and Rencounters being the frequent Reſult. The true born *Spaniards* reckon it a part of their Glory, to be jealous of their Miſtreſſes, which is too often the Forerunner of Murders; or at beſt attended with many other very dangerous Inconveniences. And yet bad as their Muſick is, their Dancing is the reverſe. I have ſeen a Country Girl manage her Caſtanets with the graceful Air of a Dutcheſs, and that not to common Muſick; but to Peoples beating or druming a Tune with their Hands on a Table. I have ſeen half a Dozen couple at a time dance to the like in excellent order.

I just now distinguish'd, by an Exception, the Musick of *Valencia*, where alone I experienced the use of the *Violin*; which tho' I cannot, in respect to other Countries, call good; yet in respect to the other parts of *Spain*, I must acknowledge it much the best. In my Account of that City, I omitted to speak of it; therefore now to supply that Defect, I will speak of the best I heard, which was on this unfortunate Occasion: Several Natives of that Country having received Sentence of Death for their Adherence to King *Charles*, were accordingly ordered to the Place of Execution. It is the Custom there, on all such Occasions, for all the Musick of the City to meet near the Gallows, and play the most affecting and melancholy Airs, to the very approach of the Condemn'd; and really the Musick was so moving, it heightened the Scene of Sorrow, and brought Compassion into the Eyes of even Enemies.

As to the Condemn'd, they came stript of their own Cloaths, and cover'd with black Frocks, in which they were led along the Streets to the Place of Execution, the Friars praying all the way. When they came through any Street, where any publick Images were fix'd, they stay'd before 'em some reasonable time in Prayer with the Friars. When they are arriv'd at the fatal

fatal Place, thoſe Fathers leave 'em not, but continue praying and giving them ghoſtly Encouragement, ſtanding upon the rounds of the Ladder till they are turn'd off. The Hangman always wears a ſilver Badge of a Ladder to diſtinguiſh his Profeſſion: But his manner of executing his Office had ſomewhat in it too ſingular to allow of Silence. When he had ty'd faſt the Hands of the Criminal, he reſted his Knee upon them, and with one Hand on the Criminal's Noſtrils, to ſtop his Breath the ſooner, threw himſelf off the Ladder along with the dying Party. This he does to expedite his Fate; tho' conſidering the Force, I wonder it does not tear Head and Body aſunder; which yet I never heard that it did.

But to return to *la Mancha*; I had been there now upwards of two Years, much diverted with the good Humour and Kindneſs of the Gentlemen, and daily pleaſed with the Converſation of the Nuns of the Nunnery oppoſite to my Lodgings; when walking one Day alone upon the *Plaza*, I found my ſelf accoſted by a *Clerico*. At the firſt Attack, he told me his Country: But added, that he now came from *Madrid* with a *Potent*, that was his Word, from *Pedro de Dios*, Dean of the Inquiſition, to endeavour the Converſion of any of the *Engliſh* Priſoners; that being an *Iriſhman*, as a ſort of

of a Brother, he had conceived a Love for the *Engliſh*, and therefore more eagerly embraced the Opportunity, which the Holy Inquiſition had put into his Hands for the bringing over to Mother Church as many Hereticks as he could; that having heard a very good Character of me, he ſhould think himſelf very happy, if he could be inſtrumental in my Salvation; "It is very true, "continu'd he, I have lately had the good "Fortune to convert many; and beſides "the Candour of my own Diſpoſition, I "muſt tell you, that I have a peculiar knack "at Converſion, which very few, if any, "ever could reſiſt. I am going upon the "ſame work into *Murcia*; but your good "Character has fix'd me in my Reſolution "of preferring your Salvation to that of "others.

To this very long, and no leſs ſurprizing Addreſs, I only return'd, that it being an Affair of moment, it would require ſome Conſideration; and that by the time he return'd from *Murcia*, I might be able to return him a proper Anſwer. But not at all ſatisfy'd with this Reply; "Sir, ſays he, "God Almighty is all-ſufficient: This mo-"ment is too precious to be loſt; he can "turn the Heart in the twinkling of an "Eye, as well as in twenty Years. Hear "me then; mind what I ſay to you: I will "convince you immediately. You Here-

"ticks

" ticks do not believe in Tranſubſtantia-
" tion, and yet did not our Saviour ſay in
" ſo many Words, *Hoc eſt corpus meum?*
" And if you don't believe him, don't you
" give him the Lye? Beſides, does not one
" of the Fathers ſay, *Deus, qui eſt omnis*
" *Veritas, non poteſt dicere falſum?* He went on at the ſame ridiculous rate; which ſoon convinced me, he was a thorough Rattle. However, as a *Clerico*, and conſequently in this Country, a Man dangerous to diſoblige, I invited him home to Dinner; where when I had brought him, I found I had no way done an unacceptable thing; for my Landlady and her Daughter, ſeeing him to be a Clergyman, receiv'd him with a vaſt deal of Reſpect and Pleaſure.

DINNER being over, he began to entertain me with a Detail of the many wonderful Converſions he had made upon obſtinate Hereticks; that he had convinced the moſt Stubborn, and had ſuch a *Noſtrum*, that he would undertake to convert any one. Here he began his old round, intermixing his Harangue with ſuch ſcraps and raw ſentences of fuſtian *Latin*, that I grew weary of his Converſation; ſo pretending ſome Buſineſs of conſequence, I took leave, and left him and my Landlady together.

I did not return till pretty late in the Evening, with Intent to give him Time enough to think his own Viſit tedious; but

to my great Surprize, I found my *Iriſh* Miſſionary ſtill on the Spot, ready to dare me to the Encounter, and reſolv'd, like a true Son of the Church militant, to keep laſt in the Field of Battle. As ſoon as I had ſeated my ſelf, he began again to tell me, how good a Character my Landlady had given me, which had prodigiouſly increaſed his Ardour of ſaving my Soul; that he could not anſwer it to his own Character, as well as mine, to be negligent; and therefore he had enter'd into a Reſolution to ſtay my Coming, though it had been later. To all which, I return'd him Abundance of Thanks for his good Will, but pleading Indiſpoſition and want of Reſt, after a good deal of civil Impertinence, I once more got rid of him; at leaſt, I took my Leave, and went to Bed, leaving him again Maſter of the Field; for I underſtood next Morning, that he ſtay'd ſome Time after I was gone, with my good Landlady.

Next Morning the Nuns of the Nunnery oppoſite, having taken Notice of the *Clerico*'s Ingreſs, long Viſit, and late Egreſs, ſent to know whether he was my Country-man; with many other Queſtions, which I was not then let into the Secret of. To all which I return'd, that he was no Country-man of mine, but an *Iriſh-man*, and ſo perfectly a Stranger to me, that I knew no more of him than what I had from his own Mouth, that

that he was going into *Murcia*. What the Meaning of this Enquiry was, I could never learn; but I could not doubt, but it proceeded from their great Care of their *Vicino*, as they call'd me; a Mark of their Esteem, and of which I was not a little proud.

As was my usual Custom, I had been taking my Morning Walk, and had not been long come home in order to Dinner, when in again drops my *Irish Clerico*: I was confounded, and vexed, and he could not avoid taking Notice of it; nevertheless, without the least Alteration of Countenance, he took his Seat; and on my saying, in a cold and indifferent Tone, that I imagin'd he had been got to *Murcia* before this; he reply'd, with a natural Fleer, that truely he was going to *Murcia*, but his Conscience pricked him, and he did find that he could not go away with any Satisfaction, or Peace of Mind, without making me a perfect Convert; that he had plainly discovered in me a good Disposition, and had, for that very Reason, put himself to the Charge of Man and Mule, to the Bishop of *Cuenca* for a License, under his Hand, for my Conversion: For in *Spain*, all private Missionaries are obliged to ask Leave of the next Bishop, before they dare enter upon any Enterprize of this Nature.

I was more confounded at this laſt Aſſurance of the Man than at all before; and it put me directly upon reflecting, whether any, and what Inconveniencies might enſue, from a Rencounter that I, at firſt, conceiv'd ridiculous, but might now reaſonably begin to have more dangerous Apprehenſions of. I knew, by the Articles of War, all Perſons are exempted from any Power of the Inquiſition; but whether carrying on a Part in ſuch a Farce, might not admit, or at leaſt be liable to ſome dangerous Conſtruction, was not imprudently now to be conſidered. Though I was not fearful, yet I reſolv'd to be cautious. Wherefore not making any Anſwer to his Declaration about the Biſhop, he took Notice of it; and to raiſe a Confidence, he found expiring, began to tell me, that his Name was *Murtough Brennan*, that he was born near *Kilkenny*, of a very conſiderable Family. This laſt part indeed, when I came to *Madrid*, I found pretty well confirm'd in a conſiderable Manner. However, taking Notice that he had alter'd his Tone of leaving the Town, and that inſtead of it, he was advancing ſomewhat like an Invitation of himſelf to Dinner the next Day, I reſolv'd to ſhow my ſelf ſhy of him; and thereupon abruptly, and without taking any Leave, I left the Room, and my Landlady and him together.

THREE or four Days had paſſed, every one of which, he never fail'd my Lodgings; not at Dinner Time only, but Night and Morning too; from all which I began to ſuſpect, that inſtead of my Converſion, he had fix'd upon a Re-converſion of my Landlady. She was not young, yet, for a black Woman, handſom enough; and her Daughter very pretty: I entered into a Reſolution to make my Obſervations, and watch them all at a Diſtance; nevertheleſs carefully concealing my Jealouſy. However, I muſt confeſs, I was not a little pleas'd, that any Thing could divert my own Perſecution. He was now no longer my Gueſt, but my Landlady's, with whom I found him ſo much taken up, that a little Care might fruſtrate all his former impertinent Importunities on the old Topick.

BUT all my Suſpicions were very ſoon after turn'd into Certainties, in this Manner: I had been abroad, and returning ſomewhat weary, I went to my Chamber, to take, what in that Country they call, a *Ceſto*, upon my Bed: I got in unſeen, or without ſeeing any Body, but had ſcarce laid my ſelf down, before my young Landlady, as I jeſtingly us'd to call the Daughter, ruſhing into my Room, threw her ſelf down on the Floor, bitterly exclaiming. I ſtarted off my Bed, and immediately running to the Door, who ſhould I meet there but my *I-*

riſh

riſh Clerico, without his Habit, and in his Shirt? I could not doubt, by the *Diſhabillè* of the *Clerico*, but the young Creature had Reaſon enough for her Paſſion, which render'd me quite unable to maſter mine; wherefore as he ſtood with his Back next the Door, I thruſt him in that ghoſtly Plight into the open Street.

I might, with leiſure enough, have repented that precipitate Piece of Indiſcretion; if it had not been for his bad Character, and the favourable Opinion the Town had conceived of me; for he inordinately exclaim'd againſt me, calling me Heretick, and telling the People, who were ſoon gathered round him, that coming to my Lodgings on the charitable work of Converſion, I had thus abus'd him, ſtript him of his Habit, and then turn'd him out of Doors. The Nuns, on their hearing the Outcries he made, came running to their Grates, to enquire into the Matter, and when they underſtood it, as he was pleas'd to relate it; though they condemn'd my Zeal, they pity'd my Condition. Very well was it for me, that I ſtood more than a little well in the good Opinion of the Town; among the Gentry, by my frequent Converſation, and the inferior Sort by my charitable Diſtributions; for nothing can be more dangerous, or a nearer Way to violent Fate, than to inſult one of the Clergy in *Spain*, and eſpecially,

ly, for ſuch an one as they entitle a Heretick.

My old Landlady (I ſpeak in reſpect to her Daughter) however formerly my ſeeming Friend, came in a violent Paſſion, and wrenching the Door out of my Hands, opened it, and pull'd her *Clerico* in; and ſo ſoon as ſhe had done this, ſhe took his Part, and railed ſo bitterly at me, that I had no Reaſon longer to doubt her thorough Converſion, under the full Power of his Miſſion. However the young one ſtood her Ground, and by all her Expreſſions, gave her many Inquirers Reaſon enough to believe, all was not Matter of Faith that the *Clerico* had advanced. Nevertheleſs, holding it adviſeable to change my Lodgings, and a Friend confirming my Reſolutions, I removed that Night.

The *Clerico* having put on his upper Garments, was run away to the *Corrigidor*, in a violent Fury, reſolving to be early, as well knowing, that he who tells his Story firſt, has the Proſpect of telling it to double Advantage. When he came there, he told that Officer a thouſand idle Stories, and in the worſt Manner; repeating how I had abus'd him, and not him only, but my poor Landlady, for taking his Part. The *Corrigidor* was glad to hear it all, and with an officious Ear fiſh'd for a great deal more; expecting, according to Uſage, at laſt to

ſqueeze a Sum of Money out of me. However he told the *Clerico*, that, as I was a Priſoner of War, he had no direct Power over me; but if he would immediately write to the Preſident *Ronquillo*, at *Madrid*, he would not fail to give his immediate Orders, according to which he would as readily act againſt me.

The *Clerico* reſolv'd to purſue his old Maxim, and cry out firſt; and ſo taking the *Corrigidor*'s Advice, he wrote away to *Madrid* directly. In the mean Time the People in the Town, both high and low, ſome out of Curioſity, ſome out of Friendſhip, purſu'd their Enquiries into the Reality of the Facts. The old Landlady they could make little of to my Advantage; but whenever the young one came to the Queſtion, ſhe always left them with theſe Words in her Mouth, *El Diabolo en forma del Clerico*, which rendring Things more than a little cloudy on the *Clerico*'s Side, he was adviſ'd and preſs'd by his few Friends, as faſt as he could to get out of Town; Nuns, Clergy, and every Body taking Part againſt him, excepting his new Convert, my old Landlady.

The Day after, as I was ſitting with a Friend at my new Quarters, *Maria* (for that was the Name of my Landlady's Daughter) came running in with theſe Words in her Mouth, *El Clerico, el Clerico, paſſa la Calle.*

Calle. We haſten'd to the Window; out of which we beheld the *Clerico*, *Murtough Brennan*, pitifully mounted on the Back of a very poor Aſs (for they would neither let, nor lend him a Mule through all the Town) his Legs almoſt reſted on the Ground, for he was luſty, as his Aſs was little; and a Fellow with a large Cudgel march'd a-foot, driving his Aſs along. Never did *Sancha Pancha*, on his Embaſſage to *Dulcinea*, make ſuch a deſpicable, out of the way Figure, as our *Clerico* did at this Time. And what increas'd our Mirth was, their telling me, that our *Clerico*, like that Squire (tho' upon his own Prieſt-Errantry) was actually on his March to *Toboſo*, a Place five Leagues off, famous for the Nativity of *Dulcinea*, the Object of the Paſſion of that celebrated Hero *Don Quixot*. So I will leave our *Clerico* on his Journey to *Murcia*, to relate the unhappy Sequel of this ridiculous Affair.

I have before ſaid, that, by the Advice of the *Corrigidor*, our *Clerico* had wrote to *Don Ronquillo* at *Madrid*. About a Fortnight after his Departure from *la Mancha*, I was ſitting alone in my new Lodgings, when two *Alguizils* (Officers under the *Corrigidor*, and in the Nature of our Bailiffs) came into my Room, but very civilly, to tell me, that they had Orders to carry me away to Priſon; but at the ſame Moment

they advis'd me, not to be afraid; for they had obſerved, that the whole Town was concern'd at what the *Corrigidor* and *Clerico* had done; adding, that it was their Opinion, that I ſhould find ſo general a Friendſhip, that I need not be apprehenſive of any Danger. With theſe plauſible Speeches, though I afterwards experienced the Truth of them, I reſign'd my ſelf, and went with them to a much cloſer Confinement.

I had not been there above a Day or two, before many Gentlemen of the Place ſent to me, to aſſure me, they were heartily afflicted at my Confinement, and reſolv'd to write in my Favour to *Madrid*; but as it was not ſafe, nor the Cuſtom in *Spain*, to viſit thoſe in my preſent Circumſtances, they hoped I would not take it amiſs, ſince they were bent to act all in their Power towards my Deliverance; concluding however with their Advice, that I would not give one *Real of Plata* to the *Corrigidor*, whom they hated, but confide in their aſſiduous Interpoſal. Don *Pedro de Ortega* in particular, the Perſon that perform'd the Part of the *Tauriro* on Horſeback, ſometime before, ſent me Word, he would not fail to write to a Relation of his, of the firſt Account in *Madrid*, and ſo repreſent the Affair, that I ſhould not long be debarr'd my old Acquaintance.

It may adminiſter, perhaps, Matter of Wonder, that *Spaniards*, Gentlemen of the ſtancheſt Punctilio, ſhould make a Scruple, and excuſe themſelves from viſiting Perſons under Confinement, when, according to all Chriſtian Acceptation, ſuch a Circumſtance would render ſuch a Viſit, not charitable only, but generous. But though Men of vulgar Spirits might, from the Narrowneſs of their Views, form ſuch inſipid Excuſes, thoſe of theſe Gentlemen, I very well knew, proceeded from much more excuſable Topicks. I was committed under the Accuſation of having abus'd a ſacred Perſon, one of the Clergy; and though, as a Priſoner of War, I might deem my ſelf exempt from the Power of the Inquiſition; yet how far one of that Country, viſiting a Perſon, ſo accuſed, might be eſteemed culpable, was a conſideration in that dangerous Climate, far from deſerving to be ſlighted. To me therefore, who well knew the Cuſtoms of the Country, and the Temper of its Countrymen, their Excuſes were not only allowable, but acceptable alſo; for, without calling in Queſtion their Charity, I verily believ'd I might ſafely confide in their Honour.

Accordingly, after I had been a cloſe Priſoner one Month to a Day, I found the Benefit of theſe Gentlemens Promiſes and Solicitations. Purſuant to which, an Order was brought for my immediate Diſ-

charge; notwithſtanding, the new Convert, my old Landlady, did all ſhe could to make her appearing againſt me effectual, to the Height of her Prejudice and Malice, even while the Daughter, as ſenſible of my Innocence, and acting with a much better Conſcience, endeavoured as much to juſtify me, againſt both the Threats and Perſuaſions of the *Corrigidor*, and his few Accomplices, though her own Mother made one.

After Receipt of this Order for my Enlargement, I was mightily preſs'd by Don *Felix*, and others of my Friends, to go to *Madrid*, and enter my Complaint againſt the *Corrigidor* and the *Clerico*, as a Thing highly eſſential to my own future Security. Without asking Leave therefore of the *Corrigidor*, or in the leaſt acquainting him with it, I ſet out from *la Mancha*, and, as I afterwards underſtood, to the terrible Alarm of that griping Officer; who was under the greateſt Conſternation, when he heard I was gone; for as he knew very well, that he had done more than he could juſtify, he was very apprehenſive of any Complaint; well knowing, that as he was hated as much as I was beloved, he might aſſure himſelf of the Want of that Aſſiſtance from the Gentlemen, which I had experienced.

So ſoon as I arrived at *Madrid*, I made it my Buſineſs to enquire out, and wait upon Father *Fahy*, Chief of the *Iriſh College*. He

He received me very courteouſly; but when I acquainted him with the Treatment I had met with from *Brennan*, and had given him an Account of his other ſcandalous Behaviour, I found he was no Stranger to the Man, or his Character; for he ſoon confirm'd to me the Honour *Brennan* firſt boaſted of, his conſiderable Family, by ſaying, that ſcarce an Aſſize paſſed in his own Country, without two or three of that Name receiving at the Gallows the juſt Reward of their Demerits. In ſhort, not only Father *Fahy*, but all the Clergy of that Nation at *Madrid*, readily ſubſcribed to this Character of him, *That he was a Scandal to their Country.*

After this, I had nothing more to do, but to get that Father to go with me to *Pedro de Dios*, who was the Head of the *Dominican* Cloyſter, and Dean of the Inquiſition. He readily granted my Requeſt, and when we came there, in a Manner unexpected, repreſented to the Dean, that having ſome good Diſpoſitions towards Mother-Church, I had been diverted from them, he feared, by the evil Practices of one *Murtough Brennan*, a Countryman of his, tho' a Scandal to his Country; that under a Pretence of ſeeking my Converſion, he had lay'd himſelf open in a moſt beaſtly Manner, ſuch as would have ſet a Catholick into a vile Opinion of their Religion, and much more

one that was yet a Heretick. The Dean had hardly Patience to hear Particulars; but as ſoon as my Friend had ended his Narration, he immediately gave his Orders, prohibiting *Murtough*'s ſaying any more Maſſes, either in *Madrid*, or any other Place in *Spain*. This indeed was taking away the poor Wretches ſole Subſiſtence, and putting him juſt upon an Equality with his Demerits.

I took the ſame Opportunity to make my Complaints of the *Corrigidor*; but his Term expiring very ſoon, and a Proceſs being likely to be chargeable, I was adviſed to let it drop. So having effected what I came for, I returned to my old Station at *la Mancha*.

When I came back, I found a new *Corrigidor*, as I had been told there would, by the Dean of the Inquiſition, who, at the ſame Time, adviſed me to wait on him. I did ſo, ſoon after my Arrival, and then experienced the Advice to be well intended; the Dean having wrote a Letter to him, to order him to treat me with all Manner of Civility. He ſhow'd me the very Letter, and it was in ſuch particular and obliging Terms, that I could not but perceive he had taken a Reſolution, if poſſible, to eradicate all the evil Impreſſions, that *Murtough*'s Behaviour might have given too great Occaſion for. This ſerv'd to confirm me in an

Ob-

Obſervation that I had long before made, That a Proteſtant, who will prudently keep his Sentiments in his own Breaſt, may command any Thing in *Spain*; where their ſtiff Bigotry leads 'em naturally into that other Miſtake, That not to oppoſe, is to aſſent. Beſides, it is generally among them, almoſt a work of Supererogation to be even inſtrumental in the Converſion of one they call a Heretick. To bring any ſuch back to what they call Mother Church, nothing ſhall be ſpar'd, nothing thought too much: And if you have Inſincerity enough to give them Hopes, you ſhall not only live in Eaſe, but in Pleaſure and Plenty.

I had entertain'd ſome thoughts on my Journey back, of taking up my old Quarters at the Widow's; but found her ſo intirely converted by her *Clerico*, that there wou'd be no room to expect Peace: For which Reaſon, with the help of my fair *Vicinos*, and *Don Felix*, I took another, where I had not been long, before I received an unhappy Account of *Murtough's* Conduct in *Murcia*. It ſeems he had kept his Reſolution in going thither; where meeting with ſome of his own Countrymen, though he found 'em ſtanch good Catholicks, he ſo far inveigled himſelf into 'em, that he brought them all into a foul chance for their Lives. There were three of 'em, all Soldiers, in a *Spaniſh* Regiment, but in a

fit

fit of ambitious, though frantick, Zeal: *Murtough* had wheedled them to go along with him to *Pedro de Dios*, Dean of the Inquiſition, to declare and acknowledge before him, that they were converted and brought over to Mother Church, and by him only. The poor Ignorants, thus intic'd, had left their Regiment, of which the Colonel, having notice, ſent after them, and they were overtaken on the Road, their *Miſſionair* with them. But notwithſtanding all his Oratory, nay, even the Diſcovery of the whole Farce, one of them was hang'd for an Example to the other two.

It was not long after my Return before News arriv'd of the Peace; which though they receiv'd with Joy, they could hardly entertain with Belief. Upon which, the new *Corrigidor*, with whom I held a better Correſpondence than I had done with the old one, deſired me to produce my Letters from *England*, that it was true. Never did People give greater Demonſtrations of Joy, than they upon this Occaſion. It was the common cry in the Streets, *Paz con Angleterra, con todo Mundo Guerra*; And my Confirmation did them as much Pleaſure as it did Service to me; for if poſſible, they treated me with more Civility than before.

But the Peace ſoon after being proclaimed, I received Orders to repair to *Madrid*, where the reſt of the Priſoners taken

taken at *Denia* had been carried; when I, by reaſon of my Wounds, and want of Health, had been left behind. Others I underſtood lay ready, and ſome were on their March to *Bayone* in *France*; where Ships were ordered for their Tranſportation into *England*. So after a Reſidence of three Years and three Months; having taken leave of all my Acquaintance, I left a Place, that was almoſt become natural to me, the delicious *Sainte Clemente de la Mancha*.

NOTHING of Moment, or worth obſerving, met I with, till I came near *Ocanna*; and there occurred a Sight ridiculous enough. The Knight of the Town, I laſt came from, the ever renown'd *Don Quixot*, never made ſuch a Figure as a *Spaniard*, I there met on the Road. He was mounted on a Mule of the largeſt ſize, and yet no way unſizeable to his Perſon: He had two Piſtols in his Holſters, and one on each ſide ſtuck in his Belt; a ſort of large Blunderbuſs in one of his Hands, and the fellow to it ſlung over his Shoulders hung at his Back. All theſe were accompany'd with a right *Spaniſh Spado*, and an Attendant *Stiletto*, in their cuſtomary Poſition. The Muletier that was my Guide, calling out to him in *Spaniſh*, told him he was very well arm'd; to which, with a great deal of Gravity, the Don returned Anſwer, by Saint Jago *a Man cannot be too well arm'd in ſuch dangerous Times*.

I took up my Quarters that Night at *Ocanna*, a large, neat, and well built Town. Houſes of good Reception, and Entertainment, are very ſcarce all over *Spain*; but that, where I then lay, might have paſs'd for good in any other Country. Yet it gave me a Notion quite different to what I found: for I imagined it to proceed from my near Approach to the Capital. But inſtead of that, contrary to all other Countries, the nearer I came to *Madrid*, the Houſes of Entertainment grew worſe and worſe; not in their Rates do I mean (for that with Reaſon enough might have been expected) but even in their Proviſion, and Places and way of Reception. I could not however forbear ſmiling at the Reaſon given by my Muletier, that it proceeded from a piece of Court Policy, in Order to oblige all Travellers to haſten to *Madrid*.

Two ſmall Leagues from *Ocanna* we arrived at *Aranjuez*, a Seat of Pleaſure, which the Kings of *Spain* commonly ſelect for their place of Reſidence during the Months of *April* and *May*. It is diſtant from *Madrid* about ſeven Leagues; and the Country round is the pleaſanteſt in all *Spain*, *Valencia* excepted. The Houſe it ſelf makes but a very indifferent Appearance; I have ſeen many a better in *England*, with an Owner to it of no more than five hundred Pounds *per Annum*; yet the Gardens are

large and fine; or as the *Spaniards* ſay, the fineſt in all *Spain*, which with them is all the World. They tell you at the ſame Time, that thoſe of *Verſailles*, in their moſt beautiful Parts, took their Model from theſe. I never ſaw thoſe at *Verſailles*: But in my Opinion, the Walks at *Aranjuez*, tho' noble in their length, loſe much of their Beauty by their Narrowneſs.

The Water-works here are a great Curioſity; to which the River *Tagus* running along cloſe by, does mightily contribute. That River is let into the Gardens by a vaſt number of little Canals, which with their pleaſing *Mæanders* divert the Eye with inexpreſſible Delight. Theſe pretty Wanderers by Pipes properly plac'd in them, afford Varieties ſcarce to be believ'd or imagin'd; and which would be grateful in any Climate; but much more, where the Air, as it does here, wants in the Summer Months perpetual cooling.

To ſee a ſpreading Tree, as growing in its natural Soil, diſtinguiſh'd from its pineing Neighbourhood by a gentle refreſhing Shower, which appears ſoftly diſtilling from every Branch and Leaf thereof, while Nature all around is ſmiling, without one liquid ſign of Sorrow, to me appear'd ſurprizingly pleaſing. And the more when I obſerv'd that its Neighbours receiv'd not any the leaſt Benefit of that plentiful Effuſion;

ſion: And yet a very few Trees diſtant, you ſhould find a dozen together under the ſame healthful *Sudor*. Where Art imitates Nature well, Philoſophers hold it a Perfection: Then what muſt ſhe exact of us, where we find her tranſcendent in the Perfections of Nature?

The watry Arch is nothing leſs ſurprizing; where Art contending with Nature, acts againſt the Laws of Nature, and yet is beautiful. To ſee a Liquid Stream vaulting it ſelf for the ſpace of threeſcore Yards into a perfect Semi-Orb, will be granted by the Curious to be rare and ſtrange: But ſure to walk beneath that Arch, and ſee the Waters flowing over your Head, without your receiving the minuteſt Drop, is ſtranger, if not ſtrange enough to ſtagger all Belief.

The Story of *Actæon*, pictur'd in Water Colours, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, tho' pretty, ſeem'd to me, but trifling to the other. Thoſe ſeem'd to be like Nature miraculouſly diſplayed; this only Fable in Groteſque. The Figures indeed were not only fine, but extraordinary; yet their various Shapes were not at all ſo entertaining to the Mind, however refreſhing they might be found to the Body.

I took notice before of the ſtraitneſs of their Walks: But tho' to me it might ſeem a Diminution of their Beauty: I am apt to believe

believe to the *Spaniard*, for and by whom they were laid out, it may ſeem otherwiſe. They, of both Sexes, give themſelves ſo intolerably up to Amouring, that on that Account the Cloſeneſs of the Walks may be look'd upon as an Advantage rather than a Defect. The grand Avenue to the Houſe is much more ſtately, and compos'd as they are, of Rows of Trees, ſomewhat larger than our largeſt Limes, whoſe Leaves are all of a perfect Pea bloom Colour, together with their Grandeur, they ſtrike the Eye with a pleaſing Beauty. At the Entrance of the Grand Court we ſee the Statue of *Philip* the Second; to intimate to the Spectators, I ſuppoſe, that he was the Founder.

Among other Parks about *Aranjuez* there is one intirely preſerved for Dromedaries; an uſeful Creature for Fatigue, Burden, and Diſpatch; but the neareſt of kin to Deformity of any I ever ſaw. There are ſeveral other encloſures for ſeveral ſorts of ſtrange and wild Beaſts, which are ſometimes baited in a very large Pond, that was ſhown me about half a League from hence. This is no ordinary Diverſion: But when the Court is diſpoſed that way, the Beaſt, or Beaſts, whether Bear, Lyon, or Tyger, are convey'd into a Houſe prepar'd for that purpoſe; whence he can no other way iſſue than by a Door over the Water, through, or over, which forcing or flinging himſelf, he

he gradually finds himself descend into the very depth of the Pond by a wooden Declivity. The Dogs stand ready on the Banks, and so soon as ever they spye their Enemy, rush all at once into the Water, and engage him. A Diversion less to be complain'd of than their *Tauridores*; becaufe attended with less Cruelty to the Beast, as well as Danger to the Spectators.

When we arrived at *Madrid*, a Town much spoken of by Natives, as well as Strangers, tho' I had seen it before, I could hardly restrain my self from being surprized to find it only environ'd with Mud Walls. It may very easily be imagin'd, they were never intended for Defence, and yet it was a long time before I could find any other use, or rather any use at all in 'em. And yet I was at last convinc'd of my Error by a sensible Increase of Expence. Without the Gates, to half a League without the Town, you have Wine for two Pence the Quart; but within the Place, you drink it little cheaper than you may in *London*. The Mud Walls therefore well enough answer their Intent of forcing People to reside there, under pretence of Security; but in reality to be tax'd, for other Things are taxable, as well as Wine, tho' not in like Proportion.

All Embassadors have a Claim or Privilege, of bringing in what Wine they please

Tax-

Tax-free; and the King, to wave it, will at any Time purchaſe that Exemption of Duty at the price of five hundred Piſtoles *per Annum*. The Convents and Nunneries are allowed a like Licence of free Importation; and it is one of the firſt Advantages they can boaſt of; for, under that Licence having a liberty of ſetting up a Tavern near them, they make a prodigious Advantage of it. The Wine drank and ſold in this Place, is for the moſt part a ſort of white Wine.

But if the Mud Walls gave me at firſt but a faint Idea of the Place; I was pleaſingly diſappointed, as ſoon as I enter'd the Gates. The Town then ſhow'd itſelf well built, and of Brick, and the Streets wide, long, and ſpacious. Thoſe of *Atocha*, and *Alcala*, are as fine as any I ever ſaw; yet is it ſituated but very indifferently: For tho' they have what they call a River, to which they give the very fair Name of *la Manſuera*, and over which they have built a curious, long, and large Stone Bridge; yet is the Courſe of it, in Summer time eſpecially, moſtly dry. This gave occaſion to that piece of Railery of a Foreign Embaſſador, *That the King would have done wiſely to have bought a River, before he built the Bridge*. Nevertheleſs, that little Stream of a River which they boaſt of, they improve as much as poſſible; ſince down the Sides, as far as you can ſee, there are

Coops, or little Places hooped in, for People to wash their Linen (for they very rarely wash in their own Houses) nor is it really any unpleasing Sight, to view the regular Rows of them at that cleanly Operation.

The King has here two Palaces; one within the Town, the other near adjoining. That in the Town is built of Stone, the other which is called *Bueno Retiro*, is all of Brick. From the Town to this last, in Summer time, there is a large covering of Canvas, propt up with tall Poles; under which People walk to avoid the scorching heats of the Sun.

As I was passing by the Chapel of the *Carmelites*, I saw several blind Men, some led, some groping the Way with their Sticks, going into the Chapel. I had the curiosity to know the Reason: I no sooner enter'd the Door, but was surprized to see such a number of those unfortunate People, all kneeling before the Altar, some kissing the Ground, others holding up their Heads, crying out *Misericordia*. I was informed 'twas Saint *Lucy*'s Day, the Patroness of the Blind; therefore all who were able, came upon that Day to pay their Devotion: So I left them, and directed my Course towards the King's Palace.

When I came to the outward Court, I met with a *Spanish* Gentleman of my Acquaintance,

quaintance, and we went into the *Piazza's*; whilſt we were talking there, I ſaw ſeveral Gentlemen paſſing by having Badges on their Breaſts, ſome white, ſome red, and others green: My Friend informed me that there were five Orders of Knighthood in *Spain*. That of the Golden Fleece was only given to great Princes, but the other four to private Gentlemen, *viz.* That of *Saint Jago*, *Alacantara*, *Saint Salvador de Montreal*, and *Monteza*.

The Orders of Knighthood in Spain.

He likewiſe told me, that there were above ninety Places of Grandees, but never filled up; who have the Privilege of being cover'd in the Preſence of the King, and are diſtinguiſhed into three Ranks. The firſt is of thoſe who cover themſelves before they ſpeak to the King. The ſecond are thoſe who put on their Hats after they have begun to ſpeak. The third are thoſe who only put on their Hats, having ſpoke to him. The Ladies of the Grandees have alſo great Reſpect ſhow'd them. The Queen riſes up when they enter the Chamber, and offers them Cuſhions.

No married Man except the King lies in the Palace, for all the Women who live there are Widows, or Maids of Honour to the Queen. I ſaw the Prince of *Aſturia's* Dinner carried through the Court up to him, being guarded by four Gentlemen of the Guards, one before, another behind,

and one on each Side, with their Carbines ſhoulder'd; the Queen's came next, and the King's the laſt, guarded as before, for they always dine ſeparately. I obſerved that the Gentlemen of the Guards, though not on Duty, yet they are obliged to wear their Carbine Belts.

SAINT Iſodore, who from a poor labouring Man, by his Sanctity of Life arrived to the Title of *Saint*, is the Patron of *Madrid*, and has a Church dedicated to him, which is richly adorned within. The Sovereign Court of the Inquiſition is held at *Madrid*, the Preſident whereof is called the Inquiſitor General. They judge without allowing any Appeal for four Sorts of Crimes, *viz.* Hereſy, Polygamy, Sodomy and Witchcraft, and when any are convicted, 'tis called the Act of Faith.

Most People believe that the King's greateſt Revenue conſiſts in the Gold and Silver brought from the Weſt Indies (which is a miſtake) for moſt Part of that Wealth belongs to Merchants and others, that pay the Workmen at the Golden Mines of *Potoſi*, and the Silver Mines at *Mexico*; yet the King, as I have been informed, receives about a Million and a half of Gold.

The *Spaniards* have a Saying, that the fineſt Garden of Fruit in *Spain* is in the middle of *Madrid*, which is the *Plaza* or Market Place, and truly the Stalls there are

are ſet forth with ſuch variety of delicious Fruit, that I muſt confeſs I never ſaw any Place comparable to it; and which adds to my Admiration, there are no Gardens or Orchards of Fruit within ſome Leagues.

They ſeldom eat Hares in *Spain* but whilſt the Grapes are growing, and then they are ſo exceeding fat, they are knocked down with Sticks. Their Rabits are not ſo good as ours in *England*; they have great plenty of Patridges, which are larger and finer feather'd than ours. They have but little Beef in *Spain*, becauſe there is no Graſs, but they have plenty of Mutton, and exceeding good, becauſe their Sheep feed only upon wild Potherbs; their Pork is delicious, their Hogs feeding only upon Cheſtnuts and Acorns.

MADRID and *Valladolid*, though Great, yet are only accounted Villages: In the latter *Philip* the Second, by the perſuaſion of *Parſons* an *Engliſh* Jeſuit, erected an *Engliſh* Seminary; and *Philip* the Fourth built a moſt noble Palace, with extraordinary fine Gardens. They ſay that *Chriſtopher Columbus*, who firſt diſcover'd the Weſt Indies, dyed there, tho' I have heard he lies buried, and has a Monument at *Sevil*.

The Palace in the Town ſtands upon eleven Arches, under every one of which there are Shops, which degrade it to a *The King's Palace.*

meer Exchange. Nevertheleſs, the Stairs by which you aſcend up to the Guard Room (which is very ſpacious too) are ſtately, large, and curious. So ſoon as you have paſs'd the Guard Room, you enter into a long and noble Gallery, the right Hand whereof leads to the King's Apartment, the left to the Queen's. Entring into the King's Apartment you ſoon arrive at a large Room, where he keeps his *Levee*; on one ſide whereof (for it takes up the whole Side) is painted the fatal Battle of *Almanza*. I confeſs the View ſomewhat affected me, tho' ſo long after; and brought to Mind many old Paſſages. However, the Reflection concluded thus in favour of the *Spaniard*, that we ought to excuſe their Vanity in ſo expoſing under a *French* General, a Victory, which was the only material one the *Spaniards* could ever boaſt of over an *Engliſh* Army.

In this State Room, when the King firſt appears, every Perſon preſent, receives him with a profound Homage: After which turning from the Company to a large Velvet Chair, by which ſtands the Father Confeſſor, he kneels down, and remains ſome Time at his Devotion; which being over, he riſing croſſes himſelf, and his Father Confeſſor having with the motion of his Hand intimated his Benediction, he then gives Audience to all that attend for that

purpoſe. He receives every Body with a ſeeming Complaiſance; and with an Air more reſembling the *French* than the *Spaniſh* Ceremony. Petitions to the King, as with us, are delivered into the Hands of the Secretary of State: Yet in one Particular they are, in my Opinion, worthy the Imitation of other Courts; the Petitioner is directly told, what Day he muſt come for an Anſwer to the Office; at which Time he is ſure, without any further fruitleſs Attendance, not to fail of it. The Audience being over, the King returns through the Gallery to his own Apartment.

I cannot here omit an accidental Converſation, that paſs'd between General *Mahoni* and my ſelf in this Place. After ſome talk of the Bravery of the *Engliſh* Nation, he made mention of General *Stanhope*, with a very peculiar *Emphaſis*. "But, ſays he, "I never was ſo put to the Nonplus in all "my Days, as that General once put me "in. I was on the Road from *Paris* to "*Madrid*, and having notice, that that "General was going juſt the Reverſe, and "that in all likelyhood we ſhould meet the "next Day: Before my ſetting out in the "Morning, I took care to order my gay-"eſt Regimental Apparel, reſolving to "make the beſt Appearance I could to re-"ceive ſo great a Man. I had not travell'd "above four Hours before I ſaw two Gen-

" tlemen, who appearing to be *Engliſh*, it " induc'd me to imagine they were Fore- " runners, and ſome of his Retinue. But " how abaſh'd and confounded was I? " when putting the Queſtion to one of 'em, " he made anſwer, *Sir, I am the Perſon.* " Never did Moderation put Vanity more " out of Countenance: Tho', to ſay Truth, " I cou'd not but think his Dreſs as much " too plain for General *Stanhope*, as I at " that juncture thought my own too gay " for *Mahoni.* But, added he, that great " Man had too many inward great Endow- " ments to ſtand in need of any outſide " Decoration.

Of all Diverſions the King takes moſt delight in that of Shooting, which he performs with great Exactneſs and Dexterity. I have ſeen him divert himſelf at Swallow ſhooting (by all, I think allow'd to be the moſt difficult) and exceeding all I ever ſaw. The laſt time I had the Honour to ſee him, was on his Return from that Exerciſe. He had been abroad with the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, and alighted out of his Coach at a back Door of the Palace, with three or four Birds in his Hand, which according to his uſual Cuſtom, he carried up to the Queen with his own Hands.

The Play-houſes. There are two Play-houſes in *Madrid*, at both which they act every Day; but their Actors, and their Muſick, are almoſt too indifferent

different to be mentioned. The Theatre at the *Bueno Retiro* is much the beſt; but as much inferior to ours at *London*, as thoſe at *Madrid* are to that. I was at one Play, when both King and Queen were preſent. There was a ſplendid Audience, and a great Concourſe of Ladies; but the latter, as is the Cuſtom there, having Lattices before them, the Appearance loſt moſt of its Luſtre. One very remarkable Thing happen'd, while I was there; the *Ave-Bell* rung in the Middle of an Act, when down on their Knees fell every Body, even the Players on the Stage, in the Middle of their Harangue. They remained for ſome Time at their Devotion; then up they roſe, and returned to the Buſineſs they were before engag'd in, beginning where they left off.

The Ladies of Quality make their Viſits in grand State and Decorum. The Lady Viſitant is carry'd in a Chair by four Men; the two firſt, in all Weathers, always bare. Two others walk as a Guard, one on each Side; another carrying a large Lanthorn for fear of being benighted; then follows a Coach drawn by ſix Mules, with her Women, and after that another with her Gentlemen; ſeveral Servants walking after, more or leſs, according to the Quality of the Perſon. They never ſuffer their Servants to overload a Coach, as is frequently ſeen with us, neither do Coachmen or Chairmen

go or drive as if they carried Midwives in lieu of Ladies. On the contrary, they affect a Motion ſo ſlow and ſo ſtately, that you would rather imagine the Ladies were every one of them near their Time, and very apprehenſive of a Miſcarriage.

I remember not to have ſeen here any Horſes in any Coach, but in the King's, or an Embaſſador's; which can only proceed from Cuſtom; for certainly finer Horſes are not to be found in the World.

At the Time of my being here, Cardinal *Giudici* was at *Madrid*; he was a tall, proper, comely Man, and one that made the beſt Appearance. *Alberoni* was there at the ſame Time, who, upon the Death of the Duke of *Vendoſme*, had the good Fortune to find the Princeſs *Urſini* his Patroneſs. An Inſtance of whoſe Ingratitude will plead Pardon for this little Digreſſion. That Princeſs firſt brought *Alberoni* into Favour at Court. They were both of *Italy*, and that might be one Reaſon of that Lady's eſpouſing his Intereſt: tho' ſome there are, that aſſign it to the Recommendation of the Duke of *Vendoſme*; with whom *Alberoni* had the Honour to be very intimate, as the other was always diſtinguiſh'd by that Princeſs. Be which it will, certain it is, ſhe was *Alberoni*'s firſt, and ſole Patroneſs; which gave many People afterwards a very ſmart Occaſion of reflecting upon him, both as

as to his Integrity and Gratitude. For, when *Alberoni*, upon the Death of King *Philip*'s firſt Queen, had recommended this preſent Lady, who was his Countrywoman, (ſhe of *Parma*, and he of *Placentia*, both in the ſame Dukedom) and had forwarded her Match with the King, with all poſſible Aſſiduity; and when that Princeſs, purſuant to the Orders ſhe had received from the King, paſs'd over into *Italy* to accompany the Queen Elect into her own Dominions; *Alberoni*, forgetful of the Hand that firſt advanced him, ſent a Letter to the preſent Queen, juſt before her Landing, that if ſhe reſolv'd to be Queen of *Spain*, ſhe muſt baniſh the Princeſs *Urſini*, her Companion, and never let her come to Court. Accordingly that Lady, to evince the Extent of her Power, and the Strength of her Reſolution, diſpatch'd that Princeſs away, on her very Landing, and before ſhe had ſeen the King, under a Detachment of her own Guards, into *France*; and all this without either allowing her an Opportunity of juſtifying her ſelf, or aſſigning the leaſt Reaſon for ſo uncommon an Action. But the ſame *Alberoni* (though afterwards created Cardinal, and for ſome Time King *Philip*'s Prime Minion) ſoon ſaw that Ingratitude of his rewarded in his own Diſgrace, at the very ſame Court.

I remember, when at *la Mancha*, Don *Felix Pachero*, in a Converſation there, maintain'd, that three Women, at that Time, rul'd the World, *viz.* Queen *Anne*, Madam *Mantenon*, and this Princeſs *Urſini*.

FATHER *Fahy's* Civilities, when laſt at *Madrid*, exacting of me ſome ſuitable Acknowledgment, I went to pay him a Viſit; as to render him due Thanks for the paſt, ſo to give him a further Account of his Countryman *Brennan*: but I ſoon found he did not much incline to hear any Thing more of *Murtough*, not expecting to hear any Good of him; for which Reaſon, as ſoon as I well could, I changed the Converſation to another Topick. In which ſome Word dropping of the Count *de Montery*, I told him, that I heard he had taken Orders, and officiated at Maſs: He made anſwer, it was all very true. And upon my intimating, that I had the Honour to ſerve under him in *Flanders*, on my firſt entring into Service, and when he commanded the *Spaniſh* Forces at the famous Battle of *Seneff*; and adding, that I could not but be ſurprized, that he, who was then one of the brighteſt *Cavalieroes* of the Age, ſhould now be in Orders; and that I ſhould look upon it as a mighty Favour barely to have, if it might be, a View of him; he very obligingly told me, that he was very well acquainted with him, and that if I would come the next Day, he would

not

not fail to accompany me to the Count's Houſe.

PUNCTUALLY at the Time appointed, I waited on Father *Fahy*, who, as he promiſed, carry'd me to the Count's Houſe: He was ſtepping into his Coach juſt as we got there; but ſeeing Father *Fahy*, he advanced towards us. The Father deliver'd my Deſire in as handſom a Manner as could be, and concluding with the Reaſon of it, from my having been in that Service under him; he ſeem'd very well pleas'd, but added, that there were not many beſide my ſelf living, who had been in that Service with him. After ſome other Converſation, he call'd his Gentleman to him, and gave him particular Orders to give us a *Freſcari*, or, in *Engliſh*, an Entertainment; ſo taking leave, he went into his Coach, and we to our *Freſcari*.

COMING from which, Father *Fahi* made me obſerve, in the open Street, a Stone, on which was a viſible great Stain of ſomewhat reddiſh and like Blood. "This, ſaid he, "was occaſion'd by the Death of a Coun- "tryman of mine, who had the Misfortune "to overſet a Child, coming out of that "Houſe (pointing to one oppoſite to us) "the Child frighted, though not hurt, as is "natural, made a terrible Out-cry; upon "which its Father coming out in a violent "Rage (notwithſtanding my Countryman

"beg'd

" beg'd Pardon, and pleaded Sorrow as " being only an Accident) ſtabb'd him to the " Heart, and down he fell upon that Stone, " which to this Day retains the Mark of " innocent Blood, ſo raſhly ſhed ". He went on, and told me, the *Spaniard* immediately took Sanctuary in the Church, whence ſome Time after he made his Eſcape. But Eſcapes of that Nature are ſo common in *Spain*, that they are not worth wondering at. For even though it were for wilful and premeditated Murder, if the Murderer have taken Sanctuary, it was never known, that he was delivered up to Juſtice, though demanded; but in ſome Diſguiſe he makes his Eſcape, or ſome Way is ſecured againſt all the Clamours of Power or Equity. I have obſerved, that ſome of the greateſt Quality ſtop their Coaches over a ſtinking naſty Puddle, which they often find in the Streets, and holding their Heads over the Door, ſnuff up the naſty Scent which aſcends, believing that 'tis extream healthful; when I was forced to hold my Noſe, paſſing by. 'Tis not convenient to walk out early in the Morning, they having no neceſſary Houſes, throw out their Naſtineſs in the Middle of the Street.

After I had taken Leave of Father *Fahy*, and return'd my Thanks for all Civilities, I went to pay a Viſit to Mr. *Salter*, who was Secretary to General *Stanhope*, when the

the *Engliſh* Forces were made Priſoners of War at *Breuhiga*; going up Stairs, I found the Door of his Lodgings a-jar; and knocking, a Perſon came to the Door, who appeared under ſome Surprize at Sight of me. I did not know him, but enquiring if Mr. *Salter* was within; He anſwered, as I fancy'd, with ſome Heſitation, that he was, but was buſy in an inner Room. However, though unask'd, I went in, reſolving, ſince I had found him at home, to wait his Leiſure. In a little Time Mr. *Salter* enter'd the Room; and after cuſtomary Ceremonies, asking my Patience a little longer, he deſired I would ſit down and bear Enſign *Fanſhaw* Company (for ſo he call'd him) adding at going out, he had a little Buſineſs that required Diſpatch; which being over, he would return, and join Company.

The Enſign, as he call'd him, appear'd to me under a *Diſhabileè*; and the firſt Queſtion he ask'd me, was, if I would drink a Glaſs of *Engliſh* Beer? Miſled by his Appearance, though I aſſented, it was with a Deſign to treat; which he would by no Means permit; but calling to a Servant, ordered ſome in. We ſat drinking that Liquor, which to me was a greater Rarity than all the Wine in *Spain*; when in dropt an old Acquaintance of mine, Mr. *Le Noy*, Secretary to Colonel *Nevil*. He ſat down with us, and before

fore the Glaſs could go twice round, told Enſign *Fanſhaw*, That his Colonel gave his humble Service to him, and ordered him to let him know, that he had but threeſcore Piſtoles by him, which he had ſent, and which were at his Service, as what he pleas'd more ſhould be, as ſoon as it came to his Hands.

At this I began to look upon my Enſign as another gueſs Perſon than I had taken him for; and *Le Noy* imagining, by our ſetting cheek by joul together, that I muſt be in the Secret, ſoon after gave him the Title of Captain. This ſoon convinc'd me, that there was more in the Matter than I was yet Maſter of; for laying Things together, I could not but argue within my ſelf, that as it ſeem'd at firſt, a moſt incredible Thing, that a Perſon of his Appearance ſhould have ſo large Credit, with ſuch a Complement at the End of it, without ſome Diſguiſe, and as from an Enſign he was riſen to be a Captain, in the taking of one Bottle of *Engliſh* Beer; a little Patience would let me into a Farce, in which, at preſent, I had not the Honour to bear any Part but that of a Mute.

At laſt *Le Noy* took his leave, and as ſoon as he had left us, and the other Bottle was brought in, Enſign *Fanſhaw* began to open his Heart, and tell me, who he was. I am neceſſitated, ſaid he, to be under this Diſguiſe,

guiſe, to conceal my ſelf, eſpecially in this Place. "For you muſt know, conti- "nued he, that when our Forces were "Lords of this Town, as we were for a "little while, I fell under an Intrigue "with another Man's Wife: Her Husband "was a Perſon of conſiderable Account; ne- "vertheleſs the Wife ſhow'd me all the Fa- "vours that a Soldier, under a long and "hard Campaigne, could be imagined to "ask. In ſhort, her Relations got ac- "quainted with our Amour, and knowing "that I was among the Priſoners taken at "*Breuhiga*, are now upon the Scout and "Enquiry, to make a Diſcovery that may "be of fatal Conſequence. This is the "Reaſon of my Diſguiſe; this the unfortu- "nate Occaſion of my taking upon me a "Name that does not belong to me.

He ſpoke all this with ſuch an Open- neſs of Heart, that in return of ſo much Confidence, I confeſs'd to him, that I had heard of the Affair, for that it had made no little Noiſe all over the Country; that it highly behoved him to take great Care of himſelf, ſince, as the Relations on both Sides were conſiderable, he muſt conſequently be in great Danger: That in Caſes of that Nature, no People in the World carry Things to greater Extremities, than the *Spaniards*. He return'd me Thanks for my good Advice, which I underſtood, in a few

Days after, he, with the Assistance of his Friends, had taken Care to put in Practice; for he was convey'd away secretly, and afterwards had the Honour to be made a Peer of *Ireland*.

My Passport being at last sign'd by the Count *de las Torres*, I prepared for a Journey, I had long and ardently wish'd for, and set out from *Madrid*, in the Beginning of *September*, 1712. in Order to return to my native Country.

Accordingly I set forward upon my Journey, but having heard, both before and since my being in *Spain*, very famous Things spoken of the *Escurial*; though it was a League out of my Road, I resolved to make it a Visit. And I must confess, when I came there, I was so far from condemning my Curiosity, that I chose to congratulate my good Fortune, that had, at half a Day's Expence, feasted my Eyes with Extraordinaries, which would have justify'd a Twelve-months Journey on purpose.

Description of the Escurial. The Structure is intirely magnificent, beyond any Thing I ever saw, or any Thing my Imagination could frame. It is composed of eleven several Quadrangles, with noble Cloisters round every one of them. The Front to the West is adorn'd with three stately Gates; every one of a different Model, yet every one the Model of nicest Architecture. The Middlemost of the three leads

leads into a fine Chapel of the *Hieronomites*, as they call them; in which are entertain'd one hundred and fifty Monks. At every of the four Corners of this auguſt Fabrick, there is a Turret of excellent Workmanſhip, which yields to the Whole an extraordinary Air of Grandure. The King's Palace is on the North, neareſt that Mountain, whence the Stone it is built of was hew'n; and all the South Part is ſet off with many Galleries, both beautiful and ſumptuous.

This prodigious Pile, which, as I have ſaid, exceeds all that I ever ſaw; and which would ask, of it ſelf, a Volume to particularize, was built by *Philip* the Second. He lay'd the firſt Stone, yet liv'd to ſee it finiſhed; and lies buryed in the *Panthæon*, a Part of it, ſet apart for the Burial-place of ſucceeding Princes, as well as himſelf. It was dedicated to Saint *Laurence*, in the very Foundation; and therefore built in the Shape of a Gridiron, the Inſtrument of that Martyr's Execution; and in Memory of a great Victory obtain'd on that Saint's Day. The Stone of which it is built, contrary to the common Courſe, grows whiter by Age; and the Quarry, whence it was dug, lies near enough, if it had Senſe or Ambition, to grow enamour'd of its own wonderful Production. Some there are, who ſtick not to aſſign this Convenience, as the main Cauſe of its Situation; and for my Part, I muſt agree, that I

have ſeen many other Parts of *Spain*, where that glorious Building would have ſhone with yet far greater Splendour.

THERE was no Town of any Conſequence preſented it ſelf in my Way to *Burgos*. Here I took up my Quarters that Night; where I met with an *Iriſh* Prieſt, whoſe Name was *White*. As is natural on ſuch Rencounters, having anſwered his Enquiry, whither I was going; he very kindly told me, he ſhould be very glad of my Company as far as *Victoria*, which lay in my Road; and I with equal Frankneſs embrac'd the Offer.

NEXT Morning, when we had mounted our Mules, and were got a little Diſtance from *Burgos*; he began to relate to me a great many impious Pranks of an *Engliſh* Officer, who had been a Priſoner there a little before I came; concluding all, with ſome Vehemence, that he had given greater Occaſion of Scandal and Infamy to his native Country, than would eaſily be wiped off, or in a little Time. The Truth of it is, many Particulars, which he related to me, were too monſtrouſly vile to admit of any Repetition here; and highly meriting that unfortunate End, which that Officer met with ſome Time after. Nevertheleſs the juſt Reflections made by that Father, plainly manifeſted to me the Folly of thoſe Gentlemen, who, by ſuch Inadvertencies, to ſay no worſe,

worſe, cauſe the Honour of the Land of their Nativity to be called in queſtion. For tho', no doubt, it is a very falſe Concluſion, from a ſingular, to conceive a general Character; yet in a ſtrange Country, nothing is more common. A Man therefore, of common Senſe, would carefully avoid all Occaſions of Cenſure, if not in reſpect to himſelf, yet out of a human Regard to ſuch of his Countrymen as may have the Fortune to come after him; and, it's more than probable, may deſire to hear a better and juſter Character of their Country, and Countrymen, than he perhaps might incline to leave behind him.

As we travelled along, Father *White* told me, that near the Place of our Quartering that Night, there was a Convent of the *Carthuſian* Order, which would be well worth my ſeeing. I was doubly glad to hear it, as it was an Order moſt a Stranger to me; and as I had often heard from many others, moſt unaccountable Relations of the Severity of their Way of Life, and the very odd Original of their Inſtitution.

The next Morning therefore, being *Sunday*, we took a Walk to the Convent. It was ſituated at the Foot of a great Hill, having a pretty little River running before it. The Hill was naturally cover'd with Evergreens of various Sorts; but the very Sum-

mit of the Rock was so impending, that one would at first Sight be led to apprehend the Destruction of the Convent, from the Fall of it. Notwithstanding all which, they have very curious and well ordered Gardens; which led me to observe, that, what ever Men may pretend, Pleasure was not incompatible with the most austere Life. And indeed, if I may guess of others by this, no Order in that Church can boast of finer Convents. Their Chapel was compleatly neat, the Altar of it set out with the utmost Magnificence, both as to fine Paintings, and other rich Adornments. The Building was answerable to the rest; and, in short, nothing seem'd omitted, that might render it beautiful or pleasant.

When we had taken a full Survey of all; we, not without some Regret, return'd to our very indifferent Inn: Where the better to pass away the Time, Father *White* gave me an ample Detail of the Original of that Order. I had before-hand heard somewhat of it; nevertheless, I did not care to interrupt him, because I had a Mind to hear how his Account would agree with what I had already heard.

"*Bruno*, said the Father, the Author or "Founder of this Order, was not originally "of this, but of another. He had a holy "Brother of the same Order, that was his "Cel-mate, or Chamber-fellow, who was

"re-

" reputed by all that ever saw or knew him, " for a Person of exalted Piety, and of a " most exact holy Life. This Man, *Bru-* " *no* had intimately known for many Years; " and agreed in his Character, that general " Consent did him no more than Justice, " having never observed any Thing in any " of his Actions, that, in his Opinion, could " be offensive to God or Man. He was " perpetually at his Devotions; and distin- " guishably remarkable, for never permit- " ing any Thing but pious Ejaculations to " proceed out of his Mouth. In short, he " was reputed a Saint upon Earth.

" This Man at last dies, and, according " to Custom, is removed into the Chapel " of the Convent, and there plac'd with a " Cross fix'd in his Hands: Soon after which, " saying the proper Masses for his Soul, in " the Middle of their Devotion, the dead " Man lifts up his Head, and with an audi- " ble Voice, cry'd out, *Vocatus sum.* The " pious Brethren, as any one will easi- " ly imagine, were most prodigiously sur- " prized at such an Accident, and there- " fore they earnestly redoubled their Pray- " ers; when lifting up his Head a second " Time, the dead Man cried aloud, *Judi-* " *catus sum.* Knowing his former Piety, the " pious Fraternity could not then entertain " the least doubt of his Felicity; when, to " their great Consternation and Confusion,

" he lifted up his Head a third Time, cry-
" ing out in a terrible Tone, *Damnatus*
" *sum*; upon which they incontinently re-
" moved the Corps out of the Chapel, and
" threw it upon the Dunghill.

" Good *Bruno*, pondering upon these
" Passages, could not fail of drawing this
" Conclusion; That if a Person to all Ap-
" pearance so holy and devout, should miss
" of Salvation, it behov'd a wise Man to
" contrive some Way more certain to make
" his Calling and Election sure. To that
" Purpose he instituted this strict and severe
" Order, with an Injunction to them, sacred
" as any Part, that every Professor should
" always wear Hair Cloth next his Skin; ne-
" ver eat any Flesh; nor speak to one ano-
" ther, only as passing by, to say, *Memento*
" *mori*.

This Account I found to agree pret-ty well with what I had before heard; but at the same Time, I found the Redouble of it made but just the same Impression, it had at first made upon my Heart. How-ever having made it my Observation, that a Spirit the least contradictory, best carries a Man through *Spain*; I kept Father *White* Company, and in Humour, 'till we arrived at *Victoria*. Where he added one Thing, by Way of Appendix, in Relation to the *Carthusians*, That every Person of the So-ciety, is oblig'd every Day to go into their

Place

Place of Burial, and take up as much Earth, as he can hold at a Graſp with one Hand, in order to prepare his Grave.

Next Day we ſet out for *Victoria*. It is a ſweet, delicious, and pleaſant Town. It received that Name in Memory of a conſiderable Victory there obtained over the *Moors*. Leaving this Place, I parted with Father *White*; he going where his Affairs led him; and I to make the beſt of my Way to *Bilboa*.

Entring into *Biſcay*, ſoon after I left *Victoria*, I was at a Loſs almoſt to imagine, what Country I was got into. By my long Stay in *Spain*, I thought my ſelf a tolerable Maſter of the Tongue; yet here I found my ſelf at the utmoſt Loſs to underſtand Landlord, Landlady, or any of the Family. I was told by my Muletier, that they pretend their Language, as they call it, has continued uncorrupted from the very Confuſion of *Babel*; though if I might freely give my Opinion in the Matter, I ſhould rather take it to be the very Corruption of all that Confuſion. Another *Rhodomontado* they have, (for in this they are perfect *Spaniards*) that neither *Romans*, *Carthaginians*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, or *Moors*, ever totally ſubdued them. And yet any Man that has ever ſeen their Country, might cut this Knot without a Hatchet, by ſaying truly, that neither *Roman*, *Carthaginian*, nor any victorious Peo-

ple,

ple, thought it worth while to make a Conqueſt of a Country, ſo mountainous and ſo barren.

Bilboa *deſcribed.*

HOWEVER, *Bilboa* muſt be allowed, tho' not very large, to be a pretty, clean and neat Town. Here, as in *Amſterdam*, they allow neither Cart, nor Coach, to enter; but every Thing of Merchandize is drawn, and carried upon Sledges: And yet it is a Place of no ſmall Account, as to Trade; and eſpecially for Iron and Wooll. Here I hop'd to have met with an opportunity of Embarking for *England*; but to my Sorrow I found my ſelf diſappointed, and under that Diſappointment, obliged to make the beſt of my Way to *Bayonne*.

SETTING out for which Place, the firſt Town of Note that I came to, was *Saint Sebaſtian*. A very clean Town, and neatly pav'd; which is no little Rarity in *Spain*. It has a very good Wall about it, and a pretty Citadel. At this Place I met with two *Engliſh* Officers, who were under the ſame ſtate with my ſelf; one of them being a Priſoner of War with me at *Denia*. They were going to *Bayonne* to embark for *England* as well as my ſelf; ſo we agreed to ſet out together for *Port Paſſage*. The Road from St. *Sebaſtian* is all over a well pav'd Stone Cauſeway; almoſt at the end whereof, there accoſted us a great number of young Laſſes. They were all prettily dreſs'd, their long

long Hair flowing in a decent manner over their Shoulders, and here and there decorated with Ribbons of various Colours, which wantonly play'd on their Backs with the Wind. The Sight ſurpriz'd my Fellow Travellers no leſs than me; and the more, as they advanced directly up to us, and ſeiz'd our Hands. But a little time undeceiv'd us, and we found what they came for; and that their Conteſt, tho' not ſo robuſt as our Oars on the *Thames*, was much of the ſame Nature; each contending who ſhould have us for their Fare. For 'tis here a Cuſtom of Time out of mind, that none but young Women ſhould have the management and profit of that Ferry. And tho' the Ferry is over an Arm of the Sea, very broad, and ſometimes very rough, thoſe fair Ferriers manage themſelves with that Dexterity, that the Paſſage is very little dangerous, and in calm Weather, very pleaſant. In ſhort, we made choice of thoſe that beſt pleaſed us; who in a grateful Return, led us down to their Boat under a ſort of Muſick, which they, walking along, made with their Oars, and which we all thought far from being diſagreeable. Thus were we tranſported over to *Port Paſſage*; not undeſervedly accounted the beſt Harbour in all the Bay of *Biſcay*.

We ſtay'd not long here after Landing, reſolving, if poſſible, to reach *Fonterabia* before

before Night; but all the Expedition we could uſe, little avail'd; for before we could reach thither the Gates were ſhut, and good Nature and Humanity were ſo lock'd up with them, that all the Rhetorick we were Maſters of could not prevail upon the Governor to order their being opened; for which Reaſon we were obliged to take up our Quarters at the Ferry Houſe.

When we got up the next Morning, we found the Waters ſo broad, as well as rough, that we began to enquire after another Paſſage; and were anſwer'd, that at the Iſle of *Conference*, but a ſhort League upwards, the Paſſage was much ſhorter, and expoſed to leſs Danger. Such good Reaſons ſoon determin'd us: So, ſetting out we got there in a very little Time; and very ſoon after were landed in *France*. Here we found a Houſe of very good Entertainment, a Thing we had long wanted, and much lamented the want of.

We were hardly well ſeated in the Houſe before we were made ſenſible, that it was the Cuſtom, which had made it the buſineſs of our Hoſt, to entertain all his Gueſts at firſt coming in, with a prolix Account of that remarkable Interview between the two Kings of *France* and *Spain*. I ſpeak ſafely now, as being got on *French* Ground: For the *Spaniard* in his own Country would have made me to know, that putting *Spain*

after *France* had there been look'd upon as a meer Soleciſm in Speech. However, having refreſh'd our ſelves, to ſhow our deference to our Hoſt's Relation, we agreed to pay our Reſpects to that famous little Iſle he mention'd; which indeed, was the whole burden of the Deſign of our crafty Landlord's Relation.

When we came there, we found it a little oval Iſland, over-run with Weeds, and ſurrounded with Reeds and Ruſhes. "Here, ſaid our Landlord (for he went "with us) upon this little Spot, were at "that juncture ſeen the two greateſt Mo- "narchs in the Univerſe. A noble Pavi- "lion was erected in the very middle of it, "and in the middle of that was placed a "very large oval Table; at which was the "Conference, from which the Place re- "ceiv'd its Title. There were two Bridges "rais'd; one on the *Spaniſh* ſide, the Paſ- "ſage to which was a little upon a Deſcent "by reaſon of the Hills adjacent; and the "other upon the *French* ſide, which as you "ſee, was all upon a Level. The Muſick "playing, and Trumpets ſounding, the two "Kings, upon a Signal agreed upon, ſet "forward at the ſame time; the *Spaniſh* "Monarch handing the *Infanta* his Daugh- "ter to the Place of Interview. As ſoon "as they were enter'd the Pavilion, on "each Side, all the Artillery fired, and

"both

" both Armies after that made their seve-
" ral Vollies. Then the King of *Spain*
" advancing on his side the Table with
" the *Infanta*, the King of *France* advan-
" ced at the same Moment on the other;
" till meeting, he received the *Infanta* at
" the Hands of her Father, as his Queen;
" upon which, both the Artillery and small
" Arms fir'd as before. After this, was a
" most splendid and sumptuous Entertain-
" ment; which being over, both Kings re-
" tir'd into their several Dominions; the
" King of *France* conducting his new Queen
" to *Saint Jean de Luz*, where the Mar-
" riage was consummated; and the King
" of *Spain* returning to *Port Passage*.

After a Relation so very inconsistent with the present State of the Place; we took Horse (for Mule-mounting was now out of Fashion) and rode to *Saint Jean de Luz*, where we found as great a difference in our Eating and Drinking, as we had before done in our Riding. Here they might be properly call'd Houses of Entertainment; tho' generally speaking, till we came to this Place, we met with very mean Fare, and were poorly accommodated in the Houses where we lodged.

A Person that travels this way, would be esteem'd a Man of a narrow Curiosity, who should not desire to see the Chamber where *Louis le grand* took his first Nights

Lodg-

Lodging with his Queen. Accordingly, when it was put into my Head, out of an Ambition to evince my ſelf a Perſon of Taſte, I asked the Queſtion, and the Favour was granted me, with a great deal of *French* Civility. Not that I found any Thing here, more than in the Iſle of *Conference*, but what Tradition only had rendered remarkable.

Saint Jean de Luz is eſteem'd one of the greateſt Village Towns in all *France*. It was in the great Church of this Place, that *Lewis* XIV. according to Marriage Articles, took before the high Altar the Oath of Renunciation to the Crown of *Spain*, by which all the Iſſue of that Marriage were debarred Inheritance, if Oaths had been obligatory with Princes. The Natives here are reckon'd expert Seamen; eſpecially in Whale fiſhing. Here is a fine Bridge of Wood; in the middle of which is a Deſcent, by Steps, into a pretty little Iſland; where is a Chapel, and a Palace belonging to the Biſhop of *Bayonne*. Here the Queen Dowager of *Spain* often walks to divert herſelf; and on this Bridge, and in the Walks on the Iſland, I had the Honour to ſee that Princeſs more than once.

S. Jean de Luz.

This *Villa* not being above four Leagues from *Bayonne*, we got there by Dinner time, where at an Ordinary of twenty *Sous*, we eat and drank in Plenty, and with a *guſto*, much

much better than in any part of *Spain*; where for eating much worſe, we paid very much more.

Bayonne. *BAYONNE* is a Town ſtrong by Nature; yet the Fortifications have been very much neglected, ſince the building of the Citadel, on the other Side the River; which not only commands the Town, but the Harbour too. It is a noble Fabrick; fair and ſtrong, and rais'd on the ſide of a Hill, wanting nothing that Art could furniſh, to render it impregnable. The Marſhal *Bouflers* had the Care of it in its erection; and there is a fine Walk near it, from which he us'd to ſurvey the Workmen, which ſtill carries his Name. There are two noble Bridges here, tho' both of Wood, one over that River which runs on one ſide the Town; the other over that, which divides it in the middle, the Tide runs thro' both with vaſt Rapidity; notwithſtanding which, Ships of Burden come up, and paying for it, are often faſten'd to the Bridge, while loading or unloading. While I was here, there came in four or five *Engliſh* Ships laden with Corn; the firſt, as they told me, that had come in to unlade there, ſince the beginning of the War.

Pont d' Eſprit. ON that Side of the River where the new Citadel is built, at a very little diſtance lies *Pont d' Eſprit*, a Place moſtly inhabited by *Jews*, who drive a great Trade there,

there, and are eſteemed very rich, tho' as in all other Countries moſtly very rogueiſh. Here the Queen Dowager of *Spain* has kept her Court ever ſince the Jealouſy of the preſent King reclus'd her from *Madrid*. As Aunt to his Competitor *Charles* (now Emperor) he apprehended her Intrigueing; for which Reaſon giving her an Option of Retreat, that Princeſs made choice of this City, much to the Advantage of the Place, and in all Appearance much to her own Satisfaction. She is a Lady not of the leſſer Size; and lives here in ſuitable Splendour, and not without the Reſpect due to a Perſon of her high Quality: Every time ſhe goes to take the Air, the Cannon of the Citadel ſaluting her, as ſhe paſſes over the Bridge; and to ſay Truth, the Country round is extremely pleaſant, and abounds in plenty of all Proviſions; eſpecially in wild Fowl. *Bayonne* Hams are, to a Proverb, celebrated all over *France*.

We waited here near five Months before the expected Tranſports arrived from *England*, without any other Amuſements, than ſuch as are common to People under Suſpence. Short Tours will not admit of great Varieties; and much Acquaintance could not be any way ſuitable to People, that had long been in a ſtrange Country, and earneſtly deſired to return to our own. Yet one

Accident befell me here, that was nearer coſting me my Life, than all I had before encounter'd, either in Battle or Siege.

Going to my Lodgings one Evening, I unfortunately met with an Officer, who would needs have me along with him, aboard one of the *Engliſh* Ships, to drink a Bottle of *Engliſh* Beer. He had been often invited, he ſaid; and I am afraid our Countryman, continued he, will hold himſelf ſlighted, if I delay it longer. *Engliſh* Beer was a great rarity, and the Veſſel lay not at any great diſtance from my Lodgings; ſo without any further Perſuaſion I conſented. When we came upon the Bridge, to which the Ship we were to go aboard was faſtned, we found, as was cuſtomary, as well as neceſſary, a Plank laid over from the Ship, and a Rope to hold by, for ſafe Paſſage. The Night was very dark; and I had cautiouſly enough taken care to provide a Man with a Lanthorn to prevent Caſualties. The Man with the Light went firſt, and out of his abundant Complaiſance, my Friend, the Officer, would have me follow the Light: But I was no ſooner ſtept upon the Plank after my Guide, but Rope and Plank gave way, and Guide and I tumbled both together into the Water.

The Tide was then running in pretty ſtrong: However, my Feet in the Fall touching

touching Ground, gave me an opportunity to recover my ſelf a little; at which Time I catch'd faſt hold of a Buoy, which was plac'd over an Anchor on one of the Ships there riding: I held faſt, till the Tide riſing ſtronger and ſtronger threw me off my Feet; which gave an Opportunity to the poor Fellow, our Lanthorn-bearer, to lay hold of one of my Legs, by which he held as faſt as I by the Buoy. We had lain thus lovingly at Hull together, ſtrugling with the increaſing Tide, which, well for us, did not break my hold (for if it had, the Ships which lay breaſt a breaſt had certainly ſucked us under) when ſeveral on the Bridge, who ſaw us fall, brought others with Ropes and Lights to our Aſſiſtance; and eſpecially my Brother Officer, who had been Acceſſary as well as Spectator of our Calamity; tho' at laſt a very ſmall Portion of our Deliverance fell to his ſhare.

As ſoon as I could feel a Rope, I quitted my hold of the Buoy; but my poor Drag at my Heels would not on any account quit his hold of my Leg. And as it was next to an Impoſſibility, in that Poſture to draw us up the Bridge to ſave both, if either of us, we muſt ſtill have periſhed, had not the Alarm brought off a Boat or two to our Succour, who took us in.

I was carry'd as faſt as poſſible, to a neighbouring Houſe hard by, where they took

immediate care to make a good Fire; and where I had not been long before our intended Hoſt, the Maſter of the Ship, came in very much concern'd, and blaming us for not hailing the Veſſel, before we made an Attempt to enter. For, ſays he, the very Night before, my Veſſel was robb'd; and that Plank and Rope were a Trap deſign'd for the Thieves, if they came again; not imagining that Men in an honeſt way would have come on board without asking Queſtions. Like the wiſe Men of this World, I hereupon began to form Reſolutions againſt a Thing, which was never again likely to happen; and to draw Inferences of Inſtruction from an Accident, that had not ſo much as a Moral for its Foundation.

One Day after this, partly out of Buſineſs, and partly out of Curioſity, I went to ſee the Mint here, and having taken notice to one of the Officers, that there was a difference in the Impreſs of their Crown Pieces, one having at the bottom the Impreſs of a Cow, and the other none: "Sir, "reply'd that Officer, you are much in the "right in your Obſervation. Thoſe that "have the Cow, were not coin'd here, but "at *Paw*, the chief City of *Navarr*; "where they enjoy the Privilege of a "Mint, as well as we. And Tradition "tells, ſays he, that the Reaſon of that

"Addi-

" Addition to the Impreſs was this: A " certain King of *Navarr* (when it was a " Kingdom diſtinct from that of *France*) " looking out of a Window of the Palace, " ſpy'd a Cow, with her Calf ſtanding a- " ſide her, attack'd by a Lyon, which had " got looſe out of his Menagery. The " Lyon ſtrove to get the young Calf into " his Paw; the Cow bravely defended " her Charge; and ſo well, that the Lyon " at laſt, tir'd and weary, withdrew, and " left her Miſtreſs of the Field of Battle; " and her young one. Ever ſince which, " concluded that Officer, by Order of that " King, the Cow is plac'd at the bottom " of the Impreſs of all the Money there " coined.

WHETHER or no my Relator gueſs'd at the Moral, or whether it was Fact, I dare not determine: But to me it ſeem'd apparent, that it was no otherways intended, than as an emblematical Fable to cover, and preſerve the Memory of the Deliverance of *Henry* the Fourth, then the young King of *Navarr*, at that eternally ignominious Slaughter, the Maſſacre of *Paris*. Many Hiſtorians, their own as well as others, agree, that the Houſe of *Guiſe* had levell'd the Malice of their Deſign at that great Prince. They knew him to be the lawful Heir; but as they knew him bred, what they call'd a

Hugonot, Barbarity and Injuſtice was eaſily conceal'd under the Cloak of Religion, and the Good of Mother Church, under the veil of Ambition, was held ſufficient to poſt-pone the Laws of God and Man. Some of thoſe Hiſtorians have deliver'd it as Matter of Fact, that the Conſpirators, in ſearching after that young King, preſs'd into the very Apartments of the Queen his Mother; who having, at the Toll of the Bell, and Cries of the Murder'd, taken the Alarm, on hearing 'em coming, plac'd her ſelf in her Chair, and cover'd the young King her Son with her Farthingale, till they were gone. By which means ſhe found an opportunity to convey him to a Place of more Safety; and ſo preſerv'd him from thoſe bloody Murderers, and in them from the Paw of the Lyon. This was only a private Reflection of my own at that Time; but I think carries ſo great a Face of Probability, that I can ſee no preſent Reaſon to reject it. And to have ſought after better Information from the Officer of the Mint, had been to ſacrifice my Diſcretion to my Curioſity.

While I ſtay'd at *Bayonne*, the Princeſs *Urſini* came thither, attended by ſome of the King of *Spain's* Guards. She had been to drink the Waters of ſome famous Spaw in the Neighbourhood, the Name of which has now ſlipt my Memory. She was moſt

ſplen-

ſplendidly entertain'd by the Queen Dowager of *Spain*; and the Mareſchal *de Montrevel* no leſs ſignaliz'd himſelf in his Reception of that great Lady, who was at that Inſtant the greateſt Favourite in the *Spaniſh* Court; tho' as I have before related, ſhe was ſome Time after baſely undermined by a Creature of her own advancing.

BAYONNE is eſteem'd the third *Emporium* of Trade in all *France*. It was once, and remain'd long ſo, in the Poſſeſſion of the *Engliſh*; of which had Hiſtory been ſilent, the Cathedral Church had afforded evident Demonſtration; being in every reſpect of the *Engliſh* Model, and quite different to any of their own way of Building in *France*.

PAMPELONA is the Capital City of the *Spaniſh Navarr*, ſuppoſed to have been built by *Pompey*. 'Tis ſituated in a pleaſant Valley, ſurrounded by lofty Hills. This Town, whether famous or infamous, was the Cauſe of the firſt Inſtitution of the Order of the Jeſuits. For at the Siege of this Place *Ignatius Loyola* being only a private Soldier, receiv'd a ſhot on his Thigh, which made him uncapable of following that Profeſſion any longer; upon which he ſet his Brains to work, being a ſubtle Man, and invented the Order of Pampelona.

the Jeſuits, which has been ſo troubleſome to the World ever ſince.

At *Saint Stephen* near *Lerida*, an Action happened between the *Engliſh* and *Spaniards*, in which Major General *Cunningham* bravely fighting at the Head of his Men, loſt his Life, being extreamly much lamented. He was a Gentleman of a great Eſtate, yet left it, to ſerve his Country; *Dulce eſt pro Patria Mori.*

About two Leagues from *Victoria*, there is a very pleaſant Hermitage plac'd upon a ſmall riſing Ground, a murmuring Rivulet running at the bottom, and a pretty neat Chapel ſtanding near it, in which I ſaw *Saint Chriſtopher* in a Gigantick Shape, having a *Chriſto* on his Shoulders. The Hermit was there at his Devotion, I ask'd him (tho' I knew it before) the reaſon why he was repreſented in ſo large a Shape: The Hermit anſwered with great Civility, and told me, he had his Name from *Chriſto Ferendo*, for when our Saviour was young, he had an inclination to paſs a River, ſo *Saint Chriſtopher* took him on his Shoulders in order to carry him over, and as the Water grew deeper and deeper, ſo he grew higher and higher.

At laſt we received News, that the *Glouceſter* Man of War, with two Tranſports, was arrived at *Port Paſſage*, in order for the Tranſporting of all the remain-

ing Prisoners of War into *England*. Accordingly they march'd next Day, and there embark'd. But I having before agreed with a Master of a Vessel, which was loaded with Wine for *Amsterdam*, to set me ashoar at *Dover*, stay'd behind, waiting for that Ship, as did that for a fair Wind.

In three or four Days Time, a fine and fair Gale presented; of which the Master taking due Advantage, we sail'd over the Bar into the Bay of *Biscay*. This is with Sailors, to a Proverb, reckon'd the roughest of Seas; and yet on our Entrance into it, nothing appear'd like it. 'Twas smooth as Glass; a Lady's Face might pass for young, and in its Bloom, that discover'd no more Wrinckles: Yet scarce had we sail'd three Leagues, before a prodigious Fish presented it self to our View. As near as we could guess, it might be twenty Yards in Length; and it lay sporting it self on the Surface of the Sea, a great Part appearing out of the Water. The Sailors, one and all, as soon as they saw it, declar'd it the certain Forerunner of a Storm. However, our Ship kept on its Course, before a fine Gale, till we had near passed over half the Bay; when, all on a sudden, there was such a hideous Alteration, as makes Nature recoil on the very Reflection. Those Seas that seem'd before to smile upon us, with the Aspect of a Friend, now in a Moment chang'd

chang'd their flattering Countenance into that of an open Enemy; and Frowns, the certain Indexes of Wrath, preſented us with apparent Danger, of which little on this Side Death could be the Sequel. The angry Waves caſt themſelves up into Mountains, and ſcourg'd the Ship on every Side from Poop to Prow: Such Shocks from the contending Wind and Surges! Such Falls from Precipices of Water, to diſmal Caverns of the ſame uncertain Element! Although the latter ſeem'd to receive us in Order to skreen us from the Riot of the former, Imagination could offer no other Advantage than that of a Winding-Sheet, preſented and prepared for our approaching Fate. But why mention I Imagination? In me 'twas wholly dormant. And yet thoſe Sons of ſtormy Weather, the Sailors, had theirs about them in full Stretch; for ſeeing the Wind and Seas ſo very boiſterous, they laſh'd the Rudder of the Ship, reſolv'd to let her drive, and ſteer herſelf; ſince it was paſt their Skill to ſteer her. This was our Way of ſojourning moſt Part of that tedious Night; driven where the Winds and Waves thought fit to drive us, with all our Sails quite lower'd and flat upon the Deck. If *Ovid*, in the little *Archipelagian* Sea, could whine out his *jam jam jacturus*, &c. in this more diſmal Scene, and much more dangerous Sea (the Pitch-like Darkneſs of the Night adding to all our ſad Variety of Woes) what

what Words in Verſe or Proſe could ſerve to paint our Paſſions, or our Expectations? Alas! our only Expectation was in the Return of Morning: It came at laſt; yet even ſlowly as it came, when come, we thought it come too ſoon, a new Scene of ſudden Death being all the Advantage of its firſt Appearance. Our Ship was driving full Speed, towards the *Breakers* on the *Cabritton* Shore, between *Burdeaux* and *Bayonne*; which filled us with Ideas more terrible than all before, ſince thoſe were paſt, and theſe ſeemingly as certain. Beſide, to add to our Diſtreſs, the Tide was driving in, and conſequently muſt drive us faſt to viſible Deſtruction. A State ſo evident, that one of our Sailors, whom great Experience had render'd more ſenſible of our preſent Danger, was preparing to ſave one, by laſhing himſelf to the main Maſt, againſt the expected Minute of Deſolation. He was about that melancholy Work, in utter Deſpair of any better Fortune, when, as loud as ever he could bawl, he cry'd out, *a Point, a Point of Wind.* To me, who had had too much of it, it appear'd like the Sound of the laſt Trump; but to the more intelligent Crew, it had a different Sound. With Vigour and Alacrity they ſtarted from their Prayers, or their Deſpair, and with all imaginable Speed, unlaſh'd the Rudder, and hoiſted all their Sails. Never ſure in Nature did one Minute produce a greater Scene of

Con-

Contraries. The more skilful Sailors took Courage at this happy Preſage of Deliverance. And according to their Expectation did it happen; that heavenly Point of Wind deliver'd us from the Jaws of thoſe *Breakers*, ready open to devour us; and carrying us out to the much more wellcome wide Sea, furniſhed every one in the Ship with Thoughts, as diſtant as we thought our Danger.

We endeavour'd to make *Port Paſſage*; but our Ship became unruly, and would not anſwer her Helm; for which Reaſon we were glad to go before the Wind, and make for the Harbour of *Saint Jean de Luz*. This we attain'd without any great Difficulty, and to the Satisfaction of all, Sailors as well as Paſſengers, we there caſt Anchor, after the moſt terrible Storm (as all the oldeſt Sailors agreed) and as much Danger as ever People eſcap'd.

Here I took notice, that the Sailors buoy'd up their Cables with Hogſheads; enquiring into the Reaſon of which, they told me, that the Rocks at the Bottom of the Harbour were by Experience found to be ſo very ſharp, that they would otherwiſe cut their Cables aſunder. Our Ship was obliged to be drawn up into the Dock to be refitted; during which, I lay in the Town, where nothing of Moment, or worth reciting, happen'd.

I beg Pardon for my Errors; the very Movements of Princes muſt always be conſiderable, and conſequently worth Recital. While the Ship lay in the Dock, I was one Evening walking upon the Bridge, with the little Iſland near it, (which I have before ſpoke of) and had a little *Spaniſh* Dog along with me, when at the further End I ſpy'd a Lady, and three or four Gentlemen in Company; I kept on my Pace of Leiſure, and ſo did they; but when I came nearer, I found they as much out number'd me in the Dog, as they did in the human Kind. And I ſoon experienced to my Sorrow, that their Dogs, by their Fierceneſs and Ill-humour, were Dogs of Quality; having, without Warning, or the leaſt Declaration of War, fallen upon my little Dog, according to priſtine Cuſtom, without any honourable Regard to Size, Intereſt or Number. However the good Lady, who, by the Privilege of her Sex, muſt be allow'd the moſt competent Judge of Inequalities, out of an Exceſs of Condeſcenſion and Goodneſs, came running to the Relief of oppreſſed poor *Tony*; and, in courtly Language, rated her own oppreſſive Dogs for their great Incivility to Strangers. The Dogs, in the Middle of their inſulting Wrath, obey'd the Lady with a vaſt deal of profound Submiſſion; which I could not much wonder at, when I underſtood, that it was a Queen

Queen Dowager of *Spain*, who had chid them.

Our Ship being now repaired, and made fit to go out again to Sea, we left the Harbour of *Saint Jean de Luz*, and with a much better Paſſage, as the laſt Tempeſt was ſtill dancing in my Imagination, in ten Days Sail we reach'd *Dover*. Here I landed on the laſt Day of *March*, 1713. having not, till then, ſeen or touch'd *Engliſh* Shoar from the Beginning of *May*, 1705.

I took Coach directly for *London*, where, when I arriv'd, I thought my ſelf tranſported into a Country more foreign, than any I had either fought or pilgrimag'd in. Not foreign, do I mean, in reſpect to others, ſo much as to it ſelf. I left it, ſeemingly, under a perfect Unanimity: The fatal Diſtinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* were then eſteemed meerly nominal; and of no more ill Conſequence or Danger, than a Bee robb'd of its Sting. The national Concern went on with Vigour, and the prodigious Succeſs of the Queen's Arms, left every Soul without the leaſt Pretence to a Murmur. But now on my Return, I found them on their old Eſtabliſhment, perfect Contraries, and as unlikely to be brought to meet as direct Angles. Some arraigning, ſome extolling of a Peace; in which Time has ſhown both were wrong, and conſequently neither could be right in their Notions of it, however an over

preju-

prejudic'd Way of thinking might draw them into one or the other. But *Whig* and *Tory* are, in my Mind, the compleateſt Paradox in Nature, and yet like other Paradoxes, old as I am, I live in Hope to ſee, before I die, thoſe ſeeming Contraries perfectly reconcil'd, and reduc'd into one happy Certainty, the Publick Good.

Whilſt I ſtay'd at *Madrid*, I made ſeveral Viſits to my old Acquaintance General *Mahoni*. I remember that he told me, when the Earl of *Peterborow* and he held a Conference at *Morvidro*, his Lordſhip uſed many Arguments to induce him to leave the *Spaniſh* Service. *Mahoni* made ſeveral Excuſes, eſpecially that none of his Religion was ſuffer'd to ſerve in the *Engliſh* Army. My Lord reply'd, That he would undertake to get him excepted by an Act of Parliament. I have often heard him ſpeak with great Reſpect of his Lordſhip, and was ſtrangely ſurprized, that after ſo many glorious Succeſſes he ſhould be ſent away.

He was likewiſe pleaſed to inform me, that at the Battle of *Saragoza*, 'twas his Fortune to make ſome of our Horſe to give way, and he purſued them for a conſiderable time; but at his Return, he ſaw the *Spaniſh* Army in great Confuſion: But it gave him the Opportunity of attacking our Battery of Guns; which he performed with great Slaugh-

Slaughter, both of Gunners and Matroſſes: He at the ſame time inquired, who 'twas that commanded there in chief. I informed him 'twas Col. *Bourguard*, one that underſtood the Oeconomy of the Train exceeding well. As for that, he knew nothing of; but that he would vouch, he behaved himſelf with extraordinary Courage, and defended the Battery to the utmoſt Extremity, receiving ſeveral Wounds, and deſerved the Poſt in which he acted. A Gentleman who was a Priſoner at *Gualaxara*, informed me, that he ſaw King *Philip* riding through that Town, being only attended with one of his Guards.

Saragoza. *Saragoza*, or *Cæſar Auguſta*, lies upon the River *Ebro*, being the Capital of *Arragon*; 'tis a very ancient City, and contains fourteen great Churches, and twelve Convents. The Church of the Lady of the *Pillar* is frequented by Pilgrims, almoſt from all Countries; 'twas anciently a Roman Colony.

Tibi laus, tibi honor, tibi ſit gloria, O glorioſa Trinitas, quia tu dediſti mihi hanc opportunitatem, omnes has res geſtas recordandi. Nomen tuum ſit benedictum, per ſæcula ſæculorum. Amen.

FINIS.